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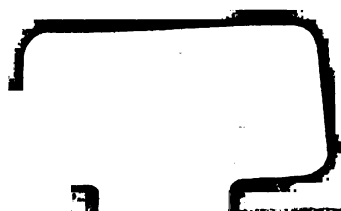
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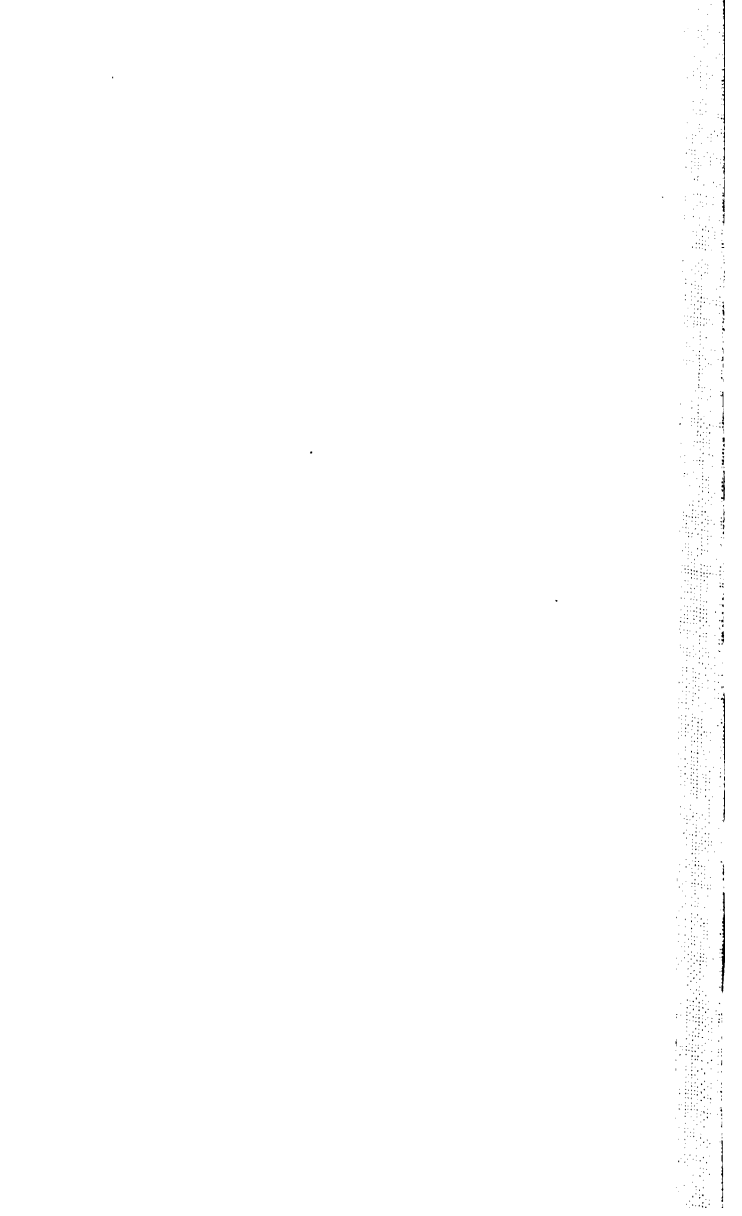


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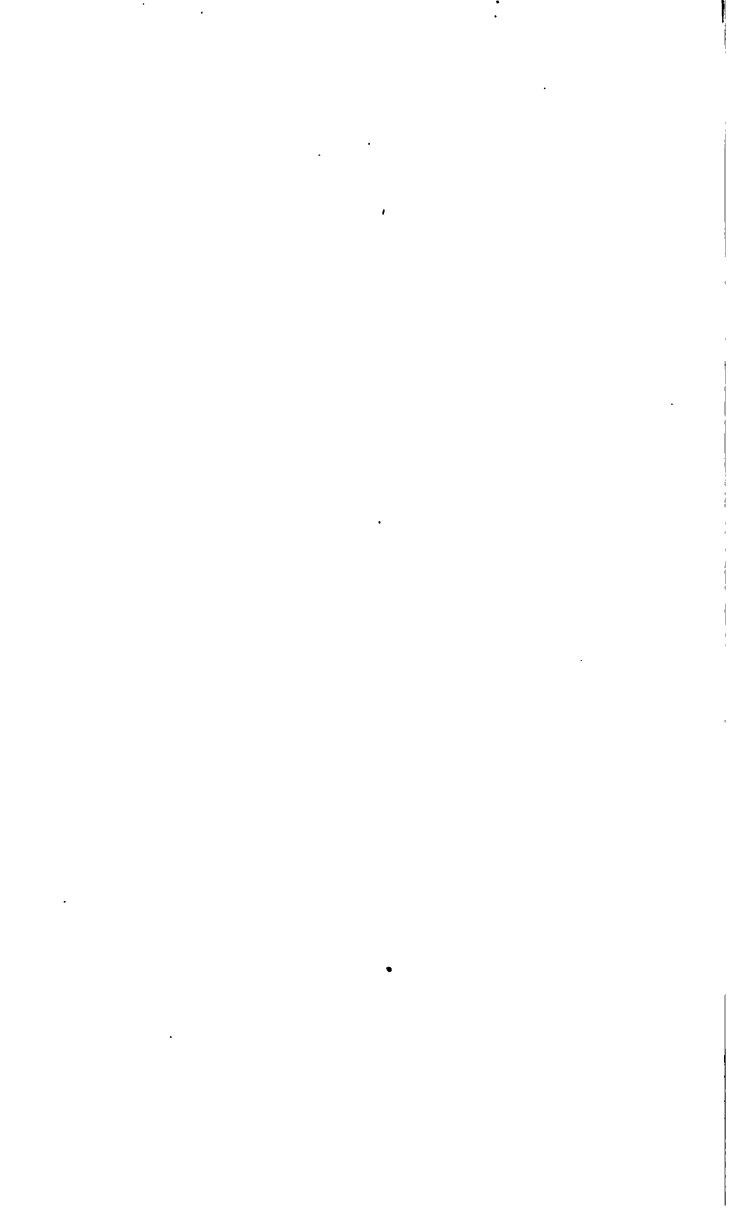


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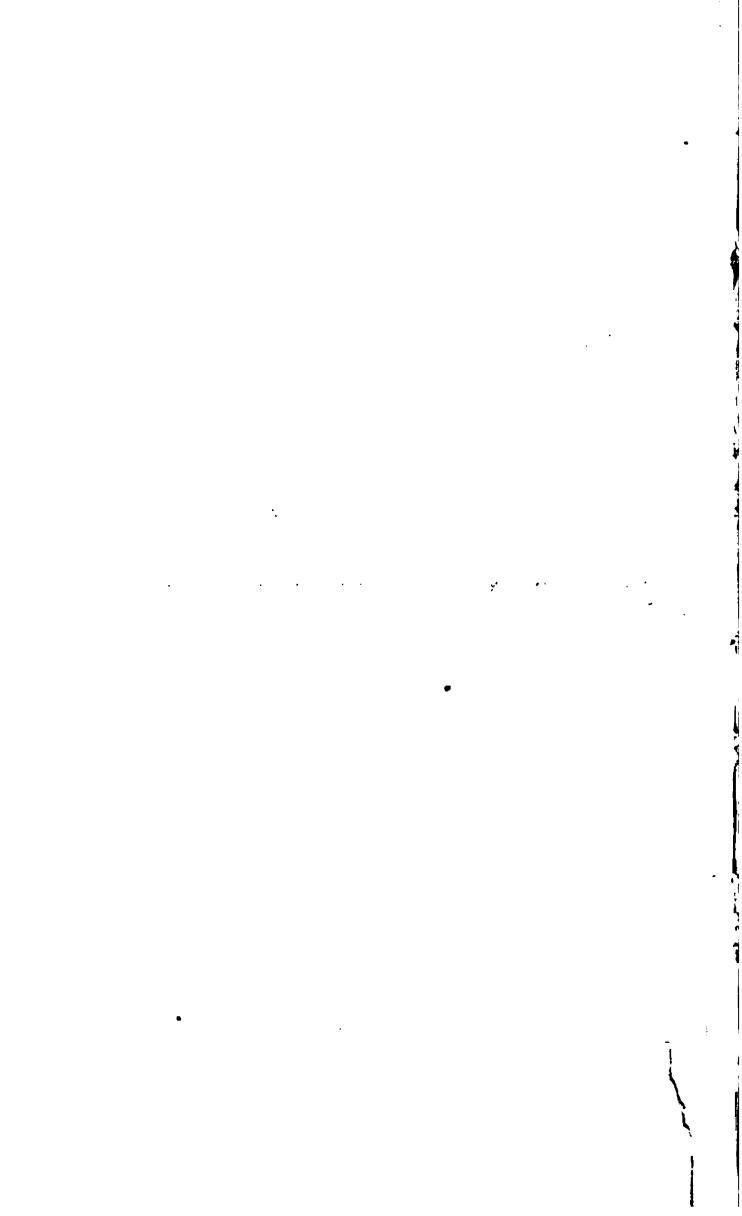
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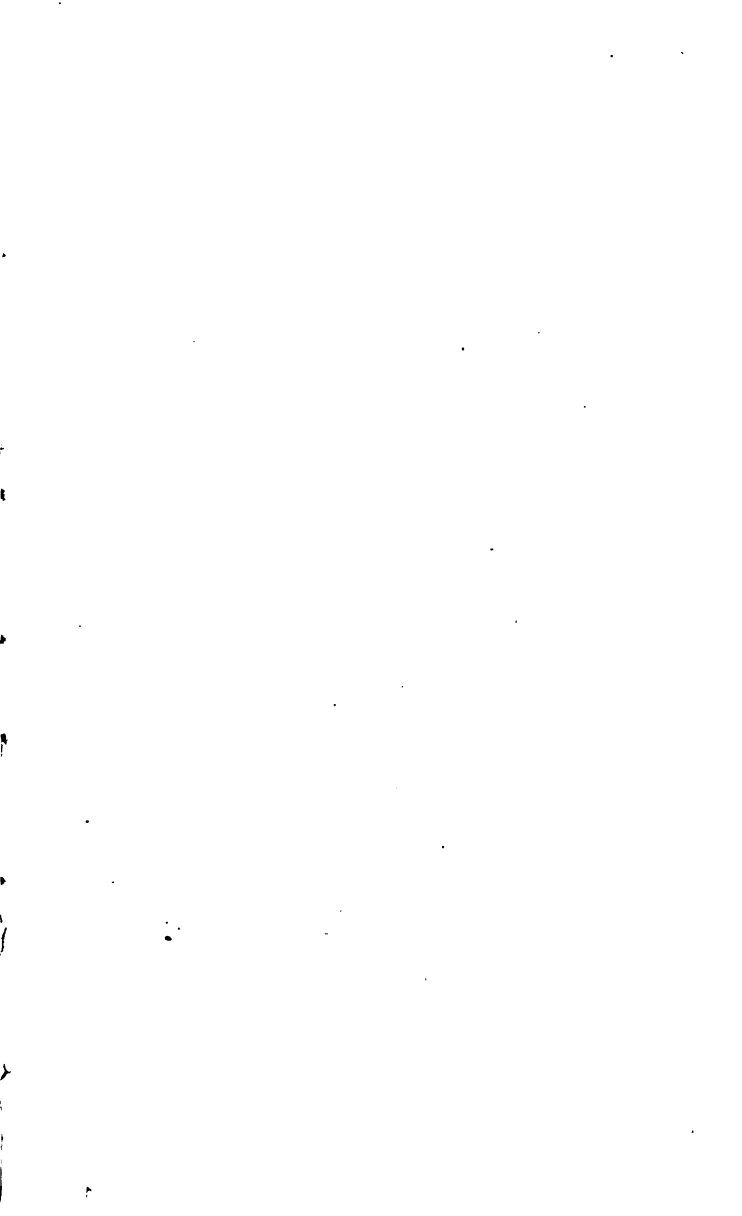






WORKSOP AND SHERWOOD FOREST.







D. & J. S. P. 1840

Interior of the Abbey Church, Worksey.

HISTORY
OF
WORKSOP;

WITH
HISTORICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND DISCURSIVE SKETCHES

OF
Sherwood Forest

AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY EDWIN EDDISON.



The Church of Worksop Abbey in the olden time.

LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW;
WORKSOP: S. SISSONS, POTTER-STREET.

1854.

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Preface.

THE Preface—where the author makes his first bow to the public—is that pause in a literary undertaking, resembling those more solemn ones in life, where man, retiring awhile from his active and every-day pursuits, takes review of his works accomplished, of his life, its short-comings, and its failings; but the one, as regards results, has this advantage—a new edition, correcting the omissions and commissions, may amend the book—no new edition of the volume past can arise from the other.

Book-makers, too, are assisted, in spite of themselves, by critics; who grumble and suggest, point out errors, and sometimes praise; whereas, if officious critic-friend interfere with us in our ordinary course, he generally receives cuff or rebuff. In literature,

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fortunately, we must perforce submit to have our foibles and our weaknesses exposed; and whether the instruction comes from those amusing and quaint reviewers of old, whom we still delight to picture in Johnsonian periwig and Goldsmithian vest striding with huge tomes under their arms along Fleet-Street, (sometimes into Fleet-Prison,) or from those who, with more polished arrows, sit in the present time in sable attire in unknown rooms, it is welcome—for happy are we to believe their criticisms are mostly impartial, and that good results from their mission.

The Preface, too, as well as being the battle-field and point of observation against coming critics, is the first advanced outpost where Author can put on his blandest propitiatory smile, make his most apologetic obeisance, use words of self-disparagement, and explain why he is in such prominent position—as the expected crowd of readers rolls on to demolish his weakly-constructed citadel, or to accord him praise as its deserving architect.

Such being a Preface, we must accomplish it.

This work was partly undertaken as an exercise; partly—and we blush not to admit the weakness—

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from participating in that almost universal desire to leave some passing memento, however frail, of having been—a “footprint on the sands of time,” as Longfellow beautifully expresses it—for a footprint, superficial though it be and soon effaced, is a footprint still;—but principally with a view to place such an account as is here given within available reach of those numerous classes who come on loving pilgrimage to this interesting locality of ours—a neighbourhood that embraces the Forest of which the travelled Pemberton says “it is like no other place my eyes have ever seen, my feet have ever trod,”—that embraces, too, those rude hamlets whence departed the Pilgrim Fathers to their distant New England home, there to exchange for old English comforts and discomforts “the barren desert, the howling wilderness, and the raging sea,”—and which, in addition to these spots, cherishes many a ruined castle and abbey, and many a classic scene of the olden time—amongst which stand the battle-fields of the Saxon! Hengist; the forest palace of our early Northumbrian kings; royal strongholds, where English monarchs have warred from the time of the Saxon heptarchy;

VIII.

and that place of more modern interest, Byron's abbey home.

It was perhaps to typify the genius of Science that they gave to us the legend of the pale boy watching, in seeming idleness, his simple tea-kettle—but amongst the mighty results of the discovery of that power which now traverses our land and regenerates our industry, one is the opportunity afforded to the over-worked sons of toil, in our large manufacturing towns, to escape from their over-work, and breathe for a space the pure air of heaven, whilst disporting in such beautiful scenery as is presented in Sherwood Forest—a place hoar with the antiquity of ages, but whose very name is redolent of sylvan freshness—and, if we prove of any assistance to such, in giving an account of what they here see, we shall be repaid: for no sympathy have we with those who, enjoying in abundance the blessings that nature so lavishly bestows,—blessings shared, alas, but too seldom by the many,—would prevent their less fortunate brethren from participation in such boons, even for the passing day; and would drive the teeming multitudes back to their unhealthy homes.

IX.

We have given part of the work the dignified title of "History," for want of a more distinctive name; although it would perhaps have been more correctly designated by a less ambitious term.

That it is a first effort is little excuse for avoidable errors, or for having obtruded what may be valueless before the public eye. Many may see here—for books like their authors are very imperfect,—things puerile or irrelevant: none, we are assured, can be more sensitively alive to the demerits and defects than ourselves. As much of the matter has been written some years, and was taken from works to which we had not the power to refer again, it is probable some clerical and other inaccuracies have crept in. To antiquarian or archæological lore we lay no claim, and most of the historical accounts here given, are but recorded facts presented in newer dress and form. The authorities have been *Holland's History*; *Throsby's* edition of *Thoroton*; *The Deanery of Doncaster*, by the *Rev. Joseph Hunter* (whose kind permission we have elsewhere acknowledged); *Rodes' Peak Scenery*; and minor works not requiring special acknowledgment.

X.

With all its faults, and with the consciousness that we have committed that which a great writer wishes his enemy to perpetrate, when he exclaims, "O that mine enemy would write a book," we trust this, our first indiscretion of the kind, to its own keeping.

E. E.

Worksop, the Spring of 1854.

Page 2, line 19, for "town" read "parish."

Page 248, last line, for "Richard" read "Robert."

WORKSOP.

Its Appearance.

WORKSOP is a market town, situate in a wide valley formed by gently rising hills, that run from east to west. From the north it has a very pleasing appearance, with its white and picturesque railway station near; its rather peculiar feature, the numerous poplars; its twin-towered and noble church; its red houses, relieved by green meadows and park land below; the whole backed by a chain of finely wooded hills, which stretch from it (occasionally opening to form an oasis-like park) to Birkland or Sherwood Forest. Emerging upon it from the south woods, we see richly cultivated fields, extending miles north, relieved at intervals, and to the right and left, by dark and waving woods. Entering it from the east and west we have some agreeable glimpses of the old town, as it lies quietly below.

The town is on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line of Railway, which passes by it on

the north side. It is within a few miles of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and on the north-west border of Nottinghamshire. The three counties met under the branches of a large oak tree, which until lately stood near the village of Shireoaks, two miles off to the west.

Worksop is centrally situated between Sheffield, Nottingham, Lincoln, and Doncaster, and is in the hundred of Bassetlaw, northern division of Nottinghamshire, and union of Worksop (which embraces twenty-six townships). Its soil to the south, east, and north-east, is chiefly light and sandy; westward it is stronger, being composed of clay and limestone. The territorial extent of its parish (which is the largest in the county, extending from Shireoaks to Babworth a distance of seven miles) is 18,220 acres; and is in nearly equal proportions arable, pasture, and wood. Its ratable property is valued at about £21,400. The population of the town in 1841 was 6,197, and in 1851, 7,333. Its principal trade is malting; and some years back it paid more malt duty, we are told, than any place in the kingdom, with one exception—the town of Ware. This trade, which before the railway was opened, had somewhat declined, has revived, and is gradually increasing, a natural result of the favourable position in which the town stands, in the midst of a wide and rich agricultural district, and of the convenience of transit now afforded. Liquorice used to be grown here in great quantities, and the great trade in

that article is alluded to by Camden. The air is remarkably pure and healthful. The small river Royton or Ryton, and the Chesterfield and Trent Canal (cut in 1774) run through the town from west to east, and, at intervals as they wind along the valley, relieve with their silvery lines, the somewhat land-like monotony of the scene.

It is altogether, a pleasant, clean, and cheerful looking town; and has well-built, wide, and commodious streets, and good houses; although more are wanted of the middle class character. This defect will probably be remedied, as the Duke of Newcastle (whose near residence is likely to add considerably to the prosperity of the neighbourhood) proposes to let land, in small quantities, and at moderate rents, in favourable situations about the town for villa residences, on building leases.

The general appearance of the place will be slightly different from what it was in the time of Leland, who writes in his Itinerary (published in the reign and by command of Henry the Eighth), that three miles from Blyth, "much by hethy and then woddy grounde, I cam over a smaull broke, with a lyttel stone bridge over it, and so strait into Werken-sop, a praty market towne (made so more than xxx. years ago) of two streates, and metely welle builded."*

* This quotation is copied from Holland, but it is evident the xxx. is a misprint for occ., unless the original grant of a market was confirmed about that time.

One modern improvement to the town, the Corn Exchange, was erected by a joint-stock company, from a design by Mr. Gilbert of Nottingham, and was opened on the 2nd of July, 1851. The market, the county court, and petty sessional meetings are now held there. The event of the opening was celebrated by a public dinner, at which the Duke of Newcastle and several of the neighbouring nobility and gentry were present. The illuminated clock in front was the gift of the late Duke of Newcastle.

A Mechanics' Institute and a News Room have been established in the building, and several neighbouring noblemen and gentlemen, amongst whom are the Duke of Portland, Messrs. George Savile Foljambe and Robert Ramsden, are very liberal supporters. The Duke of Newcastle has been exceedingly generous in contributions of books and money. The Society started on the 15th of April, 1852, when the Duke of Newcastle, his brother Lord Robert R. Pelham Clinton, Viscount Galway, Francis J. Savile Foljambe, and other gentlemen were present. The attendance of members is good; but the elevated room where they assemble is a very inconvenient one (for the steps to learning may be too long), and we hope to see a recent proposition, to convert the equally inconvenient market-room into an apartment suitable for both purposes, carried into effect.

A few chimneys of flour and other mills are the only manufacturing indications, or objects in the town

to interfere with its rural appearance. The corn grinding trade is carried on extensively; the flour as well as the malt made here being much in request at the neighbouring towns of Sheffield, Manchester, and elsewhere. Since the opening of the railway and from the great demand for timber, which is so abundant in the neighbourhood, the trade in it has flourished also to a great extent. It appears to have been for a long time a favourite place for schools; and there are now in the town and neighbourhood many excellent ones for both sexes.

About sixty years since, Worksop was a kind of Melton-Mowbray; for as many as fifty or sixty scarlet-coated huntsmen have been seen to issue from its quaint old streets, in the light of the early sunrise, at that date: and, from the account of our progenitors, the place, with its continual round of merry parties, was not of the dullest. We could wish their descendants had inherited the desire or power to clothe life in a like holiday attire! Two packs of foxhounds, Mr. Lumley's, and the Rufford (under the management of Captain Williams), hunt the immediate neighbourhood.

The History of the Town.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still.
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death."—*Shirley*.

LIKE most of the towns of our sea-surrounded isle, its origin lies so far back in the history of the past, and Time has placed before it such an intervening veil, that the eye of man, which, unassisted, sees so short a distance before or after, cannot penetrate it. It is beyond the reach of human knowledge, and must ever remain so. We, who walk in its streets in the year of grace 1852, and those who come after us, may speculate as to its origin and appearance when "time was young;" but with that must remain satisfied. Perhaps it is more romantic, pictured in imagination, than it was in reality.

It first emerges from its shadowy back and foreground in the pages of Domesday Book. It is there mentioned as then previously belonging to Elsi, a Saxon nobleman, who was called Earl Elsi, the son of Castbin or Caschin. He is stated to have had soc and sac (power to administer justice and execute laws within his district), toll and thaim (market toll

and the power of the lord of a manor, granted by royal charter, to restrain and judge bondmen and villains, with their goods, within his court), and the king's customs of twopence. From its being remarked that the usual third penny of an earl "was not his" it has been inferred that although he had the designation of an earl or thane, he was not strictly entitled to it. It is uncertain whether he resided at Worksop; and the suggestion of Mr. Holland that he was one of the six thanes who are mentioned to have had each a hall or manor at the village of Carlton close by, is not an improbable one. He had two manors in Worksop.

It is supposed that Worksop was before that time the residence of Ancient Britons, as barrows or tumuli (their burial mounds) have been discovered under large trees in the western limits of the Manor Park, containing articles (bones, broken earthenware, and celts) which indicate such residence.

In remote times the place was called *Weorthscoop*, *Wirkanscop*, and *Werchesoppe*, the etymology of which is not known.

In Domesday Book, which was compiled by the direction of William the Conqueror, about the year 1081, it is stated as being in the Wapentake of *Bernessedelawe* (now the Hundred of Bassetlaw).

The following is the allusion to Worksop in Domesday Book, and will, although it may add to the quaint appearance of the page, be somewhat unintelligible to many :

In WERCHESOPE. h b Elfi. lll. car træ ad
 gld. Tra viii. car. lbi ht Rog. i. car in
 dnio. 7 xxii. foch de xii bou hui tre. 7
 xxiii. uill. 7 viii. bord hntes. xxii car.
 7 vii. acs pti. Silua past. ii lev lg. 7 iii.
 qz lat. T. R. E. ual. viii. lib. m. vii.

It imports that Elsi had three carucates to be taxed, or land to eight ploughs; and that Roger de Busli had one carucate (one hundred acres); twenty-two sochmen (a species of free but feudal tenant) on twelve bovates or oxgangs (each as much as might be cultivated by an ox in a year, or about twenty-eight acres) of this land, twenty-three villains or serfs (who were, though tenants, most villainously sold, like their brother oxen, with the land; a practice, by the by, that is imitated now-a-days in a country over the Atlantic, where civilization it is to be inferred is on a par with the times we are describing!) and eight bordars having twenty-two carucates and seven acres of meadow. Pasture wood two leuæ (*quære*, leagues or miles) long, and three quarentins broad. And that in the time of Edward the Confessor this was valued at eight pounds, but in the time of the Conqueror's survey at seven pounds. It may be remarked that land appears to have declined materially in value between these dates. In most instances in this district the difference was much greater in proportion than in this case.

Roger de Busli, who came over with and was a favourite of the Norman William, seems to have had a greater portion of the manors around Worksop, with other large estates in the north granted to him soon after the battle of Hastings, where fell Harold with his "helm of gold," and when so many of our Saxon ancestors were despoiled to enrich the proud and swarming invaders. He was one of the most powerful barons of his time, and had granted to him by the Conqueror no less than 174 manors in Nottinghamshire. His principal residence was at Tickhill, but he occasionally resided at Worksop, which became a portion of that honour or fee.

From De Busli the Worksop estates passed to another Norman nobleman *William de Lovetot*, either by his marriage, as some say, with Emma the daughter of De Busli's feudal tenant, Roger, or, as was more probable, with the daughter of De Busli himself. This William de Lovetot was the owner of Worksop, and also Lord of Sheffield and Hallamshire, in Henry the First's time.

William de Lovetot had a castle on a rock of red sandstone, situate on the north-west side of the town, still known as the "Castle Hill." The Chesterfield road runs now by the hill which is covered with trees, whose present tenants are a four-year-old colony of rooks. Without documentary evidence, its appearance proves it to have been the site of some such building. It is clear however, from such evidence,

that it was demolished, and every trace of the building itself gone, three centuries ago: as Leland states that, "the old castelle on a hill by the towne is clene downe, and scant knowen where it was." He adds "there is a place now environyd with trees, cawlyd the Castelle Hille, where the Lovetoftes had sumtime a castel. The stones of the castel were fetchid as sum say, to make the faire lodge in Wyrksoppe park, not yet fynishyd. But I am of opinion that the chanons had the ruins of the castel stones to make the closure of their large waulles." From Leland speaking of it as being environed with trees, it would seem that a wood stood then on this part of Worksop. It is more than probable, from the position and appearance of the neighbouring ground, that the castle itself stood on the Lead Hill,* near where the old workhouse formerly stood, and that the above-mentioned hill would be occupied by the principal tower or keep. The elevation of the gardens to the south of Ward Lane (now named Castle Street), and other circumstances, favour the supposition of castle buildings having been there. The name, indeed, which, until within the last year or two, was given to the above street, running from Bridge-Street to the Lead Hill—"Ward Lane"—indicates it as the approach to, and the once existence of, a guard or ward house, where

* So called from the lead merchants from Derbyshire depositing their lead here formerly. This lead they generally exchanged for malt.

watch and ward would be kept at a portion of the castle standing there. Mr. Holland states it as probable that the castle existed previously to 1135, or about fifty years after the death of the Conqueror, from the fact of William de Lovetot, who was the earliest residentiary of the name at Worksop, granting before the death of Henry the First, and after he had founded the priory, to the canons, the chapelry and tithes of his house. Before the foundation of the priory a chapel would most likely exist in the castle.

The river Royton formerly ran near the base of the Castle Hill, but it has recently been diverted in its course. The tilting-grounds now, probably, form the gardens on its south-eastern side.* It is said, on what authority but that of legend we know not, that a subterranean passage communicates from here to the priory at the other end of the town, similar to the one recently discovered at Windsor Castle.

The relative positions, and the appearance the castle and abbey would present when they were standing, with nothing but open meadow intervening, can be best imagined when viewing the prospect from the south side of Kilton wood.

From the Lovetots, after three generations, Worksop passed to a young Norman nobleman, *Gerard de*

* In one of these gardens, belonging to Mr. Taylor, is growing a slip from the willow planted over the grave of Napoleon, at Saint Helena, and which is so familiar to us from the representations of the tomb.

Furnival, by his marriage with Maud the heiress of the Lovetots, about the close of the twelfth century. This Gerard died at Jerusalem in 1219. Thomas the son of Gerard was slain in Palestine in 1237. It is related that his brother Gerard, having returned without his bones, to the great grief of his mother Maud, at her request, returned to the Holy Land and procuring them, gave them christian burial in Worksop Abbey. This pious act is commemorated in the following lines by Pigott, a rhyming canon of Worksop monastery, who lived in Edward the Fourth's time.

“Which *Thomas* to the holie lande went for to seeke
 The sepulture of Christe, and thereto agreed
 With *Gerard* his brother, and there *Thomas* dyed
 Slayne of the Sarazens for Christes love ;
 Therefore we trist Christe hath reward him above.

When *Sr. Thomas* was slayne for Christes sake
 His broder came home *Gerard* agayne,
 And that *Molde* ther moder grevously gan take
 That his bones emong hathen shuld be lane,
 And made him retorne without more disdeyne
 Againe to the holie land, & his bones home brought
 As it was Goddes will, that him dere bought.

Then tumulate here in *Nottinghamshire*
 At *Wyrksoppe*, the north syde of the Mynster,
 With his helme on his hede will enquere
 With precious stones that were sometime set sere,
 And a noble charbuncle on him doth he bere
 On his hede, to see they may who so will
 Of my writing witness for to fulfill.”
Stemma Fundatorum Prioratus de Wyrkesoppe.

It will be observed that some words are evidently introduced by the worthy canon to assist the rhyme,

rather than the sense. But we ought not to quarrel with him on this account, as we are much indebted to his verse for the knowledge we possess of the early history of the abbey church.

Thomas, one of the Furnivals, by reason of the royal favour he enjoyed, obtained the grant of a market and fair for Worksop, in 1295, being the twenty-fourth year of Edward the First's reign. The fair used to be on Saint Walburg's day, June 21st, and was, probably to please the monks, who were fond of fairs, held for their convenience, at the old market cross, the steps and shaft of which still stand close to the priory.

Through a line of six Furnivals, in direct succession, their history relieved at intervals by knightly tournaments, noble marriages, and prodigies of valour performed at the different battles, which at times desolated England and other countries, the estates of the Furnivals passed to *Sir Thomas Nevil*, the Lord Treasurer of England, and brother of the Earl of Westmoreland, by his marriage with their sole daughter and heiress, Joan de Furnival; and afterwards, by marriage with Maude the only child of this couple, to *John Talbot*, first *Earl of Shrewsbury*, who was a man of valiant and historical renown, and a great terror to our neighbours the French in Henry the Fifth's wars. This Earl built Worksop Manor House. Shakspeare has the following lines upon him :

“Valiant Talbot, above human thought,
 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance ;
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him ;
 Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he slew :
 The French exclaimed, The devil was in arms ;
 All the whole army stood agaz’d on him :
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
 A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,
 And rush’d into the bowels of the battle.”

Henry VI. Pt. I. Act 1

He was slain at Chatillon on the 20th July 1453, and buried at Whitchurch. Camden says that his sword was found many years after his death, in the river Dordan, near Bordeaux, having this odd inscription :

Sum Talboti. M. IIII. c. XLIII.
 Pro vincere inimico meo.

John, the second Earl of Shrewsbury, fell in the battle of Northampton, 1460, and was buried at Worksop. To Francis, the fifth Earl, a lineal descendant of the founder, Henry the Eighth, on the dissolution of the monastery, granted its Worksop possessions, at the rent and services by which they are now held, and which will be mentioned in the description of Worksop Manor Park.

George, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, married the famous Bess of Hardwick, who, from being the daughter of an esquire, John Hardwick of Derbyshire, raised herself by each of four marriages, a step higher in the scale of rank ; and, by the fourth, became the wife of this Earl of Shrewsbury, the custodian of the Scottish Mary, and the then greatest peer and subject in the realm. She rebuilt Hardwick and other castles, and

was the ancestress of the beautiful princess Lady Arabella Stuart, and of the present Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire, the late Duke of Kingston, the present Earl Manvers, and other powerful families. She is alluded to in Sir Walter Scott's "Abbot."

After eight generations of Talbots, and the division of their estates amongst co-heiresses, this portion came about the year 1617, to the *Howards*,* then Earls of Arundel, since Dukes of Norfolk, by the marriage of Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey with Alethea Talbot (a god-daughter of Queen Elizabeth) one of the daughters of Gilbert, the seventh Earl, and remained with them until the year 1840, when the entail was destroyed, and the Worksop estate was sold to *Henry-Pelham Pelham-Clinton*, fourth *Duke of Newcastle*, in whose family it now is.

The ancient lords of Worksop had, in common with many of the principal barons of the feudal ages, right of gallows, piccage, pillory, tumberel, fair and market, and infangenthef (which terms may be generally explained to mean the right to have fair and market, exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction, and even to inflict capital punishment in their district), and assize of bread and ale. From what date, or by what right, these privileges were held, does not appear. They generally accompanied royal grants of manors to

* It is said the name of this illustrious family is derived from the words *Hold-ward*, which signifies the keeper of any castle, hold, or trust.

powerful nobles. A gallows, which would be the one probably on which capital punishment was inflicted, is mentioned in the confirmation grant of Richard de Lovetot to the priory, as then existing near the "Buselin," a name which is yet retained to describe the same land, now used as meadow land. The Duke of Newcastle is the present lord of the manor.

Worksop has but few events of historical or traditional importance connected with it. Of kingly visits, besides the occasional ones of those kings who at times resided at Clipstone Palace, Conisborough and Tickhill Castles, it had one from King Stephen in the twelfth century, when he confirmed grants of Hugh de Muscam and others to the neighbouring abbey of Rufford (which confirmation grant was witnessed by some names of note, Richard de Camuil, the Bishop of Durham, Richard de Lucy, and one whose descendant has given his name to another work of Sir Walter Scott's—William Peveril); and one from William, king of Scotland, who resided at the castle on the occasion of his visit to Richard the First at Clipstone on the return of the latter from the Holy Land. Hovedon, in his account of this visit states that he was here on Palm Sunday, 3rd April, 1189, and that on the following day the two kings hunted together near Southwell. Either Hovedon has given a wrong date to this meeting of the two kings, or the popular accounts of it in the description of Clipstone are incorrect as

to the year, for Richard did not return from the crusades until 1194.

Another, but more unfortunate, monarch of Scotland, the beautiful Mary, was at Worksop Manor, the seat of her keeper, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, but it was as a captive, not a guest. She passed there, in 1583, part of the sixteenth year of her melancholy captivity. This is mentioned in the *Talbot Papers*, vol. G., fol. 225. In these Papers a letter is given, in which the Earl denies to Baldwin, Queen Elizabeth's secretary, that Mary had been permitted to walk in Sherwood Forest.

In 1603, on the 20th April, James the First, on his way to London to ascend the English throne, after lodging at the "Bear and Sun" at Doncaster, and "sitting downe on a banke-side, near Blyth, to eate and drinke," was entertained at the Earl of Shrewsbury's Worksop seat.

The Earl, in writing to his agent, "Mr. John Harpur, Esquire," to prepare him for this visit, says that he, the Earl, "will not refuse anie fatt capons, hennes, partridges, or the lyke," and of these goodly things, it would appear there was abundance, as on the conclusion of the visit there was, "so much store of provision left, of fowle, fish, and almost every thing, besides bread, beere, and wines, that it was left open for any man that would, to come and take," and no doubt our ancestors took advantage of the opportunity! At Worksop he "hunted with huntsmen all

in greene," was "received with superfluitie, where every entertainment seemed to excel the other," and listened to "soul-ravishing musique." The next day (after conferring the honour of knighthood on eighteen gentlemen, amongst whom were Sir John Manners, Sir Henry Pierrepont, Sir John Byron, and Sir Percival Willoughby, whose families have since been ennobled) he proceeded on his way, and, ill omen, on the 27th rested at Hinchinbrook, at Sir Oliver Cromwell's. On the 29th he lay at one Mr. Chester's, at his own charges. How railway authorities would stare at such a royal progress now-a-days! His queen and their unfortunate son, Charles the First, some months after, followed in the same route, and after resting at Worksop, also stopped at Hinchinbrook House, when it is said Charles and the boy Oliver Cromwell (the future Protector) quarrelled, and that the latter struck him and drew blood. The following extract from an old book of Worksop churchwardens' accounts, alludes to this visit:

"It. payd to six virgns when the Queen's matie. came to Worksop Manor, iij^s."

In 1616 another entry occurs, from which it appears that James again visited Worksop:

"for ringing on y^e gunpowther daye, and at y^e king's coming to Worksoppe, xij^s."

Other items also allude to royal visits; from the following one, dated 1633, it appears that Charles

the First passed through Worksope, with his court, when on his journey to Scotland, to hold a parliament and receive coronation :

“ffor ringing three dayes when our Royall King came his p’grasse. £1. 1s.”

From the following extracts, dated twelve years later, we learn that Charles was at Worksope during the Civil War, and that the town did not entirely escape its ravages. In the neighbourhood there seems to have been several conflicts.

“ffor the buriall of a souldjer - - - 3s. 6d.

“ffor the buriall of two more, slaine in the towne, 2s. 6d.

“ffor the burial of 3 sold. more, slaine in the towne 3s. 1d.

“ffor Ringing when his Matie passed by - - 4s. 0d.*

George the Fourth, and our present Queen Victoria, both visited the town before their accession to the throne, on which occasions, the worthy inhabitants

* Some of the entries are extremely amusing, and show how busily our ancestors employed themselves.

1560, “It. payed for bred and drinke at the abbollyshing of the ymages, viij^d.”

1571, It. recd. of Mr. Jessop for a lytell bell; not sold, but layed to gage, and to be losed at the p’ysh pleasure, xx^s.

1616, ffor whipping dogges out of y^e church for one whole year, viij^d.”

1617, “for a quart of wine and sugar bestowed upo’ two preachers, x^d.”

1632, “Spent and given to ringers, at y^e Earl of Arundel’s coming by twice, 14s. 8d. (When going towards the north as general of the army sent against the Scotch Covenanters, and on his return).

1640, “ffor 11 fox heads, 11s.” (An item frequently occurring). “ffor killing two owles in the church, 1s.”

shewed quite as ebullitious a loyalty as their predecessors had displayed when they exerted themselves so in "y^e ringing of y^e bells" in a former day. The place, as we shall have to state elsewhere, also received a visit from Cardinal Wolsey—that prelate whose chequered career had so melancholy a close.

Mr. Holland deems it worthy of note, that besides Wolsey, another dignitary of the church, the then Primate of England, visited Worksop in 1824, and appeared on his hunter at the head of Lord Scarbrough's fox-hounds. It appears, however, that during a visit of His Grace to his relatives the Earl and Countess of Surrey, at Worksop Manor, the hounds met in the park, and he merely went on horseback to see them throw off, but did not follow in the chase. The allusion to sports induces the mention of the once existence here of the curious custom of bull-baiting: indeed the practice seems to have been compulsory on the inhabitants, for by a by-law, now or lately extant on the Court Rolls of the Lord of the Manor, it is provided that "no bull shall be killed and sold in the market of Worksop, without having been first baited in the bull-ring." It is explained that this by-law was enacted with the laudable intention of saving our worthy ancestors from the unpleasantness of eating "bull-beef," which they might incautiously have purchased, had not the fact of the slaughter of each tender victim been made public in this manner. So provident were the good men of those times! The

bull-ring was on the Lead Hill, and remained until the middle of the last century.

“Red rain has made harvests grow” in these fields as well as others: for according to William of Worcester and Lingard, in December, 1460, in the wars of the white and red roses, and a few days before the battle of Wakefield, the Duke of York with the Earl of Salisbury and many thousand armed men, were surprised by the Duke of Somerset, Earls Northumberland and Devon, Lords Clifford, Dacres, and Nevil (a Furnival), at Worksop, and numbers slain.

From then to later times Worksop has had little to disturb its tranquility;—for even so secluded was it, that the railway storm expended much of its force before reaching it.

To prove the vicissitudes of life, if proof were wanting, it may be mentioned that the descendants of a family of as proud descent as any here now—the Mandevilles—who were in 1136 the founders of the abbey of Saffron-Walden in Essex, and who are alluded to by Thoroton as being among the owners of Worksop in 1612, after various gradations downwards, merged, some years back, into that class whose estate it is to till the soil; and, it may be, they are now the servants of those whose ancestors were the “hewers of wood and drawers of water” of those days.

A smart shock of an earthquake, accompanied by an explosion, which caused the church bells to ring, was felt at Worksop on the 18th November, 1795.

On Sunday, 17th March, 1816, at noon, during divine service, another shock was felt which caused great consternation. The church tower was cracked with a loud crash, and the congregation rushed out much alarmed. On their way home they were met by many coming to ascertain whether the church had not fallen. Several houses were also injured.

In consequence of the corrupt practices proved to have prevailed amongst the electors of the neighbouring borough of East Retford, they were dispossessed of the exclusive privilege of returning members to parliament, and the franchise was extended over the Wapentake or Hundred of Bassetlaw, whereby Worksop was included, and has since joined in returning members for the Hundred as well as for the County. This matter occupied the attention of parliament, at intervals, for a period of three years, and occasioned Mr. Huskisson (who advocated the total disfranchisement of the borough, and the transferring of the franchise to Birmingham, at that time unrepresented) to retire from the Duke of Wellington's administration. The Act was finally passed in 1830. The number of borough electors in the parish of Worksop is 240; and of county electors, 220. the spelling of the name of this ancient hundred has been very various:—*Basselaw*, *Bernedeslawe*, and *Bersetlaw*, in Domesday Book; *Bersetelowe* in the *Nomina Villarum*, compiled in 1315, by order of King Edward the Second; *Berteslowe* by Thoroton; and *Bassinglaw* by Throsby.

To carry the history of the town to the present time, we must mention that an unsuccessful attempt having been made in the latter part of 1851 to obtain an act to be called "The Worksof Improvement Act," "The Public Health Act" was introduced in the month of August, 1852.

And here ending the historical part, we will describe the buildings and institutions which have for so long a time witnessed these passing events.

The Abbey Ruins and Church.

"Of seats they tell, where priests, 'mid tapers dim,
Breathed the warm prayer, or tuned the midnight hymn;
To scenes like these the fainting soul retired:
Revenge and Anger in these cells expired;
By Pity soothed, Remorse lost half her tears,
And softened Pride dropp'd penitential tears."—*Crabbe*.

THESE remains were part of an extensive pile of conventual buildings belonging to a monastery of Canons Regular of the order of Saint Augustine (commonly designated Black Canons), dedicated to Saint Outhbert, and afterwards, or a part of it, as well to Saint Mary; and founded or endowed by the first before mentioned William de Lovetot and Emma his wife, on the 3rd before the Ides of May, in the fourth year of the reign of Henry the First, and in the year 1103.

The preface to the founder's grant is to this effect:—"Be it known to Thomas, archbishop of York, the archdeacon of Nottingham, and to all the clergy,

gentry, and laity, French and English in all England, and Nottinghamshire, that William de Lovetot, by the concession and consideration of Emma his wife, and their sons, grants and confirms by his breve the donation which he made to God, the holy church, and the canons of Saint Cuthbert of Worksop, in perpetual alms;" and amongst the gifts are "the tithes of the pence of all his settled revenues; a caracute of land at *Inwara* in the field of Worksop; his meadow of *Cratela*; all the churches of his demesne of the honour of Blythe, that is to say the churches of *Gringley*, of *Misterton*, of *Walkeringham*, of *Normanton*, of *Coleston*, of *Willoughby*, of *Wishou*, and his part of the church of *Tyreswell*, with the lands tythes and things belonging to the said churches; likewise the tythe of his pannage, and of honey, and of venison, of fish, and of fowl; of malt and of all other (good) things of which tythes are wont and ought to be given; and all the liberties and free customs with which these things were then held." The witnesses were *Egero*, sacerdote; *Wulveto*, sacerdote; *Ilberto*, scriptore: *Rogeria de Lincolnia*; *Edone*, dapifero; *Erturo*, præposito; *Wigero*, de sancto; *Albino*, Cont de Shefeld; *Gilberto*, de Gatef.; and *Rogero*, de Sayendale.

William, son of Richard de Lovetot, on the day of his father's burial, also gave the tithe of all his rents "on this side or beyond the sea," to the priory.

It has been asserted that a religious edifice existed prior to the erection of the building then endowed.

This is confirmed by the grant of the above-named founders, who by it, in addition to the chapelry of their house, tithes, set rents in England and Normandy, and large tracts of land in England, give "*the church* of Worksop, in which the canons were, with the land and tithes belonging to that church, and the fish-pond and mill nigh that church, and the meadow by the said mill and fish-pond."

Mr. Nicholson, who was the architect employed in the recent restoration of the present structure, is of opinion, however, that certain portions remaining at the eastern end, confirm the account that the magnificent mass of building forming the priory church, arose about the year 1103, or, shortly after the above grant by the founders; some parts being added at a later date. The latter supposition is not improbable, from the time it would necessarily take to complete such a large edifice. In his words:—

"The two massive columns, one on each side at the east end of the nave, and the remaining portions of the present church eastward, as well as other fragments now extant, are of pure Norman architecture, and agree well with this date. From this it appears that the original minster was built at two different times; and, probably, as the nave indicates two distinct periods in its architecture, the earlier nave may have been partially destroyed, or the original design of the building was not completed until a less massive style began to be adopted, about seventy

years after the original foundation, or about the year 1170."

In the numerous grants made to this priory, the canons are called the "Canons of Radeford."

It is pleasing now to picture in imagination, the old monks and their neighbouring brethren of Welbeck, Rufford, and Roche, sauntering along the spots we are about to describe, or in Sherwood Forest (which partly belonged to them) close by, or sweeping along to the sound of the "pealing anthem,"

"In trains, o'er tessellated pave, and through
Yon ruin's once so sacred pile, that now so gray
And silent is,"

habited in cowl and cassock, at times telling their beads, or at their early matins; at others, engaged in alternate acts of devotion or charity, or in friendly visits to hospitable neighbours, and so passing their peaceful lives, and pursuing the "even tenor of their way" until they finally passed away, carrying with them their secrets and their sins, their virtues and their remorse, their expiations and atonements.

The priory seems to have occupied a considerable space, extending from the gate-house, yet remaining, with an intervening space or court, to the site of the present girl's national school, and embracing the existing church, and east of it the former choir, transept, and the chapel of Saint Mary (now in ruins); and north of it the cloisters, fragments of whose groined

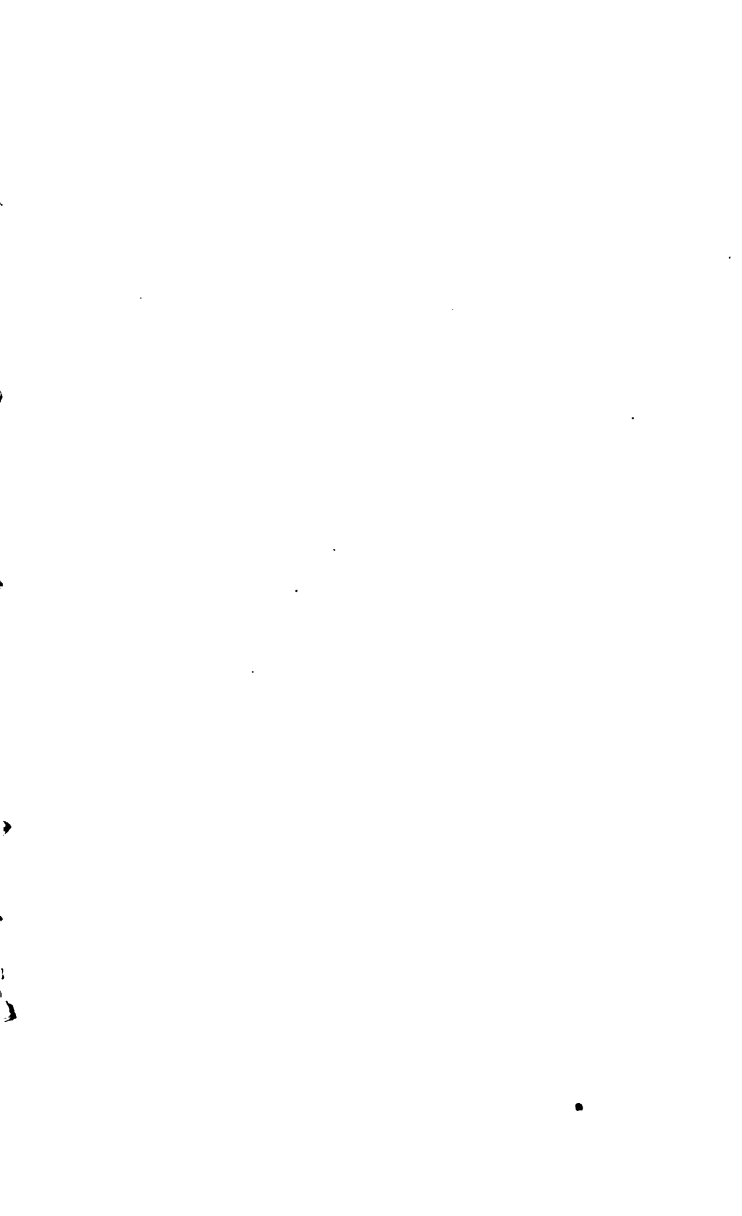
arches and enriched doorway are still left, though in a very dilapidated condition.

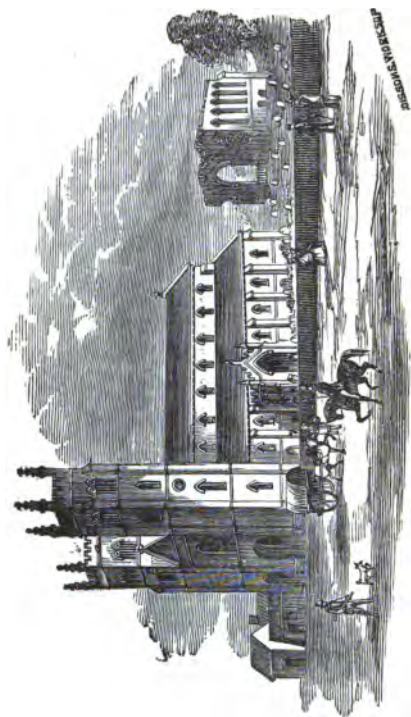
The church now standing was formerly the nave and side-aisles of the old priory church, which was in the form of a cross, and had a central tower, in which some suppose the bells were fixed, as it was of earlier date than the present towers, and as the bells are alluded to in a Bull of Pope Alexander the Third, so early as 1154. The choir extended a further length of 112 feet to the east of the present building—the foundation mound of its extreme end being still discernable. Remains of the south transept have been discovered in digging graves in the churchyard. The former church would have a very cathedral-like appearance. Leland speaks of it as “a thing of great building.” As before remarked, those portions of the church which have been removed were of earlier date than the part remaining. They were destroyed soon after the dissolution of the priory. Many entries in the churchwardens accounts of the sale of stone, wood, iron, glass, and other materials from thence, appear early in the reign of Elizabeth. The site of the present Corn Exchange was, a few years back, occupied by a very old building, used as an inn, and when it was removed to make way for the present erection, many beautifully carved stones were found which, from their appearance, had evidently been removed from the priory.

In 1629, a memorandum of an agreement between Thomas Bolles, Esquire, of Osberton, and the parishioners, alludes to "certayne suites and controversies" respecting the repair of the chancel, and mentions "that place which is *now* used as the queare of the parish church of Worksoppe." From the form of the latter allusion it is clear the original choir was then in recollection.

The priory was the principal burial place of the lords of Worksop and Hallamshire until the time of the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury. It was, we need scarcely say, dissolved by Henry the Eighth; and its possessions were granted to a lineal descendant of the founder. Its yearly revenues then were, according to Speed, £302. 6s. 10d.; Dugdale, £289. 15s. Either of the sums named would, at that time, be a noble income.

The dissolution occurred in 1539; on the 15th of November of which year, and about 436 years after its foundation (assuming 1103 as the date), its last prior with fifteen brethren surrendered the house to the king's commissioners, George Lawson, Richard Belassez, William Blithman, and James Rokeby; and revenues which, however abused, had formed a principal support to the poor and destitute, passed into other hands, and, as was too frequently the case, were granted to one who was from other sources, both powerful and rich in worldly wealth.





WORKSOP CHURCH.

Whatever may have been the charges proved against these religious orders, we can scarcely help entertaining a feeling of sympathy and pity, when we read of so many *religieux*, some of whom we must in charity suppose were, as far as frail human nature would allow them to be, blameless in their lives, so suddenly bereft of habitations and of homes, which a series of years spent there had rendered dear to them, and turned adrift in a world for whose customs and contentions, long lives of seclusion had rendered them so little fitted. The wayfarer deprived of shelter—the poor of benefactor—and this too, by the will of one man, himself as dissolute as any. Had the estates and revenues been appropriated to religious and charitable uses, then, indeed, the change might have been for the better ; but it was not so. Too often the wealthy, and perhaps unworthy, courtier received the spoil so ruthlessly obtained.

The Parish Church

Is what remains of the church of the priory described above. It stands at the eastern end of Potter-street, in the township of Radford, which forms the eastern part of Worksope. It can also be approached by the pleasant walk by the water-side in the Canch meadows from the north part of the town, and forms with its abbey gate-house and ruins, and relieving trees, as seen in approach, with the rays of the sun perchance

sleeping on its gray pinnacled and battlemented towers, a pleasing and noble object. It can be well seen as we approach Worksop from the Retford side.

It has but two towers now, at its west end; each occupying an area of 462 square feet, and being 100 feet high. They have windows in them at different altitudes of the Norman and Anglo-Norman styles. Before its restoration it had a flat roof (placed there at a recent date) with battlemented parapets on the top of each side-wall and between the towers. At the east and west gables are stone crosses.

The style of the building is transition from Norman to Early English, with the exception of a portion at the east end, which is purely Norman.

The large Norman doorway at the west end is a beautiful specimen, ornamented with chevron or zigzag, nail-head, dog-tooth, and other transition ornaments. At this end there is also a small portal, slightly enriched, at the base of the north tower. There are two Norman doorways on the north side, one highly enriched. Both were blocked up before the recent restoration; they were then opened, but the one near the eastern end has again been closed. The porch on the south side is rather an incongruous object, erected at a late date, but containing the original door, which is covered with ironwork of the most elaborate design.

Its noble interior consists of a nave and chancel of the length of 135 feet, and two side aisles. The nave walls and roof are supported on either side by ten

columns, alternately cylindrical and octagonal, their capitals beautifully decorated with leaves, flowers, and tooth-ornament, and surmounted by arches enriched with moulding and tooth-ornament. Above these are large round-headed triforium apertures, with mouldings and nail-head ornaments; between them are smaller ones, with obtusely-pointed arches. Above the latter, on a string enriched with nail-head, are the clerestory windows, which are round-headed with plain mouldings. At the east end is a large triplet window. Above it is a wheel-window, and on either side of the latter are round-headed apertures opening into the passage formerly leading to the central tower, and probably through the transept walls and along those of the choir. A communication or opening has been made from the space over the north aisle, by breaking through the wall, by which this can be reached. Few viewing the wheel-window from the body of the church, would imagine that a passage yet exists in front of it, towards the interior, in the thickness of the wall, twenty inches in width; the wall itself, including this passage, being five feet and a half in thickness. At the west end, over the great doorway is a large round-headed window, plain in the inside, but enriched on the out. The roof is a steep-pitched one, with interlacing rafters. The seats are open benches. The side aisles have groined arches; one with plain, the other with moulded ribs, and each has, at its east end a single-light window. The side aisle, or outer, walls are entirely new.

The whole interior produces a beautiful and imposing effect.

There were some inscriptions on the walls, but of little interest to the general beholder. One still remaining, in the south aisle wall, engraved on a brass plate, quaintly describes the life and death of "Dame Marye Lassells," wife of Sir George Lascelles, of Gateford.

Amongst the monumental memorials remaining, the first in point of antiquity is an arch or recess, in the north aisle wall, which doubtless at one time contained an effigy. The style of its architecture (that of the thirteenth century) corresponding, as it does, with the date of the interment of the Gerard de Furnival whose remains were brought from the Holy Land, and as the verses of Pigott record, "tumulate on the north syde of the mynster," leads us to suppose that it covered his tomb.

At the restoration of the church four stone coffins, varying in length, and laid in a row, were removed from under here; the bones of the occupants, (most likely some of the Furnivals, as the Lovetots were generally buried near the "high quere") were entire. The coffins are now in Saint Mary's chapel. One remarkable thing connected with these skeletons, and attributable, perhaps, to the simple and healthful mode of living practised in those days, is the fact that not a single tooth in any of the heads was decayed, whilst those buried centuries later required exceptions form-

ing the other way. The inhabitants of these coffins (and as was thought on their interment, last earthly homes,) had lain undisturbed there perhaps for ages.

Until the restoration, at the west end of the north aisle were (remaining of effigies in which this church was once rich) three alabaster figures, much mutilated. These were also removed into Saint Mary's chapel. Gough, in his *Sepulchral Antiquities*, describes them minutely. One in a conical bascinet, or close-fitting skull-cap, with plate armour, represents, it is supposed from the lines of Pigott, Sir Thomas Nevil, Lord Treasurer of England, who died in 1406. The skull-cap was worn about the time of Edward the Third, and above it the large crested helmet was donned for the shock of battle, and for the tournament. The helmet in this figure is placed under the head, and formerly bore a bird's head as a crest. The bascinet is edged with a row of leaves, and surrounded with a chaplet; attached to it is a camail or throat-guard of chain-mail, descending upon the shoulders; the rest of the armour is plate, the elbow-piece being of trefoil pattern. Around the loins is a richly studded belt, and upon the vest, reaching to the thigh, the arms were emblazoned: they are now obliterated, but are described by Gough as "a saltier with a martlet for difference." At his feet was the figure of a lion. The following are the lines of Pigott,

"And *Sr. Thomas Nevill*, Treasurer of England,
 Aboven the quere is tumulate, his tumber is to see
 In the middes, for most royal there it doth stand."

The other is a lady of slender form, supposed to be his wife Joan. This is confirmed by Pigott, who records minutely her burial here, although there is a monument purporting to be to her in Barlborough church. It is not improbable that it was removed from Work-sop to Barlborough, on the destruction of that part of the church where she is stated by Pigott to have been buried, namely "the high quere." A similar instance occurred with regard to the marble slab placed over the burial place of Gundred the wife of William de Warren, and daughter of William the Conqueror, at Lewes in Kent, which was afterwards found in the parish church of Ishfield in Sussex, over the grave of one Edward Shirley, who died in 1558. This figure has a mantle fastened across the breast with a rich chain or band, and beneath it the sideless vest of Richard the Second's time. The head-dress is reticulated, and the head laid on a double cushion, supported by angels. Pigott says

"*Dame Johane* is beryed aboven the high quere
 Next *Thomas Nevill* that was her husband,
 In alabaster an ymage *Sr. Thomas* right nere,
 As she is tumulate on his right hand."

The third is a knight, believed to be, from the style of the armour, which is similar to that of Sir Thomas Nevil, and did not prevail before the reign of

Edward the Third, the effigy of Thomas de Furnival, surnamed "The Hasty," who was at the battle of Creci; he died in 1366, and

"on the north syde was layde,
In a tumbre of alabaster above the hye quere."

He has on a pointed bascinet edged with leaves and surmounted by a coralla, with camail of chain, the rest plate. On his juppon are the arms of the Furnivals, a band between six martlets. His belt is richly studded, and under the head is a double cushion with angels, and a slab at his back bordered with foliage.

A small stone figure with wings, perhaps one formerly occupying a niche in "our ladye's chapel," was found at the restoration in a wall of the vestry. The vestry stood then at the east end of the north aisle, and the parish authorities in office at the time of its erection, had laid hands upon this figure and used it to form part of the wall,—a fate that may have befallen many of the richest of the monumental memorials. It is now placed with the above figures. An item in the churchwardens' accounts, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, of "ij^d. for.....to darken y^e ymages' faces," leaves us to speculate whether the darkening was done in sign of contempt or to add to their beauty. From the temper of the times then, we incline to think the former.

The members of the British Archæological Society, with the Duke of Newcastle their President, visited

this church on the 18th August, 1852, and one fortunate result, we are glad to say, attended the visit: the noble President and several members having suggested the propriety of removing the above interesting effigies to some protected situation, they were, in consequence, placed in the church under the south tower.

Since the above was written, we have been informed by the sexton (a mason who worked at the church during its restoration), that he discovered a cannon ball, which had displaced some of the stonework, on the exterior of the north wall of the prior's house, and was firmly embedded below the surface. The ball is now in the church, and may give us some idea as to the plan of action adopted in the barbarous destruction of the choir and transept. If such means *were* used, it is singular how the present towers and nave escaped. The parish records are silent on the subject. The absence of similar balls does not disprove the idea, as such materials would be eagerly sought after at that time, and removed to be again used as balls, or for other purposes. The commanding eminences near to Kilton Wood would afford excellent situations for the planting of cannon, to accomplish the destruction of the fabric. It might, indeed, be only a stray shot in some action near, or a mark of his feelings for the building by some commonwealth officer passing by,—for in times of civil commotions men have been too apt in shewing disrespect to the symbols of that which they violate.

Previous to its restoration, the church was in an exceedingly dilapidated and even dangerous state. By the practice of excavating for intramural graves, the pillars had been undermined, and those on the south side were thrown from their perpendicular in that direction, the wall above them being so to the extent of about fifteen inches. Solid blocks of stone were placed under the pillars to form new bases; these were secured by concrete, and by a simple but hazardous process, this immense wall, with a surface of nearly 4000 square feet, and comprising many thousand feet of solid masonry, was brought back to its vertical position without a single fracture occurring. This was effected by connecting the two opposite walls by large beams of timber passed across the nave, into, and on the north side, through the clerestory windows. The beams on the north side were securely fastened to another beam extending the whole outside length of the wall, and on the south side eight rods of iron welded to iron clasps at the ends of the beams, passed through another piece of timber in close contact with the clerestory wall. These rods were provided with nuts and screws, by means of which the last-mentioned piece of timber, and by it the south wall, could be subjected to pressure. The north wall, propped from within, was used to resist this pressure. The crevices at the north bases of the columns, caused by the oblique direction the latter had assumed, had wedges inserted in them; and as these were

removed, the wall gradually fell, and resumed its original position.

This wall was underpinned with solid blocks of Anston stone, averaging three and a half feet on their bed. The other pillars and the piers of the towers were secured in a similar manner, as also the south tower, which for want of proper drainage, and from the system of making graves near to it, had sunk on the south side, and overhung its base to the extent of sixteen inches. The whitewashed walls were scraped, the unsightly galleries which the Worksopians of old had erected, with more regard to comfort than taste, were, with the pews, removed, and the church then began to resume "the impress of its former grandeur."

The restoration was effected under the superintendence of Mr. Richard Nicholson, of Lincoln, architect, a native of Worksop; and the manner in which it was accomplished reflects upon him the highest credit. To his recently published and interesting work on the subject* (to which we have been indebted for much of the architectural description of these sacred edifices) we must refer our readers, for views of the original and present church, and also for a more detailed account of the whole.

Although the restoration (commenced in 1845

* *Sketches of the Remains of the Abbey Church and Conventual Buildings at Worksop, and of the Church as Restored.* By Richard Nicholson. Sissons, Worksop.

and continued to 1849) has been carried to a great extent, and a considerable sum of money (about £5000) expended, it is not yet complete. It is hoped, at some future time that this and other such structures will undergo another restoration, by being opened, in accordance with the spirit and commands of the christian religion and rules, and as in the early days of the church, to all, without distinction of worldly rank.

The right of presentation to the living passed with the Manor estates, to the Duke of Newcastle. The tithes attached to the vicarage (which is in the diocese of Lincoln) were commuted in 1813, under the Worksop Inclosure Act, at an annual rent-charge of £327. There are also 11A. 1R. 31P. of glebe. In connection with the church are the two chapelries of Osberton and Shireoaks.

The rectorial tithes formerly belonged to the see of Lincoln, but were sold in 1801, under the land-tax acts—to enable the see to redeem the remainder of its property—to the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Foljambe, subject to a lease then lately granted to the present Duke of Portland (then Marquis of Titchfield) for three lives, of which his own is the only remaining one. The tithes of corn, hay, wool, and lambs over the townships of Worksop, Radford, Osberton, and Scofton, were commuted in 1850 for the annual rent-charge of £772. 16s. 5d. The tithes of Clumber still belong to the see of Lincoln, but are leased to the

Duke of Newcastle for three lives. They were commuted in 1850 for the annual rent-charge of £100.

The Rev. James Appleton, M.A. formerly vicar of St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, is the present incumbent. He succeeded the Rev. Thomas Stacey, who died on 28th of January, 1847, in the 90th year of his age, and the 56th of his incumbency, and who will be long remembered for his many acts of kindness and charity.

And here, with the old monks, and under the small green mounds outside,

“Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,”

sleep, and shall do until the great day of the resurrection, our predecessors, the “fathers of the hamlet”—they who formerly walked the scenes we now frequent and are describing, in the light of the sun and in the pride of life—who perambulated these streets in their respective pursuits—made their bargains and purchases—their daily calls of business and ceremony—who, in their short span—which as we look at it *now*, seems to have been truly “a vapour that has passed quickly away,”—had, as we have too, their little prides and envyings—their lookings down from pedestals raised above the ordinary level, by means of bases of money or the accident of birth, on those who were for the time conventionally below them: here they lie, a lesson ever before us but seldom heeded. Here too,

are those whose smiles have erst lit up many a loving English fireside; and now the smilers are gone, and hearth and home are tenanted by those who have yet their "brief parts" to play.

It is strange, with so many of those silent voices speaking to him, with the recollection of the unnumbered millions who have passed away before him, of whom so very few have left a light behind brilliant enough to be seen through fifty years of time, that man, who knows that he is but a grain of sand on a vast sea shore, which the next tide of the ocean of eternity will engulf, should have so little care to shape his course by his knowledge, and should make such utterly gratuitous and absurd displays of foolishness, vanity, selfishness, and small pride, as empty as the exhibitors, or as the breath that will the next moment bear the mammon-worshipper, the selfish, and the proudling away from all but the consequences;

"The dust within yon lone church aisle,
The sexton sweeps away :
Was it of prince or peasant born
In life's momentous day ?

The whirlwind wafts it mid the tombs,
Nor canst thou tell, Oh ! man,
Which is the fine patrician flour,
Which the plebeian bran."

From this digression, suggested by the scenes we are in, we will pass to

Saint Mary's Chapel.

"Yet ruin'd beauty still is lingering there."

In the churchyard, at the south-east corner of the church, stands—an exquisite relic of the offering of devotion,—a gem in ruin—the above chapel. Its date is later than the earlier portion of the conventual buildings, and is probably of the middle of the thirteenth century. It is roofless, but three of its sides remain in good preservation. In the west one is an arch of large dimensions, which formerly opened into the south transept of the church. The east wall contains three, and the south wall six lancet-shaped windows, of great beauty—indeed they are considered the most perfect of their kind extant in England. From the corbels and the springing of the ribs in the interior, and the remains of piers on the north side, it is evident that it was vaulted over, and connected by two spacious archways with the south aisle of the choir. The south wall had three buttresses, of which one only remains. It is believed to have been founded by Maud the wife of the first-mentioned Gerard de Furnival. The style of the architecture—the Early English (which prevailed from the end of the twelfth and throughout the thirteenth century) corresponds with the date of her residence here, 1250; and about that time it would most probably be erected, as the excellence of the masonry and the beauty of the

proportions shew that it is not early in its style. This Maude survived her husband thirty years, and was a great benefactress to the abbey. Pigott says, that her younger son William was buried in this chapel. Several stone coffins which were dug up here, have long since been destroyed; but the large stone that covered the tomb of this William de Furnival lay in the churchyard for many years, and was at length removed to the house of a worthy woman living close by, and most irreverently put to a useful purpose, by being converted into a sink-stone. It had on it a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—"Remembering me, turn pale! and as thou art running in a like path, sing a psalm, I entreat thee, for William de Furnival." Had its appropriator known the meaning of the strange characters upon it, she might have been somewhat surprised. Pigott says that this

*"Sir William was greatly endued with grace,
For five candells perpetuall in that chapell
He ordeyned to brynne afore our Ladye."*

In the chapel now are, placed above ground, the coffins dug up in the church. So uncertain is man's final earthly resting place!

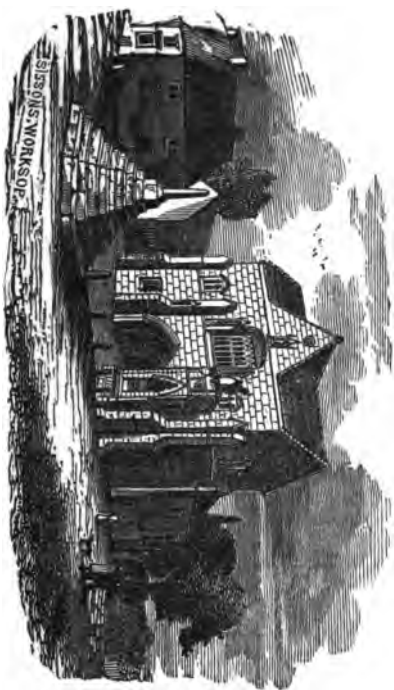
The Cloisters.

The remains of the cloisters are on the north side of the church, north and east of the site of the prior's

house; they are vaulted over and have moulded ribs: the entrance to them from this house is a Norman doorway, the arch of which is considerably enriched. We cannot now determine their original extent, but it is thought they formed a square or parallelogram, of which the church was one side. A row of corbels existing before the restoration, on the outer side of the north aisle wall shewed that some vaulted building had been erected against it; upon the removal of the latter, the heavy buttresses which stood there would be substituted as a support. North of the remains of the prior's house is an ancient wall with round-headed apertures and corbels, leading us to suppose that some vaulted building was also placed against it; on the top of the wall is a string-course and window sills, which indicate it as the outer wall of a two-storied building, most probably cloisters with a dormitory over.

The Abbey Gate-House.

The priory court (now forming the south churchyard) to which this was the entrance, has long since disappeared. It is not in the province of a work like this to enter into elaborate architectural detail; and the accompanying engraving will give an idea to the reader of its general appearance; but we may mention that the porch or entrance to the staircase leading to the upper part of the building is stated to



THE ABBEY GATE-HOUSE.

be one of the richest and most beautiful specimens of the kind existing in England. It is situate on the south side of the gate-house, and rises two-thirds of the height of the latter; it had formerly two entrances, but the east one is now closed. Above the latter is—the only remaining figure of groups occupying niches on either side—an angel, supposed, with those which have been removed, to have represented the Salutation of the Virgin Mary. On the pediment over the window on its south side is a group representing the Adoration of the Wise Men. The battlement that existed over the porch is nearly gone, and the tracery of its beautiful window quite so. The interior ceiling is groined in stone, and decorated with roses, ball-flowers, &c. The porch is conjectured to be of more recent date than the gate-house, and was probably an afterthought.

The gateway itself is a large archway, through which the public road passes. In this, the massive piers that sustained the gates remain, with their huge hinges plainly recording the action of time.

On the south front of the gatehouse are niches containing figures: the one towards the west, of Saint Augustine, the founder of this order of canons; that towards the east of Saint Cuthbert (to whom the monastery was dedicated), with a crowned head in his hand; and a third one in the centre, higher up, of the Virgin Mary, seated. Over her is a circular trefoiled opening. The central window is between these figures and over the archway. At each end is a smaller win-

dow. This front wall is supported by four buttresses, the inner ones having enriched but tenantless niches, where were formerly, according to Dodsworth (who visited Worksope in 1634), two armed knights, one to the west, from the cognizance, representing a Lovetot, the other a Furnival—most likely the founder and erector. The former bore a shield charged with a lion rampant; the other, a shield bearing a band between six martlets. The north front is not of much interest; at its eastern end, at an elevation of about ten feet, is a blocked-up doorway, which led to the room over the gateway, by a staircase still traceable in the thickness of the wall, and by steps into the court below. Over part of this front, that companion of ruins, the ivy, has crept to the roof. The latter presents gables to the four cardinal points. This gate-house was the model for Clipstone Lodge. The principal room has an immense fireplace, before which many a hearty old monk has sat, smiling at its warm blaze, with his well-filled flagon before him, in the olden time—that is

“If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men,”

In concluding the description of this quaint erection of a by-gone day, we will again refer as well to the Chapel of Saint Mary, in order to express the hope that there is sufficient ardour and generosity left, in these utilitarian days, to induce those who have the power, to restore, or, at least, preserve from

further ruin, the two beautiful companion relics and mementos of the past. Permitted destruction, by the action of time or the elements, of such fabrics—where the progress of decay can be so easily retarded—is as barbarous as the blind fanaticism that, in times gone by, impelled men, when attacking the practices and observances of a church, to accompany the attack by the destruction of insensate objects—works of art—some of them the grandest and most beautiful specimens of man's handiwork—and valuable, if only to shew what the genius and zeal of a past age had accomplished.

Ignorance, believing itself enlightenment, has too often been allowed to perpetrate such useless destruction—and thereby, in addition to the demolition of works of architecture, some of the choicest productions of human skill,—such as should have continued to enrich and adorn succeeding ages, and elevate man both mentally and morally—have been irrevocably lost.

The Cross

is near the gate-house, in the open space opposite the churchyard. The shaft and steps only remain. From the evidence that exists we infer that it was one of the crosses erected *by the hands* of Richard and William de Lovetot, about 1160, alluded to by Matilda de Lovetot when speaking of the “*cruces quas Willielmus de Lovetot, pater meus, et Ricardos de Lovetot, avus meus, propriis manibus erexerunt.*” If they were

so erected, and not merely by the orders of these two noblemen, the fact is singular, and the motive impelling them thereto, inexplicable—unless the act was intended as one of remembrance or humility. Formerly the fairs and markets were held here. During the Commonwealth, banns of marriage were published by the common crier, from this “Worksop Market Crosse.” It was one of the division-points of the Clumber fee, that of our kings, and those of the lords of Worksop and Tickhill.

The Prior's Well.

At a short distance from the church, on the west side of the road leading over the canal, is the Prior's Well, celebrated for the purity of its water, and so called from its having been resorted to by the priors and monks, when more potent beverages were not in their way. Some of our early-rising and health-seeking townsmen follow the example now. Parkyns, in his “Monastic and Baronial Remains,” states that its water used to have the reputation of accomplishing miraculous cures. It is yet said to be efficacious in some cases. Experiments have proved its crystal spring to be remarkably pure, and were it more frequently used in the place of that which the Indian very appropriately terms “fire-water,” we have no doubt its cures would yet prove marvellous. Its ancient name has been well retained.

A LIST OF THE PRIORS OF WORKSOP.

(The first six names from Brown Willis; the remainder from Torre's MS. Collections in the custody of the Dean and Chapter of York.)

TEMP. CONF. ELECT.	PRIORES LOCI.		VACAT.
About 1180	William		
About 1196	Stephen		
About 1200	Henry		
About 1288	Walter de Leirton		
About 1253	Robert de Pikeborn		
About 1260	John		
About 1288	Alanus de London	.	Resig. 1300
2 Non. Nov. 1303	Fr. Joh. de Tikehill, can'cus de Wyrksop	.	Per amovat
11 Kal. April, 1313	Fr. Robt. de Carleton, can'cus	.	
1396	Fr. Joh'es	.	
1404	Fr. Bog. de Upton, can'cus	.	Mort.
1457	Fr. Carolus Flemynyng	.	Resig.
1463	Fr. Will. Ackworth, prior de Felley	.	
1518	Fr. Robt. Warde	.	Mort.
1522	Fr. Tho. Gateford, prior de Felley	.	
	Fr. Nic. Storth, can'cus de Wyrksop	.	Living, 1528
	Fr. Thomas Stokkes	.	

A LIST OF THE VICARS OF WORKSOP.

(The particulars, from 1276 to 1673, are extracted from Torre's *M.S. Collections*.)

TEMP. INSTIT.	VICARII ECCLE'.	PATRONI.	VACAT.
Id. Aug. 1276	Dns. Alanus de London	Pr. & Con'tus de Wyrksop	
5 Id. Feb. 1300	Fr. Adam de Roderham, can'cus de Wyrksop	ijdem	
4 Kal. Oct. 1324	Fr. Robt. de Beverlac, can'cus de Wyrksop	ijdem	Mort.
14 Kal. Mar. 1328	Fr. Will. de Hanay, can'cus	ijdem	Resig.
17 Apr. } 23 July }	Fr. Ric. de Trent, can'cus, ibid.	ijdem	Resig.
24 Nov.	Fr. Joh. de Stanlay, can'cus, ibid.	ijdem	Resig.
3 Dec.	Fr. Tho. Barnby, can'cus	ijdem	
12 Mar.	Fr. Walt. Burne, can'cus	ijdem	Resig.
27 Aug.	Fr. Joh. Howe, can'cus	ijdem	Resig.
	Fr. Joh. Emlay, can'cus	ijdem	
	Fr. Walt. Burne, can'cus	ijdem	Mort.
15 Mar. 1472	Fr. Tho. Ingill, cap.	ijdem	Mort.

18 Mar.	1486	Dns. Tho. Scott, pr.	idem	.	.	.	Mort.
24 Sep.	1509	Fr. Joh. Johnson, can'cus	idem	.	.	.	Resig.
6 May,	1544	Dns. J. Thornley, pr.	Hen. Rex	.	.	.	Mort.
Ult. May	1577	Joh. Goodricke, cl.	Assignati Ricci	Whalley, ar.	.	.	Cession.
19 Junij,	1601	Ric. Bernard, cl.	Ric. Whalley, ar.	.	.	.	Cession.
16 Feb.	1613	Olyver Bray, cl.	idem	.	.	.	Mort.
19 Apr.	1615	Will. Carte, cl., M.A.	idem	.	.	.	Cession.
22 May,	1628	Sam. Smith, cl., B.A.*	Fr. Rhodes, ar. h. v. p.	.	.	.	Mort.
15 Sep.	1662	Walt. Bernard, cl.	Guardianus Frici	Rhodes, bart	.	.	
19 Mar.	1673	Sam. Buckingham, cl., M.A.	Guil. Epis.	Linc.	.	.	
	1685	Thomas Calton	Sir Jn. Rhodes, Bart.	.	.	.	Died.
	1698	Jacob Calton	Thos. Wentworth, Esq.	.	.	.	Resigned.
	1718	John Cook	{ Executors of Thomas, Mar-	.	.	.	
21 January	1752	John Ward, A.M.	quis of Rockingham	.	.	.	Died
5 May,	1778	Hon. Philip Howard, B.A.	Marquis of Rockingham	.	.	.	Resigned.
3 June,	1783	Thomas Carter, M.A.	Earl Fitzwilliam	.	.	.	Died
13 April,	1792	Thomas Stacey, M.A.	Duke of Norfolk	.	.	.	Died
23 April,	1847	James Appleton, M. A.	Duke of Newcastle	.	.	.	

* After Samuel Smith, Mr. Holland in his History of Worksof, inserts Benjamin Alexander; his only authority being the following entry in the parish register, "Benjamin Alexander minister of God's Word, married at Worksof, Nov. 16, 1651;" and his Institution as Parish Registrar, on the 20th of October, 1653.

THE VICARAGE HOUSE, surrounded by the glebe-land, is a short distance from the church, facing Potter-Street. It was erected in the year 1802. The living was valued in the King's Books at £12. 4s. 2d.

JESUS HOUSE. Mr. Holland mentions that an old building, so named, was one of the domestic edifices of the abbey. It is the one most westwardly of the three standing near to the Bracebridge, where the Kilton and Retford roads converge. The north-front wall, a stone one, with a very ancient stone window inserted, and other indications, evidence great age. Some marks are shewn on an old interior timber and plaster wall which have been taken for the date of the edifice, but are evidently the monogram I.H.C.

The National Schools.

CONNECTED with the church establishment, are two of the above useful institutions:—the one for boys, held in the Abbey Gate-House, and superintended by Mr. Davis, is supported principally by voluntary contributions; and also endowed as stated at page 68. The average attendance is 180. The girls' school, erected in 1840, at the north-west corner of the church-yard, is supported by voluntary contributions. Average attendance 120. It is superintended by Mrs. Davis.

THE INFANTS' SCHOOL, which is on the Common, was built in 1838, at the sole expense of Robert

Ramsden, Esq. of Carlton Hall, and is entirely supported by him. About 200 children are instructed there, under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Maine.

We may here remark that with many of the generation, the members of which we can see one by one passing away, who,—entertaining the doubt of the poet—

“But now the world’s older—they say it is wiser :—
I wish they could prove it is happier too ;”

tenaciously cling, as we are all perhaps too apt to do, to the social customs and antecedents of younger days, it has been a favourite, and it may be a true saying, that domestics with partial literary education, have hitherto proved the worst of servants ; and this fact, from the cause not having been sufficiently enquired into, has induced in some a hostile feeling towards such institutions as the above :—

When the ability even to read and write was a rare attainment amongst the poor, and

“Knowledge to them her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er unfold,”

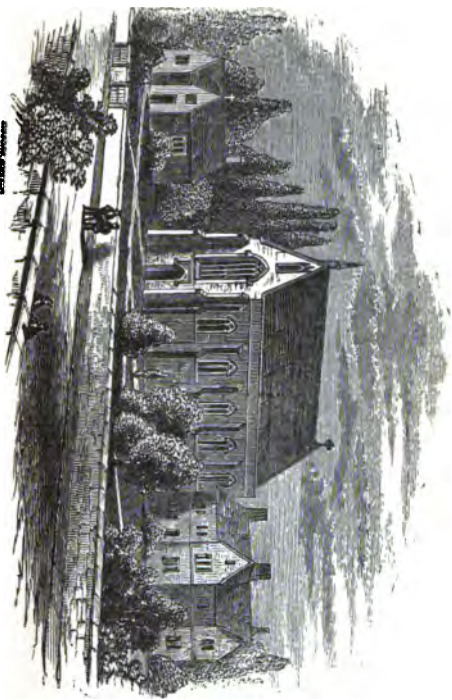
the assertion might perhaps be justly made ; for the desire to display that in which we fancy ourselves superior to our fellows, is not less a weakness with them than with their superiors in social position ; and doubtless, those of their order who then possessed so exclusively the simplest rudiments of education, may

have been at times unduly lifted up, to the neglect of ordinary duties ; but we rejoice in the belief that the time is not distant when, all being participators in such advantages, the recorded thoughts of our wisest and best men will no longer be closed pages to the poor.

The assistance to be derived by us, for our guidance in the path we have to follow, from the experiences of those of our predecessors, who in going over a like one before us, have discovered the difficulties to be surmounted, and transmitted the intelligence to us, is well known ; and we cannot but think that when well studied, they are examples that will conduce to the moral strength and well-being of all. "Knowledge is power," and the works conveying it have in these days to undergo so strict a scrutiny and censorship, that those having an evil tendency will be crushed ere they can injure, and will never obtain permanent regard with those whose tastes are prepared for better food.

The Roman Catholic Chapel.

"This beautiful structure is situated at the top of Park-Street, on the south side of the town, as you enter from Newark or Mansfield. It was erected in 1840, after the sale of the Worksop Manor estate to the Duke of Newcastle, by Bernard Edward, twelfth Duke of Norfolk, in the place of the temporary



ANTHONY J. BROWN

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

chapel at the north entrance of the park, which, from the time of Duke Charles's recantation, had served for the worship of those who adhered to the old religion. It is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. To it are attached a presbytery and a school, so situated as to be seen at one view with the principal building, yet so as greatly to heighten the effect of its dimensions and style of architecture. The outside length is 80 feet; breadth 32 feet; height to roof-ridge 52 feet. The style of architecture is that which prevailed about the commencement of the reign of Henry the Eighth.

The building consists of an oblong nave and semi-hexangular chancel, or sanctuary. The nave is lighted by five windows, north and south, of two bays each: the chancel by three, the centre one having three bays. Over the entrance, which is to the west, is a large traceried window, of four bays with transom: and above this, in a richly canopied niche, stands a beautifully executed statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary with the child Jesus in her arms.

The interior of the nave is fitted up for the accommodation of three hundred persons, with open seats, on the right hand and the left, so as to leave an open space down the middle for transit, five feet wide. The ends of the seats are ornamented with appropriately carved poppy heads. The roof, a plain outline of Westminster Hall, is of open wood-work, stained in imitation of dark oak, and relieved with azure

between the rafters. At the west end is a gallery for singers, with a moderately sized, but good, organ, built by Gray. The sanctuary is to the east, and is separated from the nave by carved oak communion rails, rising from a step, in front of a four-centred arch, 27 feet high and 20 feet wide, through which the altar is approached by four steps.

The altar is of white Roche Abbey stone, in three panels, with two receding panelled wings. The whole is deeply and elaborately carved, each panel bearing a shield, on which is represented one or more of the emblems of the Passion, with the exception of the centre panel, which is charged with the monogram of the sacred name. Rising from the back of the altar is a richly designed reredos of oak. In the centre is the tabernacle, surmounted by an exquisitely carved ivory crucifix, standing in an elaborately canopied niche. On each side of the tabernacle are three niches, each containing a well executed painting of an English saint. Above these are crocketed pinnacles, surmounted with crosses, which break the line of the east window-sill. This window is of three bays, filled with richly stained glass. The middle bay contains a representation of the Blessed Virgin as holding in her arms the divine infant, crushing the serpent's head, the moon under her feet, surrounded by the sun, and bearing a crown of glory on her head encircled with seven stars. The two side-bays present figures of the two apostles of England, Saint Gregory the Great,

and Saint Augustine, first bishop of Canterbury. In the head of the window is represented a choir of angels, singing and harping on their harps. The two other windows to the north and south-east of the sanctuary, each of two bays, are of such rich tint and elaborate design and execution, as to be preferred by some to the principal window. They contain figures of the four Evangelists, under highly ornamented gothic canopies. These windows were executed by Warrington, of London. The architects of the buildings here described were Messrs. Weightman and Hatfield; on whom, as being their first essay in the gothic style, they reflect great credit. Around the chapel is a small pleasure ground, appropriately laid out, and a cemetery."

The respected pastor is the Rev. James Jones, who has been the incumbent since the year 1824.

In the graveyard it will be noticed is practised the interesting and touching custom of planting flowers over the graves of deceased relatives; and this, with the greater care bestowed by the Church of Rome on the gravestones,—so simple in design and expressive of the faith and hope of the departed,—contributes to render their depositories of the dead so much more picturesque to the eye, and grateful to the mourner's memory, than the graveyards of the Church of England, where so little attention is given to such matters,—a neglect that obtained most likely in some of the matter-of-fact ebbs and flows of human habit and

custom. In our cemeteries we are glad to see the practice reviving.

Other Chapels.

THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL, in Bridge-Street, built in 1813, and enlarged in 1845. It has a numerous congregation, although John Wesley shook the dust from off his feet on leaving the town, in consequence of having met with a very ungracious reception from the inhabitants while preaching on the Lead-Hill, on the 29th of July, 1780.

THE WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION CHAPEL, in Potter-Street, was built in 1837.

THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, in Newgate-Street, was erected in 1832.

THE INDEPENDENT CHAPEL in Westgate, erected in 1830, on land given by the late Duke of Norfolk.

Each chapel has a sunday-school attached. They are so simple in design as not to need description.

There is also a sect of religious persons who are, we believe, a branch of the society of "PLYMOUTH BRETHREN;" the meeting-house is in the Low-Town.

The Banks.

THE SAVINGS BANK (established in 1817) is a neat stone building in Bridge-Street, erected in 1843, the cost being defrayed out of the Surplus Fund of

the bank. The number of accounts, on the 20th of November, 1851, was as follows :

1421 Depositors, having due to them	£46,382.
42 Charitable Societies,	„ 3,098.
19 Friendly Societies,	„ 3,287.
<hr/> 1483	<hr/> Total Balances £52,719. <hr/>

Actuary, Mr. John Nunn. Auditor, Mr. Abraham Watson.

MESSRS. COOKE, VERNON, WALKER, JACKSON, and MILNER'S BANK in Potter-Street. Manager, Mr. Thos. Webster. London agents, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand.

THE NOTTINGHAM AND NOTTINGHAMSHIRE BANKING COMPANY'S BRANCH BANK, in Bridge-Street. Manager, Mr. William Henry Wilcockson. London agents, the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury.

The Union Workhouse

is on the Common, in an open elevated situation. It was erected in 1837, at a cost of £4,400, and has accommodation for 200 paupers, but the actual number of inmates seldom amounts to 100. The Duke of Newcastle is chairman of the Board of Guardians, and Mr. John Whall (of the firm of Whall and Mason), clerk.

Workshop Union comprises twenty-six parishes and townships, viz. Blyth, Carburton, Cuckney, Carlton-

in-Lindrick, Holbeck, Hodsock, Harworth, Norton, Nether-Langwith, Styrrup with Oldcoates, and Work-sop, in the county of Nottingham; Anston, Dinnington, Firbeck, Gildingwells, Harthill, Letwell, Saint-John's, Thorpe-Salvin, Todwick, Wales, and Woodsetts, in the county of York; and Barlborough, Clowne, Elmton-with-Cresswell, and Whitwell, in the county of Derby.

THE COUNTY COURT sits once a month, at the Corn Exchange. Its jurisdiction extends over the twenty-six places of the Poor Law Union, and also Boughton, Budby, Clipstone, Edwinstowe, Kirton, Ollerton, Perlethorpe, Rufford, Walesby, and Wellow. Judge, Richard Wildman, Esq. Clerk, Mr. William Newton, of East Retford. Assistant Clerk, Mr. John Whall. High Bailiff, Mr. T. Ripplingale, of Retford.

THE COUNTY MAGISTRATES' PETTY SESSIONS are held on alternate Wednesdays. Mr. Alfred Brodhurst (of the firm of Owen and Brodhurst), clerk.

THE LOCAL BOARD OF HEALTH holds its meetings at the Corn Exchange. Messrs. Eddison and Clough, clerks.

THE GAS WORKS, erected by Mr. Malam in 1832, were purchased of him by Mr. John Eddison, who sold them to a Joint Stock Company, formed in 1846. The capital consists of five hundred shares of £10. each. Messrs. Eddison and Clough are the law clerks, and Mr. Abraham Watson the auditor.

THE POST OFFICE is in Bridge-Street. Mr. T. Barlow, junior, postmaster. There is one general delivery at half-past eight, a.m.

The parish is divided into six constablewicks or townships:—Worksop, Radford, Gateford, Haggonfield, Shireoaks, and Osberton-with-Scofton.

An act was passed in 1803 for the inclosure of the commons and waste lands of Worksop, but the award was not executed until 1817, when the tithes were commuted for a yearly corn-rent, subject to be altered by the vicar or landowners, to agree with the average price of wheat every fourteen years.

The market is held on Wednesday. The Corn Exchange opens for business at twelve o'clock and closes at two. There is also a market held on Saturday evenings.

The fairs for the sale of horses, cattle, sheep, &c. (which until 1845, were held on the 31st of March and the 14th of October,) are held on the second Wednesdays in April and October.

The public charities are few and small:—from the profits arising from 17A. 3B. 30P. of land at Ecclesfield (purchased with the sum of £230. bequeathed in 1623 and 1628 by James Woodhouse, and Mary Sterne) and the accumulations arising therefrom, about £40. a year is realized of which four shillings each is given to twenty poor widows; ten shillings to the parish clerk; £3. to the vicar for preaching sermons on Good Friday and Saint Thomas's day;

£14. to the master of the national school; and £14. to sixty poor families; the remainder being appropriated to the repair of the highways. The want of such charities is not, however, severely felt, and the amount of the poor rate is considerably lessened, in consequence of the number of self-supporting institutions, Friendly Societies and Odd Fellows' Lodges, in the town,—the greater part of the working classes here being members of one or the other.

Workshop is one of the polling places for the Hundred of Bassetlaw.

A FEW ITEMS FROM
An Old Book of Churchwardens' Accounts,
For the Parish of Workshop.

Ao. r. H. VIIJ. xxxviij. [This date not quite certain.]

	£. s. d.*
It. expences when we had the belf[ounders] to vew Welbyk bells	—
It. for ij. cords, on for the.....and a nother for the owrgans	2
It. for brynging glass into the store hows	4
It. to Thomas rose for ij. deys, makyng hols for the parrrtycyon at vd. the day, batyng on ob at all	—
Itm to Willm Doncaster for as mych at syche lyck worke	17
It. for makyng iiij. bowks in ynglesh [!!!] for the processyon	—
It. for bred and ale at setting up the sepawlkar	3
It. for takyng down the sepawlkar	2
It. for two nets to tayk daws	—
It. sold by robard rews, tumas Johnson, Ihon byet, waryn garland, to rycharde ayeston the p'close ofquere, wth the lawft wher they sange the prys	3 0

* We have, for the sake of convenience, modernized the figures denoting the amounts expended or received.

Ao. Ed. VJth. pmo.

s. d.

Itm. to Walter pep.....Rychard Aston, carvers, for setting up the new p'closse	-	20	0
It. to the same Walter and Rychard for setting up the old p'closes and makynge a lytell vonte	-	2	8
Itm. payd to ffermery and iiij. laborers about the pulling down of the altars	-	21	
Itm. payd to Edward ward for makynge yrons for the glasse wyndow yn saynte Katheryn's quere	-	12	

P'cells of money collected & gathered for the casting of the bells, & makynge of the bell frames, in the thyrde & iiijth yerres of the reynes of or. sovereyne Lord & lady Kyng Phyllippe & Queene Mary. [Then follows a list of names of five pages, the following being placed first and distinct, as persons of eminence in the parish.] first M. Whalley, esquier, £3. George Lassells, esquier, 20s. Wyllm bolls, esquier, 20s. John Rodes, gent, 15s. John Castlyn, 15s. Rychard Cotts, gent, 10s. blyth, 10s. Mrs. Lassells, 6s. 8d. [Then follow the items of expenditure on the re-casting the bells, &c. amounting to £15. 18s. 8½d.]

Date about 1560.

d.

It. payed for bred and drynk at the abbollyshing of the ymages & p'ling down of the alt[ar]	-	8	
[The result, we suppose, of the re-actionary spirit evinced in matters connected with religion, after the death of Queen Mary, induced partly, no doubt, and heightened by the expressed determination of her successor, Elizabeth, on ascending the throne, to reform the church.]			
It. payed for a nett for the west wyndow	-	6	
It. payed to Cressy for makynge the trellysses to kepe out crows	-	2	6

1564.

It. for takynge downe of the Rode-loft	-	12	
It. payd to iij. masons for vj. days, for mytt and wages, for makynge of the cher end (church end?)	-	13	6

[We infer from the above entry, that this was the date of the destruction of the choir and transept; a mutilation of the building that would require the arches to be filled up, so as to form an end wall. The only objection to the supposition is the mention of "the quere" in the last item occurring under the date 1568. As however, churchwardens, unfamiliar with architectural terms, might retain a familiar name to describe part of the structure apart from, but used for a similar purpose to that to which

the term was technically applicable—and that they did so is proved by the extract given at page 28, “that place *now* used as the quere”—we need not attach much weight to the objection.]

1565—6.

£. s. d.

It. payd to Rych. Morys for lede that he bought of the man that toke down the spetell	-	3	0
It. payd to Rych. Sherman, the plumber, for cover- ing of the church	-	3	6 8
It. payd to the sayd plumber for coveryng the south yle wt lede	-	26	8

1567.

P'sells of money collected and gathered of the P'yshners by the afore named church wardens, towards the repayre of the church & other necessities, as followyth. [Here follows a list of contributors, occupying six pages.]

[Large quantities of stone and lead were also sold to meet the same emergence The church about this period appears to have been in a very dilapidated state; the vaulted roof of one or both the aisles having, as it seems, now fallen in, and the windows being unglazed. The repairs effected appear to have brought the church much to the form of latter years,—mullions having been inserted in the triforium apertures, and they converted into windows.]

£. s. d.

P'sells of money layed forthe by the afore named church wardens, as followyth,—ffirst, payed unto Thoms Reve and Mychael his brother, bellffoun- ders, for castyng iiij. bells & ij. brasses	-	5	10 0
It. payed to Medley & other for caryng forthe of stone into the church yard [The stone of the vaulted roofs of the aisles which had fallen in?]	-	45	5
It. payed to Robert ffermery for slatyng of the ij. roofes of the Iles, and for dressyng the slate at the quarrye, the space xx. dayes, at viij ^d . the daye	-	13	4
It. payed for vij. locks & j. payre of bands, and makyng of the poore mannes box, & the registry cheste	-	4	6
It. payed to ij. men y ^h watchyd the lead in the church ij. nights, after the falle of the rooffe	-	16	

1568.

It. payed to George Wyldsmith for fetching the lytell organes from Wodthorpe	-	6	
It. payed to thomas totyll, the organ maker, for mend- ing the organes, & for his borde	-	10	3 0
It. payed to the glasyer for glasyng the gret wyndow	-	51	0

1568.

s. d.

It. payed to the glasyer for glasyng the west wyndow	38	0
It. payed to the glasyer for glasyng the south syde of the church	28	8
It. payed for glasyng the north syde of the church	6	8
It. payed for glasyng the upper wyndow in the south syde of the quere	15	0

1570.

It. for ale and bread, & to workmen, at the takyng downe of the roode-lofte	2	0
It. recd. of Mr. Vycar, for tymber of the roode-lofte	6	8

1571.

[Although an item appears in 1564, and another in 1570, for taking down the rood-loft, yet from the following it would appear to be then standing.]

It. to mychael Hardye for makyng a crest for the roode-lofte	3	2
---	---	---

[It is thus explained : By Visitation Articles for this year, Archbishop Grendal directs, that the rood-screen be left to separate the chancel from the nave, and instead of the *rood-loft*, "some convenient *crest* to be put upon it."

No items appear from 1571 till 1577, in which year there is little worth notice, except that there seems to have been a great deal of "ringing for the Queen's Majestie" (Elizabeth).]

1578.

s. d.

Item, spent in ale, at sundrye times, upon Garland and other the parishes frinds	12	
---	----	--

1581.

Item, for drinke, at sundrye times, about our busines, by Xtofer Champen	2	0
---	---	---

1585.

A list of The charitable contributions of the inhabitants [of Worksop] to the Townes of East and West Retford, burnt wt. fire.

1590.

£. s. d.

It. to george Atkinson and John Jessop, for slating and mending of the steples	11	0
---	----	---

1591.

Item, for an excommunication and absolution, through a citacion neglected, & sitter, & their charges	7	3
---	---	---

	1594.	£. s. d.
Item, for the Queenes Maties. armes & the frame	-	6 6

1596.

Laid down by Christofer Carlile to the mending of the organes	-	2 8
& for sope to skoure pipes, quicke silver, sowther, glewe, (his owne labour excepted) & (birwages)	-	12

1597.

paid to old berde for whipping of dogs	-	9
--	---	---

1611.

for Ashe setts and setting them in ye Church yard	-	11 0
bestowed upo' Mr. Porter, a minister, in ale	-	8
for two shirts for Tho. Davies' boye	-	2 0
for two skins to make Wm. Lee, cripple, a payre of hose	-	22
Receipts.—Item, for ye Ashe trees sold in ye Church yard	-	4 13 4

1613.

It. to Gregorie Lorence, a Grecian, wh. was taken prisoner by ye Turks	-	20
--	---	----

1618.

for charges at London in writinge over a supplication yt. was delivered to ye Lo: chamberlayne and ye Earl of Arundell, about ye townes business	-	2 0
--	---	-----

1621.

A list of the names of all such as willingly contributed to ye necessitye of the poore afflicted french people, collected within ye towne and parish of Worksoppe, in the Countye of Nottingham, the xvij. daye of November, Anno Dni. 1621. [The sum collected £4. 4s. 1d.]

1626.

£. s. d.

for beare to ye painter and his men, when we bargained with him for beawtifying ye church	-	12
given him in earnest, & his charges the same daye	-	2 4
payd to ye painter for beawtifying ye church	-	5 0 0
given to his men xijd. & in beare at their departing xijd. & for his horse grasse ijs. vjd.	-	4 6

[A nice "beawtifying" they made of it, if it was they who first commenced the bedaubing of it with whitewash!]

	1626.	s. d.
for cloth, & meale to paste ye King's Armes, for a bord to nayle aloft upon it, for smoothing it & nayles	- - - - -	3 4
[The royal arms which, it will be remembered, hung from the roof at the east end of the church, bore date 1626.]		

	1637.	£. s. d.
Pd. John Rogers 20 dayes & a half work in the Church, at xij ^d . a daye	- - - - -	1 0 6
Pd. John Rogers in earnest of or bargain wth him for removeing the seats in the middle Alley, and takeing downe p ^{te} . of the loft, w th what wee spent of him, his servants, or selves, & other workmen	- - - - -	6 8
Pd. John Rogers for setting work, as appears by a p'ticular thereof under Mr. Bolles his owne Hande, sent to me	- - - - -	20 2 6
Pd. Martin in p ^{te} . of his worke, upon Mr. Bolles his bill of p'ticulars made thereof	- - - - -	2 8 0
[Converting the open-stalls into pews.—John Rogers' bill for this work is still extant.]		

	1641.	s. d.
ffor publishing peace, & to a messenger, & to ringers	- - - - -	5 0
[Peace with the Covenanters.]		

	1644.	s. d.
ffor a new bridge at the Canah	- - - - -	1 0
[A few other items are inserted at pages 18 and 19.]		

Above, we have added, to those before given, a few extracts selected from some records of the past—"short and simple annals" quaintly expressed—in their collected form a history of many of the local events that have transpired since the time of the dissolution of the priory, and tending to throw light upon the employments and habits of our unsophisticated ancestors—indeed, from such records considerable information is often gleaned respecting the customs of yore. Some shew the alternating value of

money—others explain the date of an occurrence—some are amusing from their very quaintness and naïveté—each tells its own tale. One indicates an act of charity performed—another an act, the result of ignorance, perpetrated, never to be recalled. The rest are the minutes of occurrences of every-day life, transmitted from one fleeting generation for the information of another.

It may profit human pride to know—and we have often, in perusing deeds relating to property, been struck with the fact—that of all the names of families mentioned in these records and such local muniments of title, as existing here but little more than a century back, scarcely any now remain: families quickly pass from places, and it requires but a few short years to witness the extinction or dispersion of these small sections of the human race. Property, respecting which men so often shew such unseemly pride—forgetting that it is but a delegated trust—sees its quondam owners successively pass away—houses outlive their builders, and yet, how seldom does the to-day occupier of the domestic hearth, as he shares with the joyous family circle the pleasures of the passing seasons—the glad spring—the rich summer—the deepening beauty of autumn—or, as when, outside, the wintry gales are careering fast along over the snow-clad ground, he within, enjoys the cheerful blaze and the sports of the merry christmas time—how seldom, on such occasions, does he bestow a thought

upon the many loving and quick-thronging groups who have participated in the like pleasures, and called that place home before he appeared upon the scene ; —nor often thinks he how soon may come the successor of that to-morrow when

“No more for him the blazing hearth shall burn,
Nor busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire’s return,
Or climb his knee, the envied kiss to share.”

Such reflections naturally crowd upon him who attempts to depict the history of places or human events, however, comparatively, unimportant they may be ; and were they oftener subjected to the mental gaze, instead of being, as they too generally are, studiously avoided, they might induce man to reflect more earnestly upon the impressive fact, that his destiny is not for earth alone, but that it stretches illimitably beyond ; and teach him that his aspirations should not be confined to the fulfilment of ordinary duties merely, or his thoughts to the requirements only of the passing day.

Parks, Abbeys, Castles, &c.

IN the reign of Stephen (from 1135 to 1154) numerous castles were erected, of which nought now remains but the ruins; and more abbeys were built than in the whole of the previous century. At that time there were in this country no less than 1,500 strongly fortified feudal castles. The grants of land by Stephen, for these castles, were made for the better securing the tottering throne which he had usurped, in opposition to the just claims of Matilda, daughter of Henry the First;* but it seems, instead of effecting this object, he only gave increased power to lawless nobles and arrogant clergy. According to Hume, the castles were garrisoned by licentious soldiers, and mercenaries, or by vassals, who acknowledged allegiance

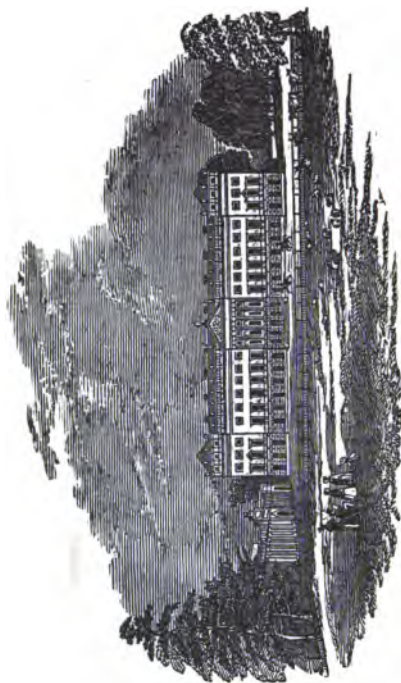
* It is irrelevant, but may prove interesting, to state that Stephen was afterwards deprived of the throne, but recovered it again; and Matilda, who opposed his claims, being afraid of falling into his hands when besieged by him at Oxford, took advantage of a dark night, and, accompanied by four attendants clothed in white, for the purpose of eluding the sentinels (as the ground was covered with snow), passed the Thames on the ice, walked six miles, with the snow beating in her face, to Abingdon, rode the same night to Wallingford, and so made her escape.

only to their immediate lords or feudal chiefs; and unbounded rapine was exercised upon the people for the maintenance of their troops. Private quarrels between these nobles, carried out with the utmost fierceness, converted the country into a scene of violence and devastation. The barons assumed the right of exercising without appeal any act of jurisdiction; and to add to these evils, the inferior gentry as well as the people being awed by the power of the barons, and finding no protection in the laws, sought for the assistance of some neighbouring lord powerful enough to protect them—the terms being submission to his exactions, and the rendering assistance to him in his aggressions upon others. There was no security for persons or property; and the condition of the people was deplorable. The clergy themselves did not escape. The woods were infested by banditti, and the castles held by licensed robbers, who even used torture to compel those who were in their power and were supposed to possess property, to reveal it; and the consequence—destructive to both oppressor and victim—was that the land became untilled, and a grievous famine ensued. In these times, the castles and abbeys in our neighbourhood (which seems to have afforded several places of residence to our early kings) arose; and their number may be accounted for by the fact of the neighbourhood of Sherwood Forest having been selected for their sites, as much for the then rare dryness of its soil, as for the beauty of its scenery.

Abbeys were generally built in pleasant places ; and they would naturally be erected here. Indeed, of monastic institutions, there were about that time, or shortly afterwards, forty in this county, and many of them richly endowed.

The neighbourhood has latterly been called "The Dukery," from the number of dukes residing at one time immediately around ; and the appellation was frequently used to describe it in the stormy discussions in parliament between the years 1827 and 1830, respecting the disfranchisement of East Retford. They were the Dukes of Norfolk, Newcastle, Portland, Kingston, and Leeds, the last named having, until recently, resided at Kiveton Park, about seven miles north-west of Worksop.

The estates of the four former (that of the Duke of Kingston now belonging to his kinsman and successor, the Earl Manvers,) embrace the country around for miles. Their parks lie to the south of the town ; and immediately beyond them is the beautiful seat of the Earl of Scarbrough, Rufford Abbey. Two dukes only reside near us now—the dukes of Newcastle and Portland. To the west of the town, the Worksop Manor estates of the Duke of Newcastle, and those of the dukes of Portland and Leeds extend. To the east, the Worksop Manor and Clumber estates, and Osberton Park : and to the north are Wallingwells, Langold, and Sandbeck parks, and the extensive



WORKSOP MANOR-HOUSE.

grounds of Roche Abbey, the whole diversified by woods and rich surrounding arable land.

The spot, however, that forms the chief attraction of this neighbourhood lies between the wide domains of Thoresby and Rufford. There, still stands, in its old and decaying beauty, a place well known to tradition and legendary lore—a tract of brave old oaks, yet extending over many a broad acre—the once heart, and only part now remaining in its integrity, of that classic ground whose familiar name sounds so pleasing to English ear, and, indeed to all those who love to conjure up pictures of the sports and rural life of England in the olden time—its name a “household word” in many lands, “The merrie Sherwood.” Most of its oaks are of a date probably anterior to the Conquest, and have stood since that time of their youth, through long centuries, erect and almost unchanged, —silent witnesses of the many thrilling epochs that have ensued. Their former companions have been felled one by one, but sufficient yet remain to testify to the original beauty of this quondam sylvan abode of an outlaw king.

Formed out of the ancient limits of this old forest and nearest to Worksop, is the

Worksop Manor Park,

Formerly the seat of the great Earls of Shrewsbury, and afterwards, until 1840, of the Dukes of Norfolk.

It immediately adjoins the town, which is hidden from view and separated from it by a semicircular fringe or plantation of young trees. The park was originally eight miles in circumference, and contained 1,100 acres of land; but it has been largely curtailed of its fair proportions, especially since the recent sale. At the north entrance is a prettily situated building, formerly the temporary catholic chapel, now a private residence. To the south of the park can be seen, in bold relief, an extensive woodland range known as the "Manor Hills," rising from an intermediate valley with an abrupt swell, and extending to Welbeck park, two miles off. These hills are intersected by hunting drives and walks of great beauty: and at various elevated points command extensive views of the town and the country to the north. In their foreground is the Castle Farm, occupied by Mr. Motley: its gothic front, embattled parapet, and castle-like appearance adding greatly to the effect of the scene.

The park, on the north-west side, is bordered by a wood known as "The Menagerie," containing laurel, cedar, acacia, yew, birch, and other trees, and some of the finest specimens of tulip-tree and rhododendron in England.

Near the house is a cluster of oaks, not unworthy, it will be seen, to flourish in the neighbourhood of Sherwood Forest. The house, now a ruin, stands a short distance beyond these oaks, about a mile from the town, and is concealed by them and the Concave

Hill Wood from view as it is approached. Of the principal building nothing remains but the front wall, which is to the north. It stood on elevated table-land, with the above mentioned valley sloping gently down at its rear. On this side were the deer park and a lake, the two terminating at a noble avenue of lime trees, leading to Welbeck Park. The north front had a lawn with trees on each side, forming a wide vista. To the west, immediately adjoining the house, is a large wood called the West Wood. Around are several fine specimens of the Cedar of Lebanon, and about a hundred yards from the house, in the deer park, stands a beech tree, remarkable for its forest of branches and immense size: it covers an incredible space of ground, and the trunk is twenty-three feet round.

The history of Worksop Manor-House is that of the Talbots and Howards, from the time of the first warrior Earl of Shrewsbury* who built the original

* The expression "Household Word," which Dickens has culled from an immortal work to make still further known to many homes, was mentioned in the introduction to these parks without any thought as to its origin. We have been reminded that its use there is singularly pertinent, as Shakspeare makes Henry the Fifth, speaking on Saint Crispin's day, include this Earl, the owner of Worksop Manor, amongst the illustrious, or as Shakspeare himself expresses it "happy few" whose names were to become "household words" in after times:—

"Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and *Talbot*, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd."

Henry V. Act 4, Scene 3.

one, until 1840, when the entail was cut off, and the estate passed from the Howards to the late Duke of Newcastle. There the later visits to Worksop of the eminent personages alluded to, in the description of the town, were made. As stated before, Mary Queen of Scots resided here during part of the sixteenth year of her captivity. The house then standing is said to have contained five hundred rooms. It was burnt down on Tuesday October 20th, 1761, at a loss of £100,000, and the present building erected on its site about 1765. This latter structure was 303 feet in length, and was intended to be only the one side of a quadrangle. If the intention had been carried out, it would have been one of the largest houses in England. A lake was staked out to extend along the valley to Worksop, but was not completed. But to speak of the past glory of the house is useless. There are those living hereabouts, however, who well remember some parts of it, and turn retrospective glances to the unstinted hospitality once enjoyed within its walls. On the purchase of the estate from the Norfolks, the demolition of the house commenced; but its strong frame has in a great measure resisted the many attempts. It is now but a magnificent ruin. Three figures are on the surmounting triangle of its centre, representing—the one with wings, *Divine Virtue*, and the other two, *Peace* and *Plenty*. This centre has a portico with six large and handsome fluted Corinthian columns, and is approached by steps. In the triangle

of the pediment are carved groups emblematical (as described by Paine, the architect of the house, in his explanation of the engraving of the pediment, by Grignion) of the alliances of the Howards. A lion, dog, and horse, represent strength, fleetness, and fidelity; and with these symbols, is a view of the old mansion, in which the setting sun, broken columns, and shattered trees, express the devastation caused by fire; and again, flourishing oaks, feeding sheep, a ploughman tilling the soil, and architectural instruments, signify its restoration and resumed hospitality. At the foot of the pediment is the motto of the Howards, "*Sola virtus invicta*,"—Virtue alone is unconquerable. This front had sixty-six windows, and was surmounted by a balustrade, and a parapet with thirty highly decorated vases, some of which now adorn the grounds at Clumber. The east court, remaining separated from the principal building by an elegant stone screen-wall, has on its north and east sides, extensive stabling and coach-houses, and on the south, large rooms and kitchen-offices, comprising in the whole an edifice still sufficient for a gentleman's residence. The kitchen gardens, between these buildings and the Chesterfield road, are extensive, and have a neat garden house.

The first mention of this park is in a deed of Richard de Lovetot, in 1161, in which he gives to the Prior of Worksop the privilege of gathering firewood in his "Parke of Worksoppe." Leland says, "By

Worksoppe is a parke of a vi. or vii. miles in cumpace, longging to the Earl of Shrewsbury." Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, mentions it as "a sweet delectable place;" and, on the authority of a Mr. Halton, speaks of a tree as having existed in it, covering with its branches 2,827 square yards; and of trees near Hawk's Nest, close by, forty feet long in timber, bearing two feet square at the top.

At that epoch of his extraordinary career (1530), when, being under the displeasure of the depraved and unscrupulous Henry, he had fallen from his high estate, and the sorrowful reflection was coming upon him that "had he served his God as diligently as he had done the king, he would not have given him over in his grey hairs," Cardinal Wolsey passed through this park, on his way to his archiepiscopal residence, Cawood Castle, near York; and although strongly solicited by the Earl of Shrewsbury to partake of the amusement of stag-hunting, of which it is said he was passionately fond, he declined the invitation, as he did many similar ones, fearing still further to offend the king, and to give cause for scandal to his enemies, by joining in a sport which might be held, when he was in *adversity*, to be foreign to his sacred office. At the same time he expressed a hope to be able shortly to visit the Earl; little dreaming that within the course of a few short months, the visit would take place, and be that of a prisoner to the house of his keeper, and that in a few days after such

event he would have bidden "a long farewell" to earth, its glories and its sorrows, and to all participation in the allurements of that fair but uncertain "sea of glory" on which he had sailed for so "many summers." The route he took, according to the account Cavendish gives of the journey, was circuitous, and indicates no remarkable hurry on the part of the once powerful prelate to reach his place of retirement, as he came from Newstead Abbey, where he had slept, and passed through this park to Rufford Abbey to dine.

As we have elsewhere stated, the ancient lords of this manor were interred at Worksop Abbey; and a quotation from Mr. Hunter, the learned author of the History of Hallamshire, will suggest what an interesting spectacle to the reflective and to the antiquarian was lost, when mistaken zeal deprived us of their monumental memorials, and destroyed the place of their sanctuary. He says (alluding to the Abbey), "Here the funeral obsequies of the Lords of Hallamshire were performed; and here their bodies, one by one, were returned to the earth out of which they were taken. Before the Reformation, might be seen, a fine series of their monuments, ranged on each side the choir, immediately before the altar, and in the Lady Chapel, commencing with the founder and ending with the third Earl of Shrewsbury, in the time of Edward the Fourth, but not without some intermissions. What a noble study for the monumental architecture of this

kingdom ! What a deep impression must they have communicated of the existence of heroes of former ages."* Francis, the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, probably foreseeing the destruction to which the memorials of his ancestors in the abbey church of Worksop were destined, very naturally prepared for his remains, the less splendid but more certain resting-ground, at St. Peter's at Sheffield, which was founded by the Lovetots, and became thenceforward the burying place of the family. The third of the tithes of this church had formerly belonged to the monks of Worksop.

* The massive alabaster tomb, which will be so familiar to the recollection of those who were acquainted with the interior of Worksop church before the restoration, as standing between the south aisle and the communion rails, was not one of these ; but was erected in memory of Frances Clippesbie, of a family of rank in Norfolk, who was a lady in attendance on the Countess of Shrewsbury, at Worksop Manor-House, and died in 1597. If it is still in existence, it should be placed in the church with the other memorials. We may here incidentally mention a suggestion of Mr. Hunter's, that the figure of Joan de Furnival, in Barlborough church, previously alluded to, was removed thither at the time when the havoc was committed among the monuments at Worksop ; or that, perhaps, a few years after the Reformation, Judge Rodes, who was seneschal to the Earl of Shrewsbury, may have obtained the family's permission to remove this, the most perfect of the monuments, from the ruined church at Worksop, to grace the church of Barlborough, situate near his newly acquired estate and residence. Mr. Hunter's authority is the transcription, about 1707, of a fragment of the inscription (now illegible) on the monument at Barlborough, by Francis Bossano, a heraldic painter at Derby: "Hic jacet.....Johanna fil.....haer.....Willielmi Fournival.....Tho....." The objection to this hypothesis is "that Pigott only mentions one female figure at Worksop, and that his description seems applicable to the one now remaining, supposed to represent the Lady Nevil."

This estate was enlarged three years after the dissolution of Worksop monastery, by a grant from Henry the Eighth, dated 22nd November, 1542, expressed to be made (in the language of degenerate Latins) "in consideraco man'ii & rectore de Farnham," to Francis the fifth Earl of Shrewsbury (a direct descendant of one of the original founders) of the whole site and precinct of the monastery or priory, and other of its estate at Worksop, and of four acres of arable land at Manton, to hold to him and his heirs *in capite* by the service of a tenth part of a knight's fee, and by the royal service of finding the king a right-hand glove at his coronation, and supporting the royal arm so long as the sceptre should be held, and at the yearly rent of £28. 8s. 0½d. This service was claimed and rendered at the coronation of James the Second. Henry Charles, the present Duke of Norfolk (then Earl of Surrey), performed it at the coronation of Queen Victoria, as proxy for his father the late duke. Their ancestors, the Furnivals, anciently held the manor of Farnham Royal in Buckinghamshire, by the same service.

Alban Butler, author of "The Lives of the Saints," was tutor to the heir of the Norfolk dukedom about the time of the destruction of the old manor-house, and resided here. On this estate, about a quarter of a mile north of the Chesterfield road, and fronting the manor-house, is a large quaint old building called

The Lodge,

occupied by Mr. Robert Outram. In 1670 it was the residence of George Markham. Leland is supposed to allude to it when he mentions, in Henry the Eighth's reign, "a faire lodge in Wyrksoppe Parke, not yet fynyshed." Beyond this, about two miles distant, is

Shireoaks Hall,

occupied by Mr. Benjamin Eddison, and adjoining the small village of Shireoaks. The Hall is interesting from its having been purchased for a residence by Sir William Hewitt (a son of Edmund Hewitt of Wales, a village close by) Lord Mayor of London about 1559, and one of the most successful merchants of his day. He had a shop and house on old London Bridge; and there happened one of those romances which recall to us so vividly the London of a former day. His young daughter, whilst playing with her maid at a window, fell into the river Thames below, and was bravely rescued by her father's apprentice, a young man named Osborne, on whom (although she was wooed by the Earl of Shrewsbury) the father, in token of his gratitude, afterwards bestowed her in marriage, with a large dowry, saying that Osborne had saved her, and should have her; and from them is descended the present Duke of Leeds, who still possesses

Kiveton Park and other property which adjoins the Shireoaks estate, and formerly belonged to the Hewitts. We believe this apprentice, Osborne, also became, like another Whittington, lord mayor of London.

If we are to credit that oftentimes useful, but garrulous, old lady, Tradition, the descendants of this worthy lord mayor, from living at their lonesome country hall, or some other cause, imbibed fancies strange enough to invest the old place with that degree of interest which generally attaches to the companions, animate or inanimate, of the eccentric. The memory of one Sir Thomas Hewitt, who, according to ordinary testimony was buried about 1726, in a quiet and respectable manner, at the family burying-place, Wales (where there is a monument to his memory), was recalled by the gossips, in order to furnish a legend marvellous enough in all conscience. The story informs us that, in compliance with his wish, he was buried in the Scratta Wood close by, at a banquetting house that in his lifetime he had had there (its underground remains are still to be seen), and adjoining which he had intended to erect a mausoleum—the two representing his notions of Heaven and Hell. The authority states too that he feared neither God nor man; and further and more awful still, that as an empty coffin was, after his death, borne, at midnight, past this his last resting-place, on its way to Wales, a preternatural gust of wind blew out the accompanying torch-lights, and left the terrified bearers and attend-

ants in awful doubt as to why the wind had excited itself so preternaturally, and us as to what they themselves were doing there, at such a time, with an empty coffin upon their shoulders. If the account that he attached so much importance to feasting, is correct, he must have been a sad gourmand. He was Surveyor General of the Woods to William the Third, and of the Works to George the First.

His daughter seems to have anticipated the coming time of crystal-divination, spirit-knocking, and sight-seeing of our day; or perhaps it was only in one of those frolics of which they say girls are so fond, that she went with some companions, curious as herself, to consult the magic-mirror of a fortune-teller, who held mysterious state at the neighbouring common of Gateford—one Thackeray (a talented namesake of his has since exhibited a mirror—of “Vanity Fair”—similar in property to this, but more truthful in its representations, where many an interested beholder has seen, with startled incredulity, his own figure moving in the motley crowd reflected, and like them, “playing strange antics before high heaven”). Their wish—not an uncommon one we believe with young ladies, and quite characteristic of these fair but inquisitive descendants of Eve—was to discover their future husbands in the enchanted mirror. The man was wizard enough, or had sufficient of the then comparatively unknown mesmeric force, to produce his own weird and not well-favoured form, to the gaze of the

presumptive heiress, Miss Hewitt; and she, it is stated, was so impressed with the circumstance, as to bestow her lady-hand on this lucky priest of the mystic arts. True enough it is that such a seemingly ill-assorted marriage actually did take place; and her father having in consequence, disinherited her, descendants of the romantic couple made unsuccessful claims to the estate no later back than 1825. One of these descendants, who resided at Lincoln, obtained his livelihood by working as a mason's assistant, and was known as Shireoaks Tom.

Sir Thomas, on disinheriting his daughter, wished to make the Rev. John Hewitt, who was rector of Harthill, his heir. The condition imposed by the free-thinker on the church priest, was the renunciation of his holy office by the latter:—this was declined, and the estate was thereupon bequeathed for the term of life to the knight's godson, Sir John Thornhagh of Osberton. He outlived the conscientious rector, but the estate came eventually to the latter's son, the Rev. John Hewitt,* who was likewise rector of Hart-

* He erected the chapel of ease in the village of Shireoaks, close by, in 1809, endowed it with £90 a year and a parsonage house for the curate, £10 a year for the clerk, and presented the first curate, the Rev. George Savile, B.A., in 1810. The chapel was opened for divine service on Palm Sunday, and consecrated by the Archbishop of York on the 28th of August of the same year. By agreement, the right of presentation thenceforward vested in the Duke of Norfolk, in consideration of his paying £5 a year to the vicar of Worksop, to induce him to forego his right to present. The Rev. William Senior Salman, is the present incumbent.

hill and also of Todwick. He adopted the youngest son of his niece, the wife of the Rev. William Wheatley, rector of Seamer near Scarborough, who was then a major in the Nottinghamshire militia, and transferred the estate to him in the year 1810, subject to his own life-interest. The ungrateful grand-nephew sold the reversion immediately the deed was executed, to Vincent Eyre, Esquire. The deed of gift did not include the timber, which was remarkably fine, but Mr. Eyre purchased it of Mr. Hewitt, who lived to witness with grief its almost entire destruction; indeed his carriage was stopped by the prostrate trees the last time he went out. He died in 1811, upon which the house was partially demolished, and the effects sold:—amongst the latter were, it is said, many valuable paintings, most of which being purchased by persons ignorant of their value, were placed in lumber rooms, or otherwise from neglect, sadly injured.

The Hewitts were a family of ancient date. The first known, however, to be connected with this neighbourhood was Robert Hewitt, who owned a large estate at Killamarsh in the time of Henry the Eighth. It is not certain whether he was brother or what relation to the lord mayor Hewitt; but the Shireoaks estate descended to one of his grandsons.

The estate passed from Mr. Eyre (in the year of his purchase) to the Duke of Norfolk (whose agent, Mr. Froggatt, took up his residence at the Hall), and

was sold by that nobleman to the late Duke of Newcastle, with the Worksop Manor estate, in 1840.

The manor or grange of Shireoaks does not appear by name, we believe, in Domesday Book. Thoroton states that most of the hamlet was included in the foundation-grant of William de Lovetot to the Worksop monastery. This seems doubtful, as it does not appear to be included in the charter. The first mention of the place in the priory grants is in the deed of his son Richard, where the latter confirms his mother Emma's gifts to the monastery or priory. Thoroton describes the Shireoaks property there so given, as "the mill, and several dwelling houses, and bovates of land, and the land between the water and the river towards the south, and the way which leads to Holm-Ker from the ford which was by the potter's house, and twenty and two acres beyond the said river from the south between the Holm-Ker, Thorpe, and Colmancrofts." These ancient names are still retained, as also that of "Prior's Meadow," and quantities of cinders have been found near Holm-Car indicating the spot where the potter's house stood. Mr. (now Sir Henry) Ellis, in his introduction to Domesday-Book, states, that there is scarcely a place marked as having a mill at the Conquest, which is not so distinguished at present; and the mill now existing, doubtless occupies the site of the priory mill. Mills, at the Conquest, formed important possessions, and were frequently included in grants to religious houses.

Sir Henry's remark will apply to many mills in this neighbourhood: Worksop, Rufford, Roche Abbey, &c.

In 1458, at the Feast of Saint John the Baptist, the prior and convent of Worksop leased their grange and manor of Shireoaks to Henry Ellis, Esq. and dame Mary his wife. The original lease, formerly in the possession of Richard Rawlinson, LL.D., F.R.S. is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A fac-simile of it has been published, and shews that such documents were not formerly so encumbered with legal verbiage, as they are now-a-days. Happy times those, for clients, it will be thought.

After the dissolution of Worksop priory, and on the 16th August, 1548, Henry the Eight "granted all the manor, demesne, or grange of Sheroks, to Robert Thornhill, Esq. and Hugh Thornhill, gent. of Sheroks, beneath the hamlet of Sheroks, and all mess. lands, and tenements in Sheroks, Gatford, and Darfolds, and all tithes in those hamlets, of the yearly value of £17. 13s. 4d. to them and their heirs, on condition of their paying yearly for the manor of Sheroks 35s. 4½d." The manor afterwards passed from the Thornhills to the Hewitts.

According to popular opinion, the name which this manor and village have borne for seven centuries or more, was derived from an immense oak that grew at a point where the three counties of Nottingham, Derby, and York met, and over part of each of which its branches fell. It is represented in several old

maps, and was always known as "The Shireoak," and Evelyn in his "Sylva" notices it as a tree "standing in the grounds of the late Sir Thomas Hewitt, about a mile from Worksop Park, which drops into three shires and the distance from bough-end to bough-end is thirty yards. This circumference will contain 707 square yards, sufficient to shade 235 horses." Mr. Gilpin wrote of it, in 1776, "that its own dignity was equalled by the dignity of its station, and that from its honourable office of fixing the boundaries of three large counties it was known far and wide by the distinction of the *Shireoak*, by which appellation it was marked among cities, towns, and rivers, in all the larger maps of the kingdom."

It stood until the beginning of the last century, and, although a young and flourishing oak is said to occupy its site, there is some uncertainty as to the actual position. An old man named Fells, of Gateford, told Mr. King, a former rector of Whitwell, several years back, that he recollected it as standing, about the year 1765, near to Steetley Lane, and within Mr. Hewitt's park, (a statement that corresponds with Evelyn's account); but the more probable place is where its successor is pointed out—at the extremity of the estate, in a southerly direction from the hall, where the three counties—represented by an angle of Thorpe Common, and parts of Whitwell parish and the Shireoaks estate—meet: and this is the spot indicated in Morden's map, which accompanies Gibson's edition of

Camden. The objection to the above supposed derivation of the name is that "Shiraks" is used in the plural in the confirmation grant of Richard de Lovetot, and in subsequent grants; and the suggestion of Mr. Holland is more probable, that the name originated in a grove or number of oaks, which from their situation might indicate the boundaries of the counties, or point out where they met.

The grant of Richard de Lovetot included "the mill, a bovate which was Aurwy's the son of Birxi (Saxons), with another mansure and all the grounds between the water and the boundary of Thorpe, by the way coming down from Stiveleia (Steetley?) unto the water of Holmekar, except the fish-pond."

The hamlet of Shireoaks contains about eight hundred acres, and the Chesterfield canal and the river Royton pass through it for some distance.

Steetley Chapel.

About three miles from Worksop, and a mile or so from Shireoaks, at the western extremity of the Worksop Manor estate, near to a farm-house occupied by Mr. Charles Chaloner, and within a hundred yards north of Steetley toll-bar, on the Chesterfield road, are the ruins of what was once a small Norman (although it is by some improperly designated a Saxon) church. The ruin is covered most luxuriantly with ivy. It is described in the "Magna Britannia" as

being a complete specimen of the later and more enriched style of Norman architecture. Though roofless, it is otherwise entire, with a nave and chancel each twenty-six feet in length. The east end circular and vaulted, the ribs of the arches, and the capitals of the half-pillars from which they spring, enriched with mouldings, grotesque heads, foliage, and other ornaments. A cornice, supported by brackets, ornamented with roses, heads, &c. runs round the interior upper part of the building. The east end has round its circular part a fascia of foliage, and is enriched with pilasters in the Norman style. The arch of the south doorway has zigzag mouldings; and the heads and shafts of the pillars are covered with sculptured foliage, and other ornaments, in the style of Ely cathedral doorway. It had as patrons the Vavasours and the Freschilles: an incumbent was presented to it by the latter in 1370.

The key of the ruin may be had by applying at the above farm-house, and admirers of ancient ecclesiastical architecture will be highly delighted by a visit to it. It is several times referred to in Bloxam's "Gothic Architecture," and some of the mouldings and enrichments are figured there.

Welbeck Abbey.

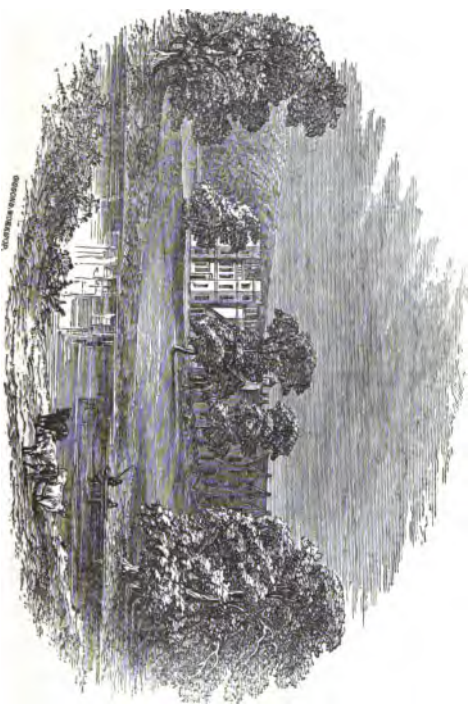
"And slow up the dim aisle afar,
 With sable cowl and scapular,
 And snow-white stoles, in order due,
 The holy fathers, two and two,
 In long procession came;
 Taper, and host, and book they bare,
 And holy banner, flourished fair
 With the Redeemer's name.
 Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
 And solemn requiem for the dead;
 And bells tolled out their mighty peal,
 For the departed spirit's weal;
 And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose;
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burthen of the song,

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
 SOLVET SECOLUM IN FAVILLA;

While the pealing organ rung."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

This abbey, the principal seat of the Duke of Portland, is situate four miles south-west of Worksop: one of the routes to it is given in the commencement of the chapter on Birkland. Another way is by the Mansfield turnpike road, to Norton; but the first-mentioned is the nearer and pleasanter of the two. It is also accessible to pedestrians by a pleasant walk through the Manor Hill Woods. The principal features of this park are its oak trees—gigantic and solitary survivors of the thousands which stood there ere the monks had come to dwell in their stately home, and abbey fires had never yet, amid these scenes on lonesome nights blazed forth welcome invitation into the surrounding dark-



WELBECK ABBEY.

ness to the wanderers of those days—errant-knight, minstrel-gay, or ladie-fair, or the more humble but benighted and weary wayfarer; ere the monks had cleared from out of the then wilderness their noble park, and Welbeck was but an obscure and unreclaimed portion of the great forest of Romwood:—undulating prairie-like plains—numberless groups of deer—far-stretching elevated sylvan tracts, and distant woodland scenery—an embosomed lake, winding gently along the valley—and the quaint-looking abbey itself mirrored on the silvery surface of the placid water.

The lake is crossed by a bridge near the house, and by a large and very elegant one, recently erected, at its eastern extremity.* The park contains about 2,284 acres of land, which is extra-parochial, as is the case with most abbey lands.

Before the Conquest, Welbeck formed part of the domain, parish, or fee of Cuckney in the honour of Tickhill. Cuckney was divided into three manors, the principal one (including Welbeck) being held by Swen or Sweyn, a Saxon, and the others by two other Saxons, Alric and Ulsi. After the Conquest, these manors were given to the Normans Roger de Busli (and occupied by Goisfrid his tenant), Hugh Fitz Baldric and Jocus de Flemangh (the latter having

* A former bridge, built here by the late Duke, with a centre arch of ninety feet, and side arches of seventy-five feet span, fell, just as it was completed.

the third part of a knight's fee), except two carucates which Gamelbere, an old Saxon knight, was, with extreme liberality, allowed to retain, by the service of shoeing the palfrey of the king, as often as the latter should be at his manor of Mansfield; and upon the condition, that if he lamed the palfrey, he should replace it by another of four marks in price. Thorton thus explains the circumstance:

"In the same town of Cuckney there dwelt (or remained) a certain man who was called Gamelbere (or Gamelkere), who was an old drenghe (or dreyinge) before the conquest interpreted by the learned Sir Henry Spelman, a knight, or one that held lands as it were by military (or knight's) service, and (accordingly) he held two carucats of land in the same town, of the king, in capite, for such service of shoeing the king's palfrey upon four feet, with the king's nails (or shoeing materials) [*de cluario, cloera Domini Regis*], as oft as he should lie at his manor of Mansfield, and if he put in all the nails (*incloaverit*) the king should give him a palfrey of four marks (or he was to have the king's palfrey, giving the king five marks of silver, as the jury in 3 Edw. 3 found the service; as he was also if he lamed the horse, pricked him, or shod him straight, &c. (*inclaudet* or *includat*) as it was found 23 Edw. 1, not so agreeably; and if an army should be in Wales, he was to do service according to the quantity of two carucats of land, and likewise for homage."

And so the Saxon knight became the Norman's serf.

Gamelbere dying without issue of his body, this portion escheated to King Henry the First, who granted it to Richard son of Jocus de Flemangh (or Coste, as the latter was sometimes named), and his heirs, to be held by the same service; he married a cousin of Earl Ferrers, and they had

"a certain son, Thomas de Cukeney; and the said Thomas was nourished in the king's court, and after the death of Richard his

father, held that land by the service aforesaid of the said king, well and in peace, until the old war: and then he made himself a castle in the said land of Cuckney" [a mound with a moat around it may still be seen, in a field close by the church at Cuckney, and probably forms the site of this castle]; "for this Thomas was a warlike man (or souldier) in the whole war. And after the said war, the kingdom of England being pacified, and king Henry the Second reigning, he founded the abbey of Welbeck."

The inference from the above passage is that the abbey or monastery was not commenced until Henry the Second's reign: this does not, however accord with the true fact, as is shewn by a grant of Ralph de Bellafago, in Stephen's reign, and *confirmed by that king*, "to God and the church of Saint James at Welbec, of land at Clun." As it may occasion surprise, that this grant made by De Bellafago appears as of earlier date than the founder's, it may be necessary to explain that abbeys had often considerable grants made to them from others desirous of assisting in the pious act, in addition to, and simultaneously with, those of the founder, or principal benefactor. Although the accounts giving the dates of its foundation, and the actual founder, are rather confused, and involve the question in some obscurity, it was, according to all we can gather, commenced in Stephen's reign, by Thomas de Flemangh, of Cuckney, about the year 1140 (thirty-seven years or so later than the abbey of Worksop), and finished about 1170, in the reign of Henry the Second, when probably the founder would complete his grant; and this will explain the foregoing quotation.

When completed, it was dedicated to Saint James, and conferred upon a society of Premonstratensian canons, from Newsome in Leicestershire ; and it must be admitted that a pleasanter spot, or a more secluded retreat for these recluses, from the busy scenes and anxious cares of the world, could not easily have been selected. There were thirty-five houses of the order in England, of which, in 1515, the abbey of Welbeck was the head. The order was introduced into England by Peter de Goula, or Gousel, in 1140 ; it having only existed a few years previous to that date.

The founder's grant or charter (witnessed, amongst others, by William prior of Radford, the sub-prior, and some canons of that monastery, Hugh the painter, Swan the provost of Normandy, &c.) must have been very considerable, as he appears only to have reserved for himself the principal messuage at Cuckney and nine bovates of land ; he also engaging to perform service to the chief lord of the fee, at Tickhill, for the abbot and his successors. A son of the founder afterwards, in consequence of this engagement having been entered into, "impleaded the abbot for the third part of a knight's fee, but at length final concord was made between them, before the justices itinerant at Bristol," on condition of the abbot paying ten shillings annually for the performance of such service. The grant (confirmed by Henry the Second) comprised "the land of Languat, with the Hay of Cukeny, the place of the

abbey, the land between it and Belgh, and Belgh, the church of Saint Mary of Cukeneý, of Saint Helen of Ettwell, of Whiterne, the mill of Languat, and the whole land of Hirst;" and was made to "the church of Saint James at Wellebec, to Sir Berangarius the abbot and his successours, and the brethren of that place there, according to the order of the Premonstratenses regularly serving God by the counsel of Sir Serlo abbat of Neulas, in free, and quiet, and perpetual alms, for the good of his own, his father's, mother's, and ancestors' souls, and theirs from who he had taken any goods unjustly." Others, whose consciences were troubled, or from motives of piety, made grants to it, and it became one of the richest abbeys in the country.

Amongst these benefactors appear the names of Ralph Silvan (of Norton and Woodhouse, who was so designated from living at this his latter manor in the midst of the woods), the founder's brother; Simon Fitz-Simon, his son-in-law; the Fauconbergs of Cuckney (who were his descendants through the female line); De Manill, De Goushull, De Basset, De Haincourt or Eyncourt, De Wyverton, Fitz-Peter, De Stuteville, Leonia de Reynes, Thomas de la Rivere, Brian de Insula, and him held in pious memory for his efforts for the faith in Holy Land, Edward the First, who, by charter dated at York in 1291, granted land at Cresswell and several other places to it; and by another charter, dated at Kenilworth in 1301, gave

"the wood called Romwood,* adjoining the abbey and between it and the parc of Thomas de Furnival, and Carburton Storth by the said wood, at the rent of 28s. per annum, with liberty to make a parc of, and destroy and sell the wood, &c." The gifts of wood alone amounted to three hundred and thirty-eight acres.

The grants of the Fauconbergs were considerable; Stephen of that name, who married Fitz Simon's daughter, in his grant reserved the advowson of the abbey, and the service of a palfrey to be presented "by every abbat newly made or created," but his descendants relinquished the render or service.

"Sir Henry de Fauconberg, knight, by his deed dated at York, the last day of September, anno dom. 1329, 2 Edw. 3, (mistaken for 3. Edw 3,) passed to John de Hotham, bishop of Ely, his whole manor of Cukenei, with the appurtenances, together with the knight's fees and advowsons, as well of the abbey of Wellebecke as others, with all his lands and tenements in Holbeck and Cukenei, as well those which he lately acquired in fee of Thomas de Furneux, as others, &c. in the towns or hamlets of Cukenei, Langwath, Bondbusk, Holbeck, Woodhouse, Milnethorpe, Cloun, and Norton, or otherwise in this county, &c. all which the said bishop conveyed to the abbat and convent of Welbeck, in the time of the justices itinerant at Nottingham, 4 Dec. 1329, 3 Edw. 3, by his deed then inrolled."

This Henry de Fauconberg had market and fair granted to Cuckney in 1316 or 1317, 10 Edward 2.

* This wood seems to have been very extensive, as for its keeping there were "one forester on foot, two woodwards, one at Carburton the other at Budby, two verdurers, and two agisters; and that the chief keeper ought to have a page bearing his bow through all the forest, to gather chiminage or chiminagium, or way-money, a term well known in forest law, and signifying a fee collected for road-making." Richard de Lovetot gave to the canons of Worksop the right of pasturage and feeding their swine, in his part of it.

In consequence of the above gift the abbot and convent "without any compulsion, freely bound themselves and their successors," by a composition deed, dated 29th December 1329, and made between "I. de Nottingham, abbat of Wellebeck, and the covent of that place," and the bishop, "to find" (and we quote fully in order to shew the singular customs of that time,)

"eight canons in their abby, daily to celebrate divine offices for the soul of Edward king of England, grandfather of the then king, and for the soul of Edward late king of England, father of the said then king, for the wholesome estate of the lady Isabell queen of England, the said king's mother, and of her children, and chiefly for the state of the king, and the lady Philippa his consort, queen of England, while they lived, and for their souls when they should die. Also for the souls of Alan and Maud, father and mother of the said lord John de Hothum, bishop of Ely, and for the souls of the children of them the said Alan and Matildis then dead, and of the living when they should die, and for the soul of frier (or brother) William de Hothum, sometimes bishop of Dublin, for the state of the lady Mary de St. Paul, countess of Pembroke, and her soul when it should be separated from the body, and also for the soul of Peter de Gaveston, late Earl of Cornewall, and for the souls of John de Wogan, and Isabell his wife, and for Sir Ralph Camoys, and Elizabeth his wife, and for their souls after death, for Sir John de Fawconberg, and for his soul after his decease, and especially for the healthful state of the said lord bishop while he should live, and afterwards for his soul, and for all theirs who had faithfully served him, and bestowed benefits upon him, and for all the faithful departed. And besides this, they and their successors to celebrate in their abby, as long as the world should endure, the anniversary of the said lord bishop, with such solemnity as the anniversary of their first and principal founder, as well in alms to the poor, as in divine obsequies, was wont in times past to be celebrated, and every day whereon commemorations of the dead should be read in their chapter house, his soul should therein be absolved by name. And when any of the said eight canons should by sickness, or other lawful cause, be hindred from celebrating, another canon of their house should

faithfully supply his turn. And when any of those eight should go the way of all flesh, another canon should immediately be put in his place. They were also to swear that they would never diminish the number of eight, but maintain the said celebration for ever decently, and that they would never obtain any thing of the pope, or the K. of England, or the superior of the order of the Præmonstratenses, or of any other, whereby any thing should be subtracted from the said celebration. And every new abbat, before the covent should do him obeisance, or he be installed in the monastery, and every novice before he should be admitted to probation in their monastery, should be bound by the same oath, faithfully to keep every article of the said ordination according, to his utmost power, for ever."

It was furthermore agreed "that if the said order (which God forbid) should by any emergent chance be suppressed, or transferred to any other order," the property granted should revert to the bishop's heirs;

"But that the present ordination might last for ever without any diminution, the said abbat and all the priests of the covent, with candles burning, and stoles hung at their necks, solemnly excommunicated all and every one that should weaken, break, diminish, or violate, or procure the said ordination, or any part of it, to be weakened, broken, diminished, or violated by any means, or presume to go against it in any thing: subjecting themselves and their successors in this to the jurisdiction and coercion of the abbat of Neuhaus, father of their abbat, and of the yearly visiters, that if in their visitation they found any thing of this ordinance violated or diminished, they might proceed against them as guilty of perjury and excommunicate. And lest oblivion should abolish what gratitude had charitably instituted, this ordination was every year on All Souls' day to be read through in their monastery, in the presence of all the brethren."

Sir Walter Scott well describes this practice of praying for the souls of the departed, in the lines placed at the head of this chapter. It may not be generally known, that the "passing-bell" is a continuance of the ancient custom alluded to in these

lines, of tolling a bell to announce to all christian hearers that some one was on the eve of death, and to request their prayers for the departing soul.

But, Oh! vanity of human provision for the future! the abbey spoliator came, and the monastery, having existed 398 years, was dissolved by Henry the Eighth, in the year 1538 or 1539, and granted by him, on the 26th February of the latter year, by the description of "the site of the abbey, and all houses and lands beneath the site of it, Bellars Grange, and Hirst Grange," &c. to Richard Whalley and his heirs. Those who are the most erring, are oftentimes the most alive and the readiest to expose and punish the failings of others, especially where such a course serves their own cupidity, selfishness, or revenge; and this was probably the case with Henry, who saw, what all credible history confirms, that great abuses and vicious practices had crept into these institutions—availed himself of the fact, and by extirpating the latter almost at one fell swoop, enriched himself and his creatures with their immense domains. Norman prowess wrested the possessions from the conquered Saxon—priestly influence won them from the Norman, until, as a consummation, Henry and his friends divided the welcome spoil.

An eminent politician has recently stated, as a redeeming fact in Henry's career, that "he gave us Protestantism." Whether Protestantism be a return to the simpler and purer observances of a faith, a modi-

fication of Romanism, and a relinquishment of the errors in spirit or practice which had engrafted themselves on the parent christian church, leaving the protesting parties in the enjoyment of a church restored to its original purity, and divested of the contracted or acquired errors:—whether this be the case or not, the above assertion is incorrect. Henry neither gave, nor in any way originated Protestantism. He wielded, indeed, an immense temporal power; and, in employing it for his own purposes, removed (as we believe, without any such design) certain of the barriers that existed to the progress of advanced opinions, and allowed a stemmed-up torrent of new ideas to rush forth and overspread this country, and others ripe for the change, far more rapidly than would have been the case, had not his instrumentality been brought to operate. So much he certainly did.

The revenues of the abbey, at the time of its dissolution, were £249. 6s. 3d.

The canons of the order who occupied this abbey were called white canons, from being habited in white cassock, cloak, and cap. This colour, we learn, was assumed by the Cistercians and some other orders in honour of “Our Lady” (so termed in the days of chivalry, as being the lady of all hearts, whose colours all were proud to wear) and in honour of her purity. Other religious communities assumed different distinctive marks; and the “Serviti,” or “Esclaves de Marie” (who devoted themselves to her as “Our Lady

of Mercy," in acts of charity) wore black in respect for her sorrows.

Queen Elizabeth, on the 20th May, 1559, granted licence "to Richard Whalley, esquire, and William Whalley, gent., to alienate Welbeck, the grange of Gledethorpe, the manor of Norton, and Hardwick grange, to Edward Osborne (see Shireoaks), citizen and clothworker, of London, and his heirs." Elizabeth again, on the 9th February, 1600, granted to "Robert Booth, esquire, and Ranulph Catterall, gent., the whole scite of which sometimes was belonging to and parcel of the lands late of Richard Whalley, esquire."

The estate passed from them to Sir Charles Cavendish, the youngest son of the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, by Sir William Cavendish, the second of her four husbands. This Charles married the heiress of Baron Ogle; and the barony and estate passed at his death to their son, who was afterwards, in the years 1628, 1643, and 1644, created successively Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Newcastle upon Tyne. He is remembered principally from his "Treatises on Horsemanship" in the French and English Tongues. The noble riding-house, still standing at Welbeck, was erected by him, between the years 1623 and 1625, from a design by John Smithson, the architect he employed to rebuild Bolsover Castle. Besides being a perfect master of the above healthful art, he was as well a poet and a soldier, and, to assist him in his literary pursuits,

had as helpmate (a rare event then, when Mrs. Stowes were unknown) an author-wife. Thoroton, when alluding to him, omits giving any particular account of "his achievements," alleging as the reason "that the duchess, not long since dead, hath done it far beyond my hopes, in her famous books, besides what himself hath communicated to the world in several poems," and adds, (speaking of the duke's horsemanship, and rather confusedly mingling riding-houses and chapels in his allusions)

"Whereof he is so great a master, that though he be above eighty years of age, he very constantly diverts himself with it still, insomuch that he is thought to have taken as great pleasure in beholding his great store of well-managed horses (wherewith his fine stables are constantly furnished) appear to exercise their gifts in his magnificent riding-house, which he long since built there, as in elder time any one could take to see the religious performances of the monks in the quire of the great church of Saint James, now utterly vanished, except the chapel for the house was any part of it, which of late years also hath lain buried in the ruins of its roof, the want whereof doth a little diminish the glory of this brave place; yet, seeing that neither the wisdom, nor piety, nor charity of those formerly concerned here, nor their right, title, nor propriety, nor indeed of God himself, could in this place secure or preserve a church against a king and parliament professing the same God and the same religion, I cannot perceive how the most obstinate and zealous pretender to religion and propriety of this time, can justly wonder though his grace be not much concerned for the ruinous chapel."

The duke gave strong proof that he was a faithful friend and adherent of his royal master Charles the First. That monarch visited him at his seats of Welbeck and Bolsover three times,—once when he was on his way to be crowned king of Scotland, again

on the 15th of August, 1645, and on another occasion previous to these. On the second visit Charles was accompanied by his queen, and the entertainments (at which "there was such excess of feasting as had scarcely ever been known in England") cost the noble host £15,000. The Duchess of Newcastle, in her life of the duke, says, "the Earl employed Ben Jonson in fitting up such scenes and speeches as he could devise, and sent for all the country to come and wait upon their majesties; and, in short, did all that ever he could imagine to render it great and worthy of their acceptance."

How blind were those revellers to the scaffold, that was, even then, as a remorseless fate, awaiting the kingly guest, and darkly "looming in the future," (to use a familiar expression, made more memorable from having been adopted by one who has closely allied his name with the career of a recent and illustrious scion of the house of Welbeck, and a descendant of Charles' host). There was no hand-writing on the wall, in these halls of feasting, as with the Babylonian king; but a warning as legible and terrible might have been seen, traced in characters of blood, in the darkening temper of the times, had they cared to observe. Indeed, in national affairs (as sometimes in those of individuals) great crises seldom come without a hand-writing of some sort to forewarn—but few, alas, choose to read, and fewer are they who can interpret.

In the cause of the unhappy Charles, the duke, in the Civil War, suffered, it is said, to the extent of

a million pounds. The abbey was garrisoned for the king, and although there were several skirmishes near, it escaped injury. The parish register of Thorpe-Salvin records the burial there of five men slain in a fight on Thorpe Moor, in 1645, between the garrison of Welbeck on the king's part, and Captain Rodes on that of the Parliament.

The duke, at a ripe old age, prolonged probably by his healthful habits, died in 1691. He was succeeded by his son, who married the daughter of William Pierrepont, esquire, of Thoresby, and he dying without male issue, the titles became extinct. Margaret, his daughter and heiress, married John Holles, fourth Earl of Clare, which united the Welbeck and Clumber estates, and made the Earl one of the richest men in the kingdom. In 1694 the extinct ducal title was conferred upon him. On his death, in 1711, the estates of the Holles and Cavendishes became again separated, and this title once more extinct. The duke, having only a daughter, bequeathed Clumber to Thomas Pelham, second Baron Pelham, his sister's son, who assumed the name of Holles; and Welbeck passed to the former's only surviving daughter. She married Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, (the founder of the Harleian Library) in 1762, and their only issue, Margaret Cavendish Harley, carried Welbeck, Bolsover, and other of the Cavendish estates, to the second Duke of Portland, by marriage, in 1734.

The Bentincks are descended from a noble and ancient family of that name, which flourished for many generations in the province of Overysse, in the Netherlands. The first who established himself in England was William, son of Herr Van Dipenham Bentinck; he was high in the confidence of William Prince of Orange, whom he served when young as a page, and at a riper age as an able statesman. In 1677 the Prince employed him in the delicate mission of soliciting the hand of the Princess Mary of England in marriage, in which he advanced his royal master's suit successfully. After the marriage of William and Mary he was again sent to England to offer troops and assistance to the prince's father-in-law, James the Second, for the suppression of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. When William and Mary were called to the English throne, this William Bentinck accompanied them, and in reward for his services, was, after their accession, appointed Groom of the Stole, Knight of the Garter, lieutenant general in the army, gentleman of the horse, and by letters patent, dated 9th of April, 1689, created Baron Cirencester, Viscount Woodstock, and Earl of Portland (the latter being the extinct title of the Westons). His lordship served under William the Third both in Ireland and in the Netherlands, with great distinction. In 1697, he was the principal plenipotentiary for the peace of Ryswick, and afterwards ambassador extraordinary to the court of France. His integrity was proved in certain trans-

actions connected with the passing of an act relating to the East India Company, when he disdainfully refused a bribe of £50,000. He married Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, and sister to the Earl of Jersey; and for his second wife, Jane, daughter of Sir John Temple, bart., sister to Viscount Palmerston, and relict of Lord Berkeley. He had eight children by the first marriage, and six by the second. William, the eldest son of the second marriage was one of the nobles of Holland, and his descendants are still living; one of them, Baron Bentinck, is the representative of that country in England at the present time (1853).

The earl's two eldest sons, by the first marriage (each named William), having died whilst young (the eldest of them in Holland, before the revolution), he was succeeded by Henry, the third son of that marriage, who, by espousing the daughter of Wroithesly Baptist Noel, Earl of Gainsborough, acquired large possessions and the half of the lordship of Titchfield, in the county of Southampton. He was created, on the 6th of July, 1716, Marquis of Titchfield and Duke of Portland, and was also appointed captain-general and governor of the island of Jamaica, where he died July 4th, 1726, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

William, the second duke, K. G., born March, 1709, who acquired Welbeck as before stated. He died 1st May, 1762, and was succeeded by his son,

William Henry Cavendish, the third duke; born 14th April, 1738. His grace filled several important

offices in the state, in the latter part of the last, and the commencement of the present century, being Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1782, and twice premier of England. He, married on the 8th November, 1766, Dorothy Cavendish, only daughter of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, by whom he had issue four sons and two daughters. The second of the sons, Lord William, became Governor General of India. This duke died on the 30th of October, 1809, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

William Henry Cavendish Scott Bentinck, the present, fourth duke, born June 24th, 1768, and now at the patriarchal age of eighty-five. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford; represented Buckinghamshire from 1790 to 1809, was Lord Privy Seal from April to August, 1827; and President of the Council from August, 1827, to January, 1828. His grace married, August 4th, 1795, Henrietta, eldest daughter of Major General John Scott, of Balcomie in Fifeshire (a descendant of the Scottish heroes Baliol and Bruce), and assumed in addition the name and arms of Scott.

General Scott gained a large fortune by play, and he was evidently averse to bestow either his daughters or it upon aristocratic wooers; for his will directed that if any one of the former married a nobleman, her share should pass to her sisters. In these matters ladies contrive to have a *will* of their own, and if the proverbial perversity of the sex be true (which we by no means assert) the event in this instance tended to

justify the proverb. The Duchess of Portland was the first to shew her disregard of the irksome exception to this class of suitors, but her sisters honourably refused to avail themselves of the circumstance. In George Canning's house (he having married the third sister, Joan) used to hang a painting or drawing commemorating this act of sisterly affection; the duchess being represented as leaning over and tenderly caressing her youngest sister. After the noble commoner's death, Mrs. Canning was elevated to the peerage in her own right, as his widow. The other sister, Lucy, married the Earl of Moray. So, strangely enough, all became of the objectionable order.

By the duke's marriage with Miss Scott there was issue, four sons and six daughters; of whom two sons and four daughters survive. The eldest son, William Henry, Marquis of Titchfield, died unmarried, March 5th, 1824. William John, the present marquis and heir apparent, born September 18th, 1800, graduated at Oxford, and was second class in classics in 1818. His tastes seem latterly to have inclined him to a country life. The next son, William George Frederick Cavendish, born February 27th, 1802 (so well known as Lord George Bentinck), whose career was so suddenly terminated, entered the army in early youth, and attained the rank of major; on quitting it he became private secretary to Mr. Canning, and was elected member for King's Lynn, which he represented until his death in 1848. The next surviving son, William Henry Scott

(known as Lord Henry Bentinck), born June 9th, 1804, is member of parliament for the northern division of Nottinghamshire, which he has represented since the death of Mr. Gally Knight, the late member, in 1846. He is passionately fond of the chase, and hunts a well-known pack of fox-hounds in Lincolnshire.

The duke's surviving daughters are Charlotte, married to John Evelyn Denison, Esq. of Ossington, M.P. for Malton; Lucy, married to Lord Howard de Walden and Seaford; Mary; and Harriet.

Qualities and inclinations are generally hereditary; and the Bentincks illustrate this well. Statesman-craft, a love of country amusements, active charity (an attribute that elevates man, whatever his rank), are still, as formerly, the characteristics of the family. Of the Duke of Portland it may be truly said, that he is a fine personation or type of that worthy member of the human family, the English country gentleman—possessing too, in addition, the opportunities that great wealth and high rank give, and knowing well how to use them. The responsibilities, indeed, of wealth and power, involving, as they do, so many duties to the possessor, this nobleman appears keenly alive to: the practical and useful application of his means; the benevolent custom kept up at his gates; the open-handed relief of misery, necessity, or distress in its many forms;—these acts of duty and charity, extended over the course of a life longer than is usually permitted, are evidences of this, and furnish a true

index to the promptings of a heart alive to its high duty; and in noticing this benevolence, it is with pleasure we add that he is not unassisted, as the institutions supported, and actively superintended, by his grace's daughters, the Ladies Bentinck, and their well-known but unostentatious benevolence, gracefully prove.

The duke's attention has been turned greatly to agricultural pursuits, and—high as farming stands as an art in this country—his successes evidence how wide a field is open for further improvement, when “practical experience” will accept assistance from that favouring Genius—bright-eyed Science.

In testimony of their respect and esteem, the duke's tenants and neighbours recently presented his grace with his portrait,* painted by F. Grant, R.A., from which an engraving, by Faed, has been published.

* * * * *

Rising up before us, as it would present itself in one of those summer days (to choose the time) that shone as brightly in the solemn past, as now in the living present,—with that glorious yet mellow light

* Englishmen, on all such occasions, must lunch or dine, and we may add, in order to introduce a passing notice of talent, that a remarkably fine pine-apple, set before the deputation on this occasion, had previously been preserved on canvas (flavour excepted), by a young, and rising, though self-taught artist, a native of Worksop, Mr. James Baldock. The painting (in the writer's possession) indicates—as all the others of the artist do—a rare ability and promise, that will before long, we hope, gain him the notice of those able to reward as well as appreciate.

as the frame-work of the tinted picture, stands in distinct outline, the beautiful abbey of Welbeck, as it was of yore, the rich accessory scenery and associations heightening, and its strange-garbed monks as they wander through the meads or woods around, adding to the calm, though life-like, appearance and reality of the imaged scene:—the time and men have passed away, and of that noble structure little exists to tell us of its past. Imagination, indeed, can only realize the picture: for what remains is inadequate to convey an idea of the once “great church” or abbey of St. James.

The reliques are a few sepulchral monuments, inserted in walls as ancient (both hidden by wainscot panels and hangings), some doorways leading into the cellars or vaults, and, Thoroton seems to think, that part of the building (in his time roofless) now used as the chapel. Although the turret-towers and small gables give to the present edifice (erected in 1604, on the ruins of the old one), an air of antiquity externally, there is little to impart an abbey-like appearance to it: but though these material forms are wanting, a custom that reminds us of abbey days—one that it were well in the powerful and wealthy to imitate more than is done—is still preserved, each passing wayfarer may, if he list, appease hunger and thirst at these hospitable gates. This is by the duke’s express order; and implies not only thoughtful generosity in the donor, but a reverence for that which was good in the practices of the quondam dwellers

here—poetic, we may say, from the faithful adherence to the very manner and form in which their charity was wont to be bestowed.

The abbey stands upon the south-west border of the lake, in a fair park of about eight miles circumference. In the pleasure grounds, (which, with the gardens, are under the management of Mr. Tillery, and are together more extensive, we believe, than even those of Chatsworth), are some fine Himalaya mountain firs; and in the Pinetum, near Carburton, some tropical *Auricarias*, and *Cedrus Deodara* plants (the sacred cedar of the Hindoos) raised from seeds sent by Lord William Bentinck from India, and now 25 feet high. Speechley, so well-known from his writings on the culture of grapes and pines, was formerly gardener here.

The lake is a large one, more than a mile long; and its ornamental water passing from hence to Clumber lake, is usefully employed in irrigating many a verdant water-meadow in its course. When it was widened, in 1793, an antique bust of cornelian, set in silver, supposed to have belonged to the monks, was found in it.

Welbeck park is famed for its noble oaks; amongst them the most noted are the two "PORTER OAKS" (so called from having been the towering guardians of a gate that once stood between them), one being 100 feet high and 40 feet in circumference, the other 90 feet and 36; "THE SEVEN SISTERS," springing from

one parent trunk to the height of about 90 feet, with a circumference at the base of 30 feet; "THE DUKE'S YOUNG OAK WALKING STICK" a flourishing tree of 129 years' growth, 100 feet or so high, and nearly 70 feet to its branches (its predecessor, the original "Walking Stick," was 111 feet in height, weighed 11 tons, and contained 440 feet of timber); and "THE GREENDALE OAK." These oaks are described in the pages of Evelyn's *Sylva* (in Hunter's edition some of them being illustrated), and in Major Hayman Rooke's "Descriptions and Sketches of Remarkable Oaks in Welbeck Park."* Near the Seven Sisters† is a hollow tree, with apertures for a gun, through which the keepers shoot the deer, as they pass by in herds.

The Greendale Oak has a wide reputation, and occupies no inconsiderable place of honour amongst England's mighty oaks. It stands on the south side of the lake, about midway between the abbey and the lodge on the Norton side, in a green dale or dell with a vista opening upon the lake and park. The noble oaks we pass to arrive at it,—some gnarled and dwarfish, others rearing themselves up to great heights, in arrowy beauty, but all of noble proportions—take away from the surprise we feel when we come to the

* Major Rooke resided at Mansfield Woodhouse, a few miles off.

† The Porter Oaks are to the left of the road leading from the Lodge that opens from the Worksop Manor woods to Welbeck, and near to the Lodge. The Seven Sisters is not far from these oaks, but more in the centre of the park. The Duke's Walking Stick is nearer the Abbey.

venerable forest king—a hale and hearty old fellow, but now, from the ravages made upon him in his many wars with man and the elements, requiring extraneous support. From these attacks he has not passed scathless; and one dire wound, piercing him to the very core, although rendering him what may be termed a heart-less old tree (as he ought to be after coquetting with so many a breeze), has not stopped the vigorous current that yet circulates through his arteries, and nourishes his enduring frame, enabling him still to brave the driving tempests that lay so many of his weaker fellows low. The mutilation or aperture, by which his inner man has become patent to us, was caused, in the year 1724, by an after-dinner bet, it is said, of the then owner of Welbeck, that an opening could be made in the trunk of an oak tree, growing in his park, large enough to permit a carriage and four to pass through. The fine oak was mutilated and its days shortened to become a picturesque memento of the bet, which, we need not say to those who see the opening, was won by the proposer.

The circumstance, however, as if to atone for the act, has induced many a merry party to gather round its giant shade since then, and *that* is a redeeming consequence, for lovely eyes gathered together ostensibly to mourn over their sylvan protector's wounds, or something equally poetic and harmless, are oftener wont—sparkling, as they at such times do, with mirth and lustrous wile—to inflict the same wounds they

came to weep naiads' tears over, on living hearts ;— and few there are, we ween, who object to the infliction.

The aperture through the oak is 10 feet 3 inches high, 6 feet 3 inches wide, and the base of the bole or trunk is 50 feet in circumference. It has, we are given to understand, contracted within the memory of those living. One green branch alone starts from the otherwise decapitate trunk.

A plantation has been reared from its acorns, and, as the judicious plan of dating the time of planting is adopted, the age of these young trees can be ascertained, and the sight of them—yet comparative saplings, although planted for years that would be maturity in man—may give some impression of the vast age of the parent tree.

Major Rooke, in alluding to the probable age of the latter, in 1790, surmises it to be 700 years old ; whilst Mr. Throsby, in 1797, apparently not unwilling to believe that he had before him a living thing that had flourished so far back as the earliest dawn of christianity, thereby connecting himself in imagination with the wildest and remotest period known in England's history, says, "It is supposed to be upwards of 1500 years old ; one solitary branch only showing signs of life. It has been for centuries expiring, and (he was mistaken ! and it may last many of us out yet) seemingly in the last stage of declining years, braves the storms and tempests of each revolving severe win-

ter: while the winds of heaven blow down towering edifices of stone, and tear up by the roots many a lofty tree, this stands firmly rooted in the propitious soil that gave it birth." The age he gives indicates him as capable of yielding great credence or poetic licence to the freaks of his imagination, or to such accounts, as some will think. Certainly, however, it is true that this patriarch of trees, stood ere the abbey was erected here, or monks had come to pass their brief existence in the neighbourhood, occasionally, perhaps, to shelter under his umbrageous arms, from the passing tempests that overtook them near this green dell. Many a one has he so sheltered no doubt, and his patent of nobility, granted by nature's king ages long ago, and older far than many a one of human origin around, may still continue, after theirs are extinct, to entitle him to flourish and afford protection there, to titled and untitled yet to come.

The Countess of Oxford, great-grandmother to the present duke, had several cabinets made from the wood of this Oak of the Dale, ornamented with inlaid representations of the tree, and appropriate inscriptions from Ovid and Chaucer. One of them is still in the Abbey, labelled "Greendale Oke,"—an ancient spelling for this abstracted portion of his frame, but how new compared with the old tree himself, whose almost incredible origin (in the midst of all that is so fleeting) stretches far away through long ages, to so remote a Past, and whose age, it may be, Throsby was

not far wrong in estimating at 1500 years! The endeavour is bewildering, to minds scarcely able to grasp even the present, but let the imagination make the attempt to wander back through this long space of time, and how suggestive is this animate link, that has so firmly stood during all these rolling years, and whose living presence connects such wide and distant eras. Stately domes, of man's erection, have crumbled into dust, though some may exist older than he: but how seldom can we look upon a living Son of the Past of age so great—one that has seen the Druid days of Britain; beheld the successive appearance of Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman; and lived to witness these mixed races overspread giant continents, in those times unknown, but destined in all likelihood to flourish when England is on her wane, and this tree (whose future experience who may tell) has perished from her soil: and yet, in the poet's words, "time was when settling on his leaf, a fly could shake him to his root."

For the sake of the calculation, let us suppose, as is possible if not probable, that the tree from which this, as an acorn, fell, was of the same age at that time as is this one now; and, by the aid of the two, how wide a leap do we take back in the world's long history! Four such (taking 6000 years as the time our race has peopled the earth) would reach to the origin, and have outlived all the hitherto existing generations of man! Such a thought as this tends to give an impressive

sense of the hoary age of this Greendale King, and assists us to something like a comprehension of the vastness of the time through which the years have passed him by.

Prolific too in his generation, he has given to the wooing breeze many a seedling, now rearing itself up proudly around, to rival him, perhaps, in beauty, but never, we opine, in age. In *that* he must be peerless. One, indeed, that might have claimed to be his compeer in this respect, has recently been destroyed: as we read in a recent work, "The Peak and the Plain," by Spencer T. Hall, "the Sherwood Forester," that "a short time since, The Old Oak of Ross, supposed to have lasted 1500 years, was totally destroyed, by some boys lighting a fire in its trunk."* If his progeny be in proportion to his years, they must, be countless as the over-hanging stars, and the elder-born a venerable sage, if yet alive; but many, probably more useful, if less ornamental than their progenitor (which Mr. Holland, justly, perhaps, likens to a cart-shed!), have been felled,—though plenty still remain to contribute, we hope for many a year to come, to that peculiarly beautiful feature of England, her woodland scenery.†

* A similar fate, from a like cause (a bonfire of some of these mischievous men-in-miniature) had nearly befallen the "Seven Sisters," about a year back

† We cannot refrain from adding an instance of the duke's care with respect to planting. By the side of date-boards, intimating that plantations are from acorns gathered from the Greendale Oak in 1831 and 1835, is an inscription stating that an enclosure of oaks, sown in 1814, has never since been

Leaving this old tree, around whose form so many a lingering association is entwined, and whose presence suggests such thick-coming fancies, to the solitude of his woodland home, we pass (and we are walking in the steps of the illustrious dead) to a spot with more mournful associations, but not less suggestive of the uncertainty of all hopes and objects (humanly speaking) here below. Along the border of the lake, at its eastern extremity, in the water-meadow beyond—it lies: here, near the gate that stands a hundred yards or so further on, amid the peaceful and quiet scenes of his country home, inhaling its pure atmosphere, “treading the springy turf of his ancestral domain,” and far away from those arenas of strife and busy haunts, where congregate the ever-changing groups that form for their time the great items in the motley sum of humanity,—far from that political theatre of ambition which consigns so many a noble heart, albeit beating with strong sense of high duty, to a premature grave (brilliant contrasts of radiant aspirations and dark settings)—here, in the morning of his life, with the wreath of fame yet fresh upon his brow, died

thinned, and is to be left in a state of nature until 1864, to prove to those who “may be then alive,” by comparison with neighbouring enclosures. of the same kind and age, thinned and double thinned, the assistance that art gives to nature, and the judiciousness of thinning. As with man, the difference is so great between those who, having plenty of sea-room, breathe the pure oxygen of country air, and those who live in pent-up cities, so may we safely predict that in the not distant year of 1864, the difference in these trees will be as palpable to those who then live as witnesses.

the newly-found statesman, Lord George Bentinck.* He, whose spirit—discovering in the emergency of the hour its unthought-of strength—was venturing its ambitious flight in those realms whose fascination is inappreciable to the mere spectator, and in too many cases only lures the aspirant on to exchange for healthful repose, a fame transient as the efforts to obtain it—whose voice, sounding with others of mighty note in St. Stephen's Hall reverberated and was echoed in all lands where the fame of England's sons is known—whose rising was a surprise—whose future was bright with great hopes—here, at the close of his mortal day, he fell, stricken to the earth below him, by that dread disease which fells the strong man in his strength as instantly as the feeble in his weakness. From this turf, the soaring spirit, perhaps boundless in its aims,—that was to all seeming so strong—went at a moment's warning, to be lost in that shadowy future-land between which and us there is placed that dark veil through which none here must see. Hopes, aspirations, projects for the future so vividly present; the fair fields of his pursuits, though never to be trodden by him again, as flattering and attractive in his prospective horizon, as any that may delude us now—all lost in that dark hour whose unannounced coming was fated to be his last on earth!

The loftier the pedestal, the louder sounds the warning of such a fall to those who walk so heedlessly

* On the 21st of September, 1848.

at other times in imagined security around; and to them, as to all, how impressive should be such a close as this!—how pitiable, in its presence, are the petty shows of pride and folly so often seen displayed.

Lord George (in addition to living examples) was a striking instance that the character and occupations of the thorough sportsman are not incompatible with statesmanship. Remembering him, as all must so freshly do, following with untiring ardour his two pursuits of inclination and duty—in one, as he stands on the green-sward of the Doncaster course, in mind's eye now, his manly and familiar form expressive of all the delight that the occasion and its excitement seemed to inspire, starting the fleet coursers for the race:—in the other, himself the competitor and combatant in the struggle, how few could have anticipated that his own race would so soon be run—the narrative of its final close so quickly told!

In a letter dated February 12th, 1846, to a relative of the writer, on political topics, (from which we can, without infringing on propriety, give an extract—he who wrote being no more), Lord George says, “I think, if we can make no other boast, the Bentincks may claim to say, that if they undertake to do anything, they will, to the best of their abilities, endeavour to fulfil their engagement;” this proud expression of their integrity of purpose (made, it will be seen, before his most vehement political struggle commenced), was no vain boast. How well he proved it in his

own case, when first as the untried but afterwards as the foremost champion of a dejected party, he stood with firm front disputing his ground and retreating only inch by inch, finally, however, to lose both life and cause in the unequal contest, are well known. Considering the numbers, it was a chivalrous attempt, but time has shewn how vain!

His political biography has been well written by the ablest of his companions in arms—one who, like himself, had to fight hard for the reputation he aspired to on that absorbing arena; but to whom a more favouring fortune has granted the realization of that highest prize to English commoner—the leadership of his fellows in the Commons' House of England. It was a proud distinction to this distinguished son of letters; but judging from his care-worn appearance, when only a few weeks back he paid a tribute to the memory of his departed friend, by a visit to this spot, the struggle he has made for its attainment—from his first unsuccessful effort, to the time when he more than realized his boast that “the time would come when he *should* be heard,”—has been no slight one.

To return:—the interior of Welbeck house has little to distinguish it from houses of the like kind, if we except, perhaps, that air of true English comfort everywhere pervading it, so seldom to be found in these days of effect and show.

In addition to those already named, there are apparently some other portions of the old Abbey

existing. The spacious vaults, consisting of groined arches supported by massive columns, extending under the greater part of the building, and in perfect preservation, appear to have been part—the present building, formed from the materials or debris of the Abbey, having been erected upon them. They were, until some years back, on a level with the surface of the ground near the lake, and formed the basement story, instead of as now underground apartments, hidden from view by artificial mounds of earth thrown up against them. This earthwork is not only objectionable on the score of health, but detracts considerably from the otherwise imposing effect of the building, made by this means to appear a story lower. These arches are walled up, and form compartments used for vaults and domestic purposes,—so to remain until the taste for the restoration of such interesting relics of past days, so steadily gaining ground, restores them to their original integrity.

The chapel, with the exception of the roof, evidently belonged to the Abbey. In the walls are inserted some monumental slabs with simple devices—one a hand clasping a cross, another with an inscription to the memory of Walter de Etwell, who died in the fourteenth century, and was probably abbot here,—all choked up with innovating coats of that ornament of modern taste—whitewash; which a more modern taste still, will, we hope, remove. In the chapel is a black letter Bible and Common Prayer, dated

1683, with "Matthew Prior, his Book" written in characters large enough to deter anyone from attempting to appropriate it, in the face of such a claim to its ownership,—to say nothing of the accompanying flourishes. Prior, who was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King William, author of the "City Mouse and Country Mouse," "Solomon," and other poems, secretary to the embassy at the Hague, at the Treaty of Ryswick, and in France, and employed to negotiate the treaty of Utrecht, was the friend of the Earl of Oxford, at whose seat he died, and his portrait, by Richardson, and that of his brother poet, Ben Jonson, by Cornelius Janssens, are still preserved here.

An old Bible contains the following inscription of family interest, "The most noble Lady, the Lady Harriot Holles, daughter and heiress of the last most noble John, Duke of Newcastle, the last of that noble family, is humbly prayed to preserve this Bible, in memory of (and as devoted to her by) her deceased kinswoman Mrs. Elizabeth Courtenay, the last of the expired race of Sir Gervas Holles, nephew of the father of the first Earl of Clare."

In the house are paintings by many of the most celebrated ancient and modern masters. Amongst them are a Head of the Magdalen by Titian, the Holy Family by Raphael, Moses in the Bull Rushes by Vandyck, several large Hunting Scenes by Snyders (who remains unequalled in these representations); a very elaborate representation of the Tower of Babel (the

landscape by Brugher, the figures by Old Franks), interesting, independently of its merit as a painting, from the attempt it makes to depict that stange event; some excellent ones of Poultry and other Birds by Hondekoeter (who excelled in such delineations), one of them depicting in amusing colours the jealousy of the poultry yard on the intrusion of a feathered stranger; portraits of Charles the First, and William and Mary, the great friends of the family; and one of the often-named Bess of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury, ancestress of this and so many noble families, by Cornelius Janssens, (whose paintings are easily distinguishable by the clearness and delicacy of their tints). There are some good paintings of the Greendale Oak*

* The inlaid representations of this Oak, in the cabinet made of its wood, have an old-fashioned coach and four passing through its trunk, and in other places horsemen performing the same feat, apparently with no small glee. The date is 1727. The lines from Chaucer are

“Lo the Oke! that hath so long a nourishing,
Fro the time that it ginneth first to spring,
And hath so long a life, as we may see,
Yet at the last wasted is the tree.”

The lines from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* may be thus rendered

Oft beneath its shade the wood nymphs led the festive dance;
Oft, with hands entwined, they girt the measure of his trunk—
A joyous band: He towering above his fellows of the grove,
As much as they o'erhung the mossy sward beneath.

Or, more literally,

“Oft did the dryads lead the festive dance
Beneath his shade, or hand in hand enclose
The orbit of his trunk, full fifteen yards:
Whose head above his fellows of the grove
Doth tower, as these above the sward beneath.”

and Seven Sisters, by Barrett, dated 1767. In several of the rooms are paintings of Arabian and other horses of the equestrian Duke; one of colossal size, is painted with little respect to proportion and distance, in the foreground of the house, which may be seen almost immediately under him; in fact it seems doubtful whether he has not just walked over it. The family portraits are numerous: one of them represents a heroine, Lady Jane Cavendish (daughter of William, Duke of Newcastle), who kept garrison for her father at Welbeck, against the Parliamentary forces, in the wars of Charles the First.

The Library is a very beautiful apartment, in the florid gothic style, with an exceedingly elaborate and handsome ceiling. It contains some family portraits, a painting "The Angel on the Cloud," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some others by the same illustrious artist. The appearance presented by the adjoining park, from some of the windows, is exceedingly fair to look upon, and can seldom be surpassed as an English park scene.

It will not be well to conclude the description of Welbeck without some notice of the Duke's Water Meadows, which are not only their owner's pride, but have been, some months back described by the "Times' Agricultural Commissioner" as the pride of Nottinghamshire, and "the most gigantic improvement of their kind in England." They are, generally, reclaimed bog or barren land, levelled with gentle slopes from artifi-

cial or diverted streams, to the parent streams below. When it is thought necessary to irrigate, small shuttles, placed at intervals in the bank sides of the former streams, are opened, and the water flows in sheets over the meadows to the lower ones. Some of these meadows lie at the foot of Welbeck lake, and there are others at Carburton, High Oakham, Gledethorpe, Mansfield Woodhouse, and Clipstone. At the latter place there are 310 acres (on which the stream deposits the sewerage of Mansfield), and altogether about 600 acres; others are now in the course of formation. At Clipstone there is an arable farm of 2000 acres, cultivated by the duke, for which comparatively little artificial management is purchased; the cattle and stock, supported chiefly on these meadows, returning a sufficient equivalent. It is not unusual, we are informed, to have forty tons of Swedes per acre upon it. The meadows extend in length about seven miles along the valley watered by the river Maun, whose oftentimes abruptly rising banks are frequently crowned by the richest green of foliaged woods. The land at its formation into water-meadows, was thoroughly under-drained; the cost to their completion being, in many places, £100 per acre; the whole exceeding £40,000. The meadows yield two cuttings of grass yearly, and abundance remains for the eatage of the flocks. The lambs fed there are often ready for the market at Christmas. The annual value of the produce is estimated at from £10 to £12 per acre.

If the luxuriant appearance of field and stream is refreshing to the eye, it is no less gratifying to the mind to reflect that a nobleman has lived who has been so useful in his day and generation. The laurels gained in these peaceful pursuits have this advantage—they seldom rest on aching brows—whilst the works accomplished remain enduring testimonies, permanent in good.

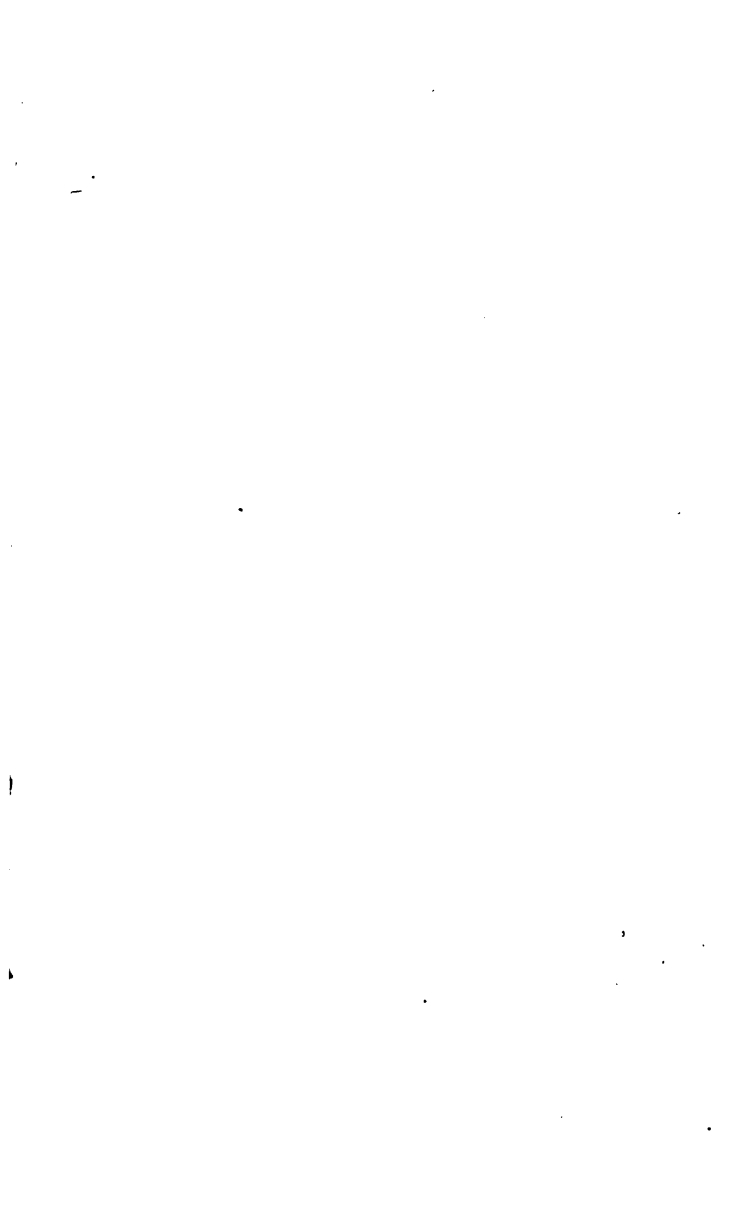
The duke has not confined his draining operations to this locality. In a pamphlet on Draining, published in 1847, he says, "During the last twenty years, I have furrow-drained more than ten thousand acres with shallow drains, in Scotland, to the perfect satisfaction of my tenants, and of which, when I last enquired, not one had failed." His grace has considerable estates in Ayrshire, and his introduction of the system of draining there, has been the cause of its adoption throughout the county. To express their sense of the service rendered by his example, and to typify the benefit conferred, the landowners and tenant farmers of Ayrshire, subscribed for a piece of plate, in the shape of a drain-tile resting on its sole, the interior containing a suitable address and the names of the subscribers.

The Bentinck Arms. Quarterly, 1st and 4th. Azure, a cross moline argent—BENTINCK. 2nd and 3rd. Sable, three stag's heads caboshed argent—CAVENDISH.

Crests. 1st. Out of a ducal coronet or, two arms embowed vested gules, gloves or, and each holding an ostrich feather argent—BENTINCK. 2nd. A serpent nowed proper—CAVENDISH.

Supporters. Two lions double queued; the dexter or, the sinister sable.

Motto. *Craignez honte*—Fear disgrace.





CLUMBER.

Clumber.

No more the sound of bugle horn
 Shall rouse the outlaw band ;
 No more the blush of coming morn
 Scare sprites from fairy-land :
 The Druid oaks, and haunted groves,
 Where Oberon was king,
 Are passed, with the mirth of elfin dance,
 And revel o'er charmed ring.

The mailed knight of old romance,
 On dark steed passing by ;
 And lady-fair, on her palfrey white,
 Whose falcon sweeps the sky ;
 And quarry, and hawk, and deer-hound good,
 And minstrel's gentle lay,—
 All these from old Sherwood's forest glades
 Long time have passed away !

The seat of the Duke of Newcastle, is about four miles south-east of Worksop. It may be taken as the commencement or conclusion of the route pointed out in the description of Birkland. The drive to it from Welbeck, by Milnthorpe and Carburton Lake is a very pleasant one. From Worksop there is a carriage and a foot road, the latter leading to it past a conspicuous landmark windmill, through the most refreshing forest scenery. The appearance of the park is very striking and beautiful ; perhaps few are more so. Unlike Welbeck, there is but little to suggest retrospect. The old Sherwood Forest dress has been laid aside, and a newer one of brighter hues assumed. Far as the eye can reach, nothing appears but ling, heather, bracken, and waving woods of fir and larch,

delicately contrastive, and resembling on a small scale the lowland scenery of Scotland. The rich purple of the heather-bloom, the flower of the golden gorse, and, occasionally, the gracefully pendent and overhanging branches of the silvery birch, with the other many attractions which nature so variously assumes, lend to her here a robe of picturesque and luxuriant beauty, seldom to be surpassed. The only mementos of Sherwood are two oak enclosures, known as the Clumber and Hardwick woods. The ring-fence of the park (so called) contains 3412 acres; of which 1391 are plantation and park land, 1892 arable, and 87 water; the whole being about three miles in length and breadth. At its eastern boundary is a very elegant stone screen and lodge, dividing it from one of the green lanes of Old England—formerly the great Nottingham road.

Before the Conquest, Adeluvol and Vlchil had two manors at Clumber, that afterwards passed to Roger de Busli. Fulc held some waste, part of one of them, and Vlchil a mill, some land, and wood (together valued in the Confessor's time at 20s.; in Domesday Book at 4s.) under De Busli. Part of Clumber, extending to the cross at Worksop, was of the soc or sokage of the royal fee or manor of *Maunsfield* and *Wodehouse*, and held of the king by Thomas de Hayton, Elias son of Hubert, Peter de Clumbre, and Adam de Hayton. William son of Hubert, also held part, by the service of "a horse and sac to the Constable,

when he should go into Wales, paying no scutage." In the time of Henry the Sixth, Robert Hekeling held the third part of a knight's fee in Lunde and Clumber. Henry the Eighth, in 1544, granted to Roger and Robert Taverner, "a mess. and lands in Clumber lately belonging to Newstede, at 11s. per annum;" and again in 1546, "a mess. in Clumber to John Ballewe and Robert Bigot."*

The manor and estates of Haughton, close by, were purchased of John Babington and Saunchia his wife, by Sir William Holles, who was Lord Mayor of London, in the time of Henry the Eighth, and whose great grandson became Earl of Clare. Clumber is not, to our knowledge, specified as being included in the purchase, but probably it was, as it always appears to have formed part of these possessions of the Earls of Clare.

Haughton, at the Conquest, was conferred upon Roger Pictavensis, and passed from him, with his other estates in this county, to the Earl of Lancaster, and subsequently to the families of Maresey, Monboucher, Longvilliers, Mallorell lord of Rampton, Stanhope, and by marriage with a daughter of the latter, to the above John Babington; but it does not appear when the two estates of Clumber and Haughton were first joined, if ever they were separate.

* Thoroton, in his mention of Clumber, quotes some names as among the owners in Worksop, in 1612, still existing or in remembrance there; Champne (Champion, we presume), Hodgkyne (Hodgkinson), Longley (Langley), Donston, Mandeville, &c.

Haughton was the principal seat of the Earls of Clare until the fourth Earl married into the Newcastle family, and removed to Welbeck; Clumber, at that time, being only an inferior mansion, if, indeed, anything more than a lodge. . About one hundred years ago, Clumber park seems to have been one of the wildest portions of Sherwood Forest, and nothing more than "a black heath, full of rabbits, having a narrow river running through it with a small boggy close or two." The fourth Earl of Clare (then as well Duke of Newcastle), having only a daughter, bequeathed Haughton and Clumber to his nephew, Thomas Pelham, second Baron Pelham,* and Welbeck became the

* The following extracts from a letter, dated December 1709, in the possession of Mr. Denman of Markham Clinton, from the then steward of Baron Pelham, to Mr. Thomas Denman of Haughton, land steward to that nobleman (and ancestor as well to Lord Denman, as to the above Mr. Denman), give an amusing view of farm management at that time, and include directions that would, in the present days of equality and fraternity, raise, we venture to say, a mutiny in the camp, if carried out; one is to the effect that if any of the servants "ride my lord's horses" without leave, they are to be mulcted in the penalty of five shillings each time, an impost that would operate, we should think, as a most effectual preventive; "when the weather is bad they, (the servants) are to saw billets, and other business such as knowing farmers set their servants about, that they may not eat idle bread;" "the springs to be kept free from deer;" "the sets planted in the decoy;" "nothing to go with the brood mares but the philleys;" "every carter out of the house after dark, to pay 12d." and finally, and most stringent of all, "you must see that Rodger Tuckey work hard," and if he does not "you must not pay him his board-wages (two shillings per week when good, and not one farthing when bad and idle), *but in room of his board you must thrash him*; if he is but one hour bad, you must stop his board a whole week." What became of Tuckey in the face of all this, evidence goes not to shew.

inheritance of his daughter, who married the Earl of Oxford (see page 116), and their descendants possess it now.

Sir William Holles, the purchaser of Haughton, resided at the seat of the Stanhopes there. He died in 1542. His eldest son squandered a large fortune left to him by his father, and died in prison. Another Sir William, who was more careful of his worldly goods, inherited his father's large estates at Haughton, and lived the hospitable life of an English knight for forty years. He was also member for the county, and twice high sheriff. At the coronation of Edward the Sixth he made a distinguished appearance; being attended by a retinue of fifty followers, in blue coats and badges. The old hall at Haughton, it is supposed, was built by him; his emblem, a man's hand bearing a vine branch loaded with fruit, and initials, being carved on each side of the entrance door.* His hospitality was unbounded. "He began his Christmas at Allhallow-tide, and continued it until Candlemas; during which time any man was permitted to stay three days, without question as to whence he came or what he was." Twelve days at this festive season of the year, had he an ox served up at his table, with sheep, &c. in proportion. If this may be taken as a specimen of English hospitality in those days, well might Sir

* In the ruined chapel at Haughton, on an old tomb stone, are carved these quaint but suggestive words, "Jesu, mercy; Ladie, helpe;"—the imploring petition of some anxious soul.

Walter Scott exclaim that "England was *merry* England then!" By such means he acquired the crowning title of "the good Sir William," and it was no mean distinction. His death occurred in 1590, at the ripe old age of eighty-three. John Holles, his descendant, living at Haughton in the time of James the First, was created by that king Baron Haughton of Haughton, and Earl of Clare. The fourth Earl married, as before related, and left Haughton for Welbeck. This marriage increased his income to £40,000 a year; an immense revenue in those days. It is said he died at Thoresby, from the effects of a fall whilst stag-hunting.

Of all the names that appear on the famous Roll of Battle Abbey, few have been more pre-eminently distinguished than that borne by the noble family now the owners of Haughton and Clumber. Before the Conquest, William de Villa Tancredi held the distinguished post of Chamberlain of Normandy. His three sons, Osbert, Renebald, and William, all accompanied the Conqueror to England. The second, Renebald, had conferred upon him the lordship of Clinton (now Climpton) in Oxfordshire, from which he assumed his surname. The sixth in descent from him, John de Clinton, was summoned to parliament by writ in 1299; from which time his male descendants have sat as Peers of Parliament to the present day, a distinction shared only by the families of Berkeley and Neville. The family of Courtenay, now Earls of Devon, is entitled to a similar distinction, but its misfortunes, in the six-

teenth century, produced a long intermission of its rights. With these exceptions they are therefore the oldest members of the House of Lords, in the paternal line. In the interval between 1299 they have highly acquitted themselves both as warriors and statesmen; and there is every reason to believe that in the latter branch of citizenship, the reputation acquired by the ancestors, will be well maintained by the present possessor of their honours. Of the Pelham ancestry, one, Sir John Pelham, eminently distinguished himself at the Battle of Poitiers, by personally assisting in the capture of John, king of France, for which he and his descendants were allowed to quarter on their arms a buckle of a belt, in commemoration. We subjoin in part from Thoroton and Debrett:

"Renobald Clinton had issue Geoffry, a favourite of Henry the Third, (under whom the latter enjoyed some high posts of honour), and Osbert, whose son Roger was appointed Bishop of Coventry in 1228. His grandson Robert was in the list of barons who warred against Henry the Third.

"Sir John de Clinton, in the reign of Edward the First, and in the year 1299, was summoned to parliament by the title of Baron Clinton of Maxtock. He left issue John Lord Clinton, by Ida, sister and heiress of Sir William de Odingfels, and William who was Lord High Admiral of England in 1383, and created Earl of Huntingdon in 1387.

"John, second Lord Clinton, and John, third Lord Clinton, distinguished themselves in the wars of Edward the Third. William, fourth Lord Clinton, in the wars of Henry the Fifth and Henry the Sixth. He bore the titles of Lord Clinton and Saye. His son

"John, sixth Lord Clinton, fought under Henry the Sixth in France, and was a prisoner more than six years. He afterwards fought on the side of the Yorkists. Edward, ninth Lord Clinton, his great-grandson, was a distinguished commander at sea, and Lord High Admiral of England in 1550. He was advanced to the title of Earl of Lincoln, and died in 1585.

"Henry, second Earl of Lincoln, his son, by Ursula, daughter of William Lord Stourton, was one of the commissioners on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. He left by his lady, Catherine daughter of Francis Earl of Huntingdon, Thomas his heir and others.

"This Thomas married Elizabeth, daughter and coheiress of Sir Henry Knevet, in the county of Wilts, knight, and was succeeded at his death in 1618, by

"Theophilus, fourth earl, who was made a Knight of the Bath in 1616. He married Bridget, daughter of William Viscount Saye and Sele, by whom he had Edward his son and heir, who died on his way to Paris, and left issue

"Edward, who upon the death of Theophilus his grandfather, succeeded him. He died without issue in 1692. [Here the Barony of Clinton of Maxtock fell into abeyance, and so remained until 1721 : and again in 1750, until 1760, when it devolved on Margaret, Countess of Orford, and from her it has descended to Charles-Rodolph Trefusis the present lord.] We now come to Sir Edward Clinton, knight, second brother in blood to Thomas Earl of Lincoln. This Sir Edward, having married the daughter of Thomas Dighton of Sturton-Parva, in the county of Lincoln, was father, by her, of Francis Clinton, knight, of Sturton-Parva ; which Sir Francis had issue, Francis his son and heir.

"Francis, sixth Earl of Lincoln, who succeeded on the death of Earl Edward. By his second wife Susanna, daughter of Anthony Peniston, esquire, he had issue

"Henry, the seventh Earl, who succeeded his father, at his death in 1693. He adhered to the whig party in the reign of Queen Anne. By George the First he was made Constable of the Tower, Paymaster of the Forces, and Knight of the Garter." He married Lucy, daughter of Thomas Pelham, Baron Pelham, and sister to Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of Newcastle, and had issue, George and Henry, the eighth and ninth Earls, and other children who died young or unmarried. George succeeded at his father's death, Sep. 7th, 1728 ; and Henry on the death of his brother in 1780. He also, on the decease of his maternal uncle, Thomas Pelham Holles (who had become possessed of Clumber from his uncle Holles) Nov. 17th, 1768, succeeded to this estate, and to the title of Duke of Newcastle-under-Lyne (by virtue of the limitations in the patent of that honour, dated 18th November, 1756), and assumed the name of Pelham. He married his cousin Catherine Pelham, eldest daughter and coheiress of the right honourable Henry Pelham, only brother of of Thomas Pelham-Holles Duke of Newcastle, by whom he had

issue;—he died 22nd February, 1794, and was succeeded by his only surviving son,

Thomas Fiennes-Pelham-Clinton, third duke and tenth earl, born 1st July, 1752; married 2nd May, 1782, Anna-Maria, fifth and youngest daughter of William, Earl of Harrington, and had issue Henry-Pelham, the late duke; Thomas-Pelham, lieutenant 1st regiment Life-guards, born 23rd July, 1786, died at Gibraltar, 8th October, 1804, unmarried; Anna-Maria, born 29th July, 1783, married, 1st January, 1801, Stapleton, Viscount Combermere; and Charlotte, born 9th July, 1791, died unmarried 23rd May, 1811. His Grace was a lieutenant-general in the army, and in 1774, was elected M.P. for Westminster, and in 1781 and 1784 for East Retford. He died 17th May, 1795, and was succeeded by his son

Henry-Pelham Pelham-Clinton, fourth duke and eleventh earl, K.G. and D.C.L., born January 30th, 1785, married Georgiana, daughter of Edward Miller Munday, Esq. of Shipley, in the county of Derby, born 1st June, 1798, died 27th September, 1822, and by her had issue eight sons and six daughters—Henry-Pelham, present duke; Charles-Pelham, born 3rd Dec, 1813, married Aug. 10th, 1848, to Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. Grant, Esq; Thomas-Charles (twin with Charles-Pelham), in the Army; William, born 13th January, 1815, died September 4th, 1850; Edward, born 18th February, 1816, R.N., died in China; John, died in infancy; Robert-Renebald, born 16th October, 1820, M.P. for North Notts. and George, who died in infancy. His grace's surviving daughters are Georgiana; Charlotte; Caroline-Augusta, married at Worksop, 29th January, 1852, to Sir Cornwallis Ricketts, baronet; and Henrietta. The duke died at Clumber, 12th January, 1851, and was succeeded by his eldest son

Henry-Pelham, the present duke, born 22nd May, 1811, married 27th November, 1832, lady Susan Douglas, only daughter of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and by her had issue Henry-Pelham-Alexander, Earl of Lincoln, born 25th January, 1834; Edward-William, born August 11th, 1836; Arthur, born June 23rd, 1840; Albert, born December 22nd, 1845; and Susan-Charlotte-Catherine, born April 7th, 1839.

Arms. Quarterly, 1st and 4th. Argent, six cross crosslets, 3, 2, and 1, sable, on a chief azure two mullets pierced or—CLINTON. 2nd and 3rd. Two coats of PELHAM quarterly, viz. 1st and 4th. Azure, three pelicans vulning themselves argent; and 2nd and 3rd, gules, two pieces of belts with buckles erect in pale, the buckles upwards argent, being a coat of augmentation assumed in memory of Sir John Pelham having assisted in taking John, king of France, prisoner at the battle of Poitiers.

Crests. 1st. Out of a ducal coronet gules, a plume of five ostrich feathers argent, banded azure.—CLINTON. 2nd. A peacock in pride proper—PELHAM.

Supporters. Two greyhounds argent, plain collared and lined gules.

Motto. *Loyaulté n'a honte*—Loyalty knows no shame.

The house of Olumber should be first viewed from the bridge that spans the lake at the western end. The scene lying below and stretching through a long vista, formed by plantations and skirting uplands of of velvet sward—along the moving course of the widening lake, to the ducal mansion standing half-way to the termination of the view, and from thence to where the water, departing from its straight line, is lost in the Hardwick woods;—all this produces an indescribable and charming sense of repose, and were it not for the gentle murmur of the waterfall close by, the music of the cooing dove, or the startled cry of the pheasant or aquatic birds that make this their secluded home, it would not be difficult to imagine oneself looking on a visioned and a fairy scene—"so wondrous fair, the whole might seem the scenery of a fairy dream."

The house forms a pleasing and conspicuous object in the view:—a poet, indeed, in the exuberance of his fancy, has styled it "an enchanted palace,"—but the expression must have had reference to the place and grounds as a whole, and then the term would not be misapplied. We must, however, confess that classic and beautiful as the ducal house appears, when "distance is lending enchantment to the view,"

and as "shining far it celestial seems to be," it loses something by the minuteness of its detail, on nearer approach. Forming part of an extensive prospect it adds exquisitely to the effect, but itself, deprived of accessories, loses greatly. The lake abounds in water-fowl, and of these, swans are numerous, and sail in beautiful companionship over the still waters. The lake, darkening in colour, as seen from the height of the bridge, is greatly relieved by these superb and snow plumed creatures floating along with the gentle current, or proudly breasting the opposing stream. With them, in quiet repose beyond the house, are, or were, several handsome vessels, one of which, is a miniature frigate called "The Lincoln," and another "The Clumber Yacht." Small as the former was, it showed some formidable teeth in anticipation of the rioters of 1831, who, after committing that sad act of destruction, the burning of Nottingham Castle,* and

* This historical place,—where in 860 the Danes, having come up the Trent, established a fortress, and were besieged by Buthred king of Mercia, and Prince afterwards King Alfred the Great; where William de Peveril, in 1068, built a castle, afterwards for long years a royal castle; besieged in Henry the Second's reign by his rebellious son Henry; in the time of Cœur de Lion's captivity sieged by Earl, afterwards King, John, and recovered by Richard, who held his parliament there for the trial of his faithless brother; occupied by Queen Isabella's paramour Mortimer, who was surprised and taken in her apartment in 1380, by the young king, her son, Edward the Third (whose entrance was effected by means of a subterranean passage, cut during the Danish invasion, by some of the Saxon kings, and ever since known as "Mortimer's Hole"); enlarged by Edward the Fourth; where Richard the Third mustered his forces before marching to Bosworth Field; a dilapidated place in the

shortening the days of Colwick's mistress, Byron's "bright morning star of Annesley" Mary Chaworth, (as we yet would call her) were expected here; the late duke having rendered himself obnoxious to them by his opposition to the Reform Bill.

Although Clumber house has not so perfect an appearance when near, as from the spot first chosen to present it to the view, yet, it is in itself, independently of the assistance the beautiful surrounding scenery renders, a very elegant structure, yielding to few English mansions in style or effect. The terrace in front, extending to the lake and connected with the latter by two flights of steps, improves it greatly.

This terrace contains an Italian marble fountain, the lower bason of which is 12ft. 6in. in diameter, and the upper one, supported by a group of dolphins, four feet. The terrace is admirably laid out with ornamental beds, filled with choice flowers and shrubs; and

reigns of the Tudors; an important hold in the wars of Charles the First and his Parliament—Charles's standard being erected in it, 22nd August, 1642; partially destroyed, after standing 400 years, by Cromwell; and finally burnt by the Reform Law rioters, in 1831:—this celebrated castle came into the possession of the first Duke of Newcastle-upon-Tyne shortly after the Restoration of Charles the Second. It was granted by James the First to the Earl of Rutland, and passed through him to Villiers Duke of Buckingham. His heir claimed it after the Restoration, and sold it to William Cavendish, Marquis, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, who in 1674 commenced building the present or rather late edifice, and it was completed by his son Henry in 1683; the whole cost being £14,007. 17s. 11d. It passed afterwards, to the Earl of Clare, with the Clumber estates, and has remained with the family ever since.

profusely decorated with marble statues, sculptured vases, and basons with gold and silver fish. On the eastern side is a conservatory, filled with exotic plants perfuming the air with a delicious odour,—a small mossy fountain throwing up a column of sparkling water in the midst. Adjoining is a small aviary and an apartment containing fossils, sculpture, &c.

The Pleasure Grounds on the eastern side of the Terrace, extend about a quarter of a mile on the side of the lake, and are tastefully laid out with charming walks winding through ornamental trees and flowering shrubs; the whole being kept in admirable order under the superintendence of Mr. Moffat, who has also the management of the gardens.

The house was erected about the year 1770, and is said to “embrace more magnificence and comfort than any other nobleman’s seat in England;”—and that “in this princely abode the writer of romance might enrich his fancy, and the poet imagine himself wandering through an enchanted palace”—descriptions that cannot be complained of as being deficient either in warmth or colouring. It stands in the centre of the park, and has three fronts, the one towards the terrace having a light Ionic colonnade, surmounted by the arms of the family.

The Entrance Hall is spacious, and beautifully decorated with a marble medallion of a Dolphin and Tritons; a table of the same material inlaid with landscapes, and another tessellated; paintings, and antique

busts. The lofty Staircase is adorned with paintings and sculpture, amongst which are a marble model of the Laocoon group; a bust of the late duke; a painting of Apollo and the Hours preceded by Aurora; a Lioness attacking a Wild Boar (life size) by Snyders; and other articles of virtù. The railing is of ironwork, richly gilt, with crowns, and tassels hanging from twisted cords. The mellow tints streaming from stained glass windows (representing the heraldic devices of the family), give to the whole a very rich effect.

The principal apartments contain a great number of excellent paintings by Rubens, Rembrant, Corregio, Salvator-Rosa, Snyders, Vandyk, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others of note. In the Dining Room are seven, alone valued at £25,000. Four of these are market pieces, the joint production of Snyders and Long John; two, landscapes by Zuccarelli; and one, dead game by Wenix. Snyders was assisted in some of his paintings (as also were Rubens and John Fyt) by Jordaens, whose "lusty figures match admirably with Snyders' golden game, silvery fish, and lobsters, grasping at the light with all their claws." In the adjoining room are, amongst many other, two portraits, one of Charles the First, the other of Oliver Cromwell; a Marriage Feast by Vandyk; a landscape by Salvator-Rosa (the only production of that great artist Clumber possesses); and two beautifully painted Beggar Boys by Gainsborough. The family portraits are numerous, and include John Holles

first Earl of Clare; Edward, Earl of Lincoln (by Holbein); Henry Pelham, as Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir Henry Clinton, Commander in Chief of the British Army in the American War; the late Duke and Duchess, and several surviving members of the family when children. In the small Dining Room are two paintings of Fruit and Flowers, by Van Os, perfect gems; but the most esteemed is the celebrated piece, *Sigismunda weeping over the Heart of Tancred*, valuable as a work of art, but certainly not suggestive of very pleasing ideas. This painting is attributed both to Corregio and Furino. Henry the Eighth is represented by a miniature portrait, and considering the number of likenesses of that familiar face, which have been handed down to us, its lineaments are not likely to be forgotten soon by a questioning posterity. In the upper rooms are some water colour paintings brought from Herculaneum—that city of old. The remainder of the paintings are so numerous that they cannot be done justice to in a limited description like this.

The principal Drawing Room, a fine lofty apartment, contains some handsome cabinets and marble tables, brought by Lord Combermere from India, and presented by him to the late duke.

The most attractive part of Clumber, however, is that apartment where greater works of the human mind than those named, are stored—mighty tomes, containing the experience of the wisest and the best:—

the Library, whose well-lined shelves bearing upon them so many of those silent voices of the dead, attest that its owners have not been inattentive to such teachings. Forming part, and connected with it by a Corinthian arch, whose columns are jasper, is the Reading Room, with an octagonal front to the east part of the terrace and pleasure grounds. Wilderness as Clumber may have been some years ago, rarely can we gaze upon a sweeter scene than opens to the view from the windows of this noble room—lawn, water, wood, a park, not perhaps so serene but more picturesque than Welbeck, with interspersed trees and patches of gorse, and feeding herds—all a fair imagery uniting to produce a picture by the artist Nature, sadly detractive of the imitations we have left. Beautiful, however, as Nature is, the handiwork of her sons nearly approaches her efforts,—so closely indeed that it can be clearly seen the divinity of the parent is shared in the inspiration of the progeny; and this is well instanced by a beautifully chiselled statue of Euphrosyne, by Westmacott, standing in the Library; not so fair, perhaps, as some of the living daughters of man, but exquisite in the imitation. In the Reading Room are several miniature bronze casts, and a Venus, of the size of life. In addition to these, there are some other rare pieces of sculpture at Clumber; and at the church of Markham-Clinton, a few miles off, an admirably executed group, in marble, to the memory of the late Duchess and her deceased children.

The sister art, Poetry, so well assists us to a conception of what sculpture should be, and is so beautifully expressive in the following lines by Charles Mackay, that we cannot refrain giving them :

“The marble statue of a nymph antique
 Stood in the shadow : radiant were her limbs
 With modesty ; her upturned face was bright
 With mental glory and serene repose ;
 The full round arms and figure to the midst
 Displayed the charm of chastest nudity ;
 A flowing drapery round her lower limbs
 In ample folds concealed the loveliness,
 The majesty, and glory of the form.
 One hand was raised, and pointed to the stars ;
 The other, resting on her snow-white breast,
 Seemed as it felt the pulsing of her heart ;
 She stood the symbol of enraptured thought
 And holy musing. At her feet, an urn
 Poured in a marble fount a constant stream
 Of limpid water.”

For its internal and external adornments, Clumber has been greatly indebted to the late Duke of Newcastle, who possessed considerable taste in such matters. In alluding to him, mention may be made of a romantic incident in the early part of his life, which seems like a poetic requital for the share his ancestor had in the capture of the French king. On leaving Eton, in 1803 (and being then Duke of Newcastle, having inherited the title—which his father enjoyed but one year—at the early age of ten), he joined his mother and step-father, General Sir Charles Grogan Craufurd, and taking advantage of the brief peace of Amiens, proceeded with them to France, where, hostilities again breaking out, he was seized and detained

prisoner of war for four years. This event, and the horror he then acquired of revolutionary acts and some of their results, drove His Grace, as many think, to those extreme conservative principles in which he was so remarkably consistent. A writer in a Liberal journal has, in spite of political difference, passed upon him the following eulogium:—"Suffice it to add, that long after His Grace's political errors are forgotten, his private worth, his high English spirit, his generous disposition, and his kindliness of heart will be remembered, and his name ever form an honourable link in the ancestral roll of the illustrious family from which he descended."

The Duke of Newcastle is Secretary of State for the Colonies, and virtually Secretary of War; and although the duties and responsibilities of both offices are rapidly increasing, there is, judging from antecedents, but little doubt that His Grace will be faithful and energetic in the trust. Fortunately, in his coadjutors, he has those who are, seemingly, as earnest and single-minded in purpose as himself; many with the same political traditions, and all apparently exempt, in a high degree, from that love of personal distinction and those petty feelings of party spirit, for which so many sacrifice public good, and which are so intensely individualised in some pseudo statesman of the present day—men who care too much for their own ephemeral reputations to sacrifice small self-interests for the general weal. We rejoice, however, to believe, notwith-

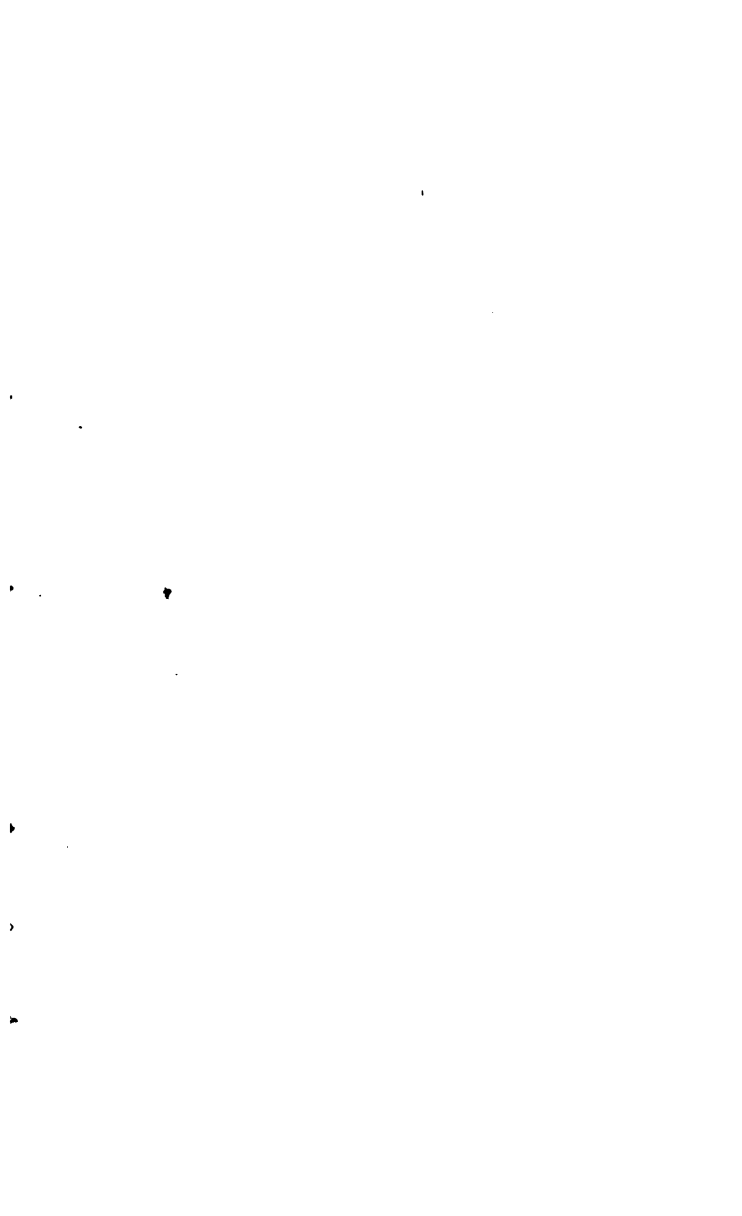
standing the ridicule many attempt to cast upon the present rapid and manifest advancement, that such selfish and narrow-minded aims, are less frequent in these days with our public men, and that past experience has led to wider and nobler views. It is a question for philosophers, to what extent, and for what time, repeated and successive culture of sire and son will continue to improve the human race, before that individual degeneracy, which generally appears inevitable, arrives; but there is no doubt that our aristocracy has benefited much from such culture; and although the refinement it produces is unfortunately apt to engender in some an unwise and unnatural feeling of isolation and estrangement from their fellows, we may say, without flattery, that the noble owner of Clumber is not fettered by any such feelings of conventional constraint. To his tenantry and neighbours, as to all, he appears both familiar and, as far as we can judge, anxious to promote their welfare, even in the smallest things. The following description or resumé of his grace's political career, is from a recent number of Tait's Magazine, and seems both impartial and just: with its last sentence of high praise we heartily agree.

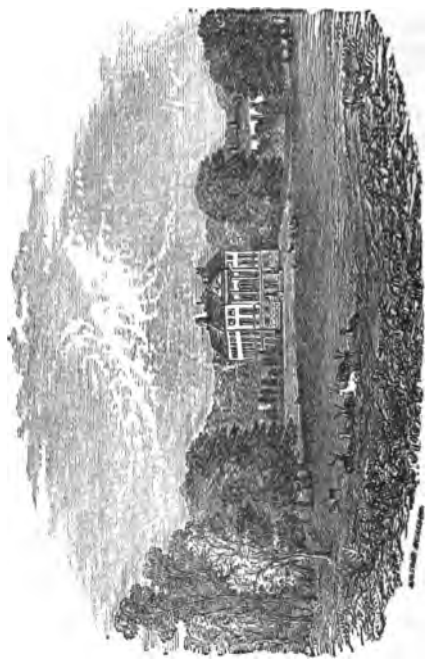
“Henry Pelham-Clinton, fifth Duke of Newcastle, and Secretary of State for the Colonies, was born in London, in 1811, and married to the daughter of the tenth Duke of Hamilton. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford; entered the House of Commons, as Earl of Lincoln, in 1831; and was a Lord of the Treasury during the Wellington and Peel administration of 1834-5, at which time his friend Mr. Gladstone was also one of the Lords of the Treasury. In 1841 Lord Lincoln was appointed First

Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Land Revenue, Works and Buildings, an office which he resigned the 2nd of March, 1846. In this department, which affords but a limited area for administrative statesmanship, Lord Lincoln was attentive; and in regard to the public parks and buildings, his arrangements uniformly manifested good taste, and were always satisfactory to the public. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and a Cabinet Minister from January to July, 1846. To those who are unacquainted with the Duke of Newcastle, it may seem that his administrative knowledge may not be sufficient to enable him to undertake the responsible duties of the office which he now holds, with the prospect of giving satisfaction to the colonists. We do not join in that opinion. We have known him for many years, as a laborious statesman, and one who has acquired a full knowledge of the affairs of the British empire, by travelling in the principal States of Europe. He has greatly profited by the experience afforded him while associated with the Ministry of Sir R. Peel, and by several years' close attendance in the House of Commons, in which he was a pleasing and successful speaker. He has been equally successful in the House of Peers. He is a thorough Free-trader and an honest friend of civil and religious freedom. He is sagacious, and his judgment is usually sound and practical; and although intrusted with one of the most important departments under the Crown, we shall be greatly disappointed if he does not succeed to the entire satisfaction of the United Kingdom, and of those who are most interested, the colonists; no man, we believe, can be more anxious to do that which is right, and few men are more able to do so than the Duke of Newcastle."

His Grace is Custos Rotulorum of Newark; Keeper of Sherwood Forest and Folewood Park; High Steward of Retford; and Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a stout body of yeomen known, we presume, in remembrance of their quondam predecessors of yore, and in honour of the locality, as the Sherwood Rangers.

At the end of Clumber lake (which is three miles long) is the farming establishment—Hardwick.





THORESBY.

Thoresby.

"Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
 Have fenced him for some hundred years,
 While fell around his green compeers—
 Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
 The changes of his parent dell,
 Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
 Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
 Would he could tell how deep the shade
 A thousand mingled branches made;
 How broad the shadows of the oak,
 How clung the rowan to the rock,
 And through the foliage shew'd his head,
 With narrow leaves and berries red.
 'Here in my shade,' methinks he'd say,
 'The mighty stag at noontide lay:
 The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game.'"
 * * * *

The seat of Earl Manvers, about six miles south-east of Worksop, and bounded by Clumber Park on one side, and the forest of Birkland on the other,—celebrated as the birthplace of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and as the hospitable asylum of the Corsican patriot, Pascal Paoli, but more so from forming part of that wild old Sherwood, whose remains, in all its rare if rude beauty, it yet so fondly cherishes.

The change is great from the scene we have left. Here, we feel we are approaching classic ground, and are in the presence of that primeval forest, whose aged sons (to give the words of a youthful and gifted writer) have, in truth, seen "the by-gone minstrel times and the shepherd days of the world's young sunrise;" a place that in those times of old of which poets love to

sing, was a "forest haunted with pagan shapes," and where, many a time and oft, as "nymphs slumbering lay, sinking full softly in the violets dim," have "tim-brelled troops rushed past with branches green." Wood-nymphs and fairy troops have long since fled the scene, but these quotations (from one who is now only rising into "the dawn which" we hope "is to widen to a clear and boundless day,") are exquisitely suggestive of ancient beliefs in such quondam dwellers in old shades like these, and are not unworthy to rank with the like allusions in Shakspeare's immortal verse.

The house stands in the centre of a wide park, ten miles in circumference; to the north-east ranging to a point only terminated by an horizon formed by heather tracts and beech forests, dotted here and there by crab trees, whose sacred and clustering mistletoe is pleasantly suggestive of Christmas doings in the comfortable-looking mansion below; to the east by an extent of lawn-like slope crowned by a wood of firs and pines, whose foreground is a "green sward golden in the level sun," scarcely to be equalled, in its calm beauty; and to the south-west by aged trees, seen in the distance, "gazing up into the sky, their bare arms stretched in prayer," venerable protectors of many a roving herd of deer. The Rufford hounds often meet, under the shade of the wood on the summit of the sward fronting the east side of the house, and the effect then produced is very pleasing; hounds and horsemen in repose, scarlet coats contrasting with the

delicate green of the turf, or deeper hues of the gently stirring pines, and the startled deer around, form a scene worthy of painter's brush, not easily forgotten ; and few men have enjoyed that sight more, we warrant, than Thoresby's noble Earl, or few heard with keener delight the thrilling melody of the hunter's horn.

To the west of the house is the lake, formed by the river Medin, sometimes adorned with a handsome miniature vessel (which Mother Shipton's admirers believe to be the one predicted by her to sail over this forest) and beautifully terminated by plantations of silvery birch and other trees, coming down to the margin of the water. When we last saw it a wandering swan was winging his unwieldy flight over the lake's surface, and taught the lesson that they of that genus (as is the case with some of our own race) are more graceful in repose and on their own element, than when wending their way through the more uncongenial one of air.

This broad and magnificent sheet of water is protected at its eastern extremity by a mimic battery, consisting of a mortar and guns, some of the latter apparently of Spanish origin. At the western side, on a commanding and picturesque eminence, is the residence of "the sailor," (an old naval companion of of his Lordship's),—a modern erection known as "Fort William," and protected in like style. On the south margin of the water is a monument to the memory of two former inhabitants of Edwinstowe, one a mariner,

named Neil, the other, Birdsall, who were drowned whilst crossing the lake on a stormy evening on the 29th January, 1800, in a canoe.

It is a beautiful feature this lake scenery in our English parks, and when beholding such a scene, and remembering that here the placid waters flow in the old *Sherwood*, the interest heightens from the very association. Near the house it passes over a well arranged cascade, forming a smaller lake in the pleasure-grounds below. And here musing upon the legendary scene—nature in her most attractive garb—the rushing of the stream—the song of birds—wood and water—brake and dell—nothing seemingly wanting—one cannot help thinking that the owner of such a spot has a pleasant home!

The hospitable looking house differs from the seats around, in being built of red brick, and its appearance, if less classic, is certainly very suggestive of old English comfort—a desideratum even in the most beautiful scenery. It has been well observed that in Thoresby Park any one might imagine himself in the midst of transatlantic forests. The numerous deer (a feature in which we are sorry Clumber is wanting), roam over the wide extent in the most unlimited freedom, and add very much to the effect.

The present house stands on the site of one that was burnt down on the 4th of April, 1745; the fire consuming every thing but the family writings and a few other articles of value. This modern one, erected

by the last Duke of Kingston, has twice narrowly escaped a similar fate. The basement story is of rusticated stone, with two stories of brickwork above; the principal front having a tetrastyle portico, of the Ionic order, in ornament. The window frames are richly gilt externally.

From the Entrance Hall a double Staircase, surmounted by a dome, leads to the upper rooms, and a very rich effect is produced by the light entering upon it through windows yellow stained. In the east Entrance Hall is an interesting representation in chiaro oscuro of the Grecian Horse before the walls of Troy; the soldiers descending into their place of concealment, its capacious body, by means of an opening in the back,—thus to surprise the fated city that had so nobly stood its ten years' siege. There are also a portrait and a bust of the patriot Pascal Paoli*—the latter in the octagonal drawing-room,—a noble apartment richly hung with crimson damask, looking upon the pleasant glades of the old forest. The rooms are well furnished and in the Dining Room is a recess divided from it by four elegant pillars spirally fluted, with gilt capitals.

The grounds in front are partly laid out in the

* Pascal Paoli was the celebrated Corsican who, after gallantly asserting his country's rights, first against the Genevese and then the French, was driven by Louis the Fifteenth of France from his native land, and found a hospitable and peaceful retreat here, with his friend the Duke of Kingston. It is a name famous in connexion with that of the other greater Corsican—Napoleon.

German style, and are under the able superintendence of Mr. Bennett, who has, it may truly be said, "grown grey" in the service of the family, having been with them nearly half a century. Several of the woods and groves around, are named in memory of naval heroes.

Thoresby formerly was part of the manor of Perlethorpe, or Peverilthorpe, and belonged, before the Conquest, to the Saxons Thurstan and Ulmer, who had two manors here, which answered to the Dane-geld, or tax of those times, as for ten bovates. After the Conquest it was conferred upon Roger de Busli (with Holme-Pierrepont and other large possessions). It afterwards passed to the nuns of Halverholme, and then to the Countess of Eu, who, however, relinquished it to the extent of six knights' fees to Robert and Idonea de Veteriponte, or Vipont, collateral connexions, in descent, of De Busli, in satisfaction of a claim they had made to Tickhill Castle and this estate. The latter was granted by King John to the ancestors of the Viponts, for we find on Edward the First claiming Perlethorpe against Roger de Clifford and Roger de Leybourne, the husbands of the granddaughters and co-heiresses of Robert and Idonea de Vipont, the deforciantes succeeded in asserting their right by the production of John's charter. In the 30th of Edward the First (nineteen years after that king's claim) *Perlethorpe* and *Thurseby* answered for half a villa of which John de Crumbwell, who had married a De Clifford, and the king were lords; five bovates of it belonging

to "the king's great manor of Maunesfield." In the 10th of Edward the Third, Edward le Despenser was tenant of the lands of Idonea de Leybourne here (as at Staveley), and afterwards held them in fee. Perlethorpe, and probably Thoresby, afterwards passed successively to Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, to the Nevills, George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester, to the Crown, Sir John Byron, Lord Clinton and Saye, Mr. Lodge an alderman of London, and to the Earl of Kingston, at which time it was separated from Thoresby. When it came to this family, or was first separated, we do not learn.

As is the case with most of our old nobility, this family is of Norman origin. The following genealogical account is from the same sources as the others we have given—Thoroton, Debrett, and Lodge.

This noble family are descended from Robert Pierrepont, a general in the Conqueror's army, and derive their name from the castle of Pierrepont on the confines of Picardy. Robert, as appears by Domesday Book, settled in the south of England and had large possessions in the reign of William the First. His descendants continued people of note as warriors and possessors of property there. About the middle of the twelfth century Henry Pierrepont married Annora de Manvers, who brought Holme-Pierrepont (of which the Malnuers or Maunvers were enfeoffed as of a knight's fee in the reign of Henry the First, and which was so named from being the home or principal residence of that couple,) and other large possessions in Nottinghamshire into the family. Edward the Second, by letter from Woodstock, 27th June, 1316, wrote to "Robert de Perpount and others to raise 2000 footmen in the counties of Nottingham and Derby." The same year the king (who had granted him the estate of "Holbeck Woodhouses," and other lands, two years before,) summoned him from York, "to come with horse and arms to the war in Scotland." Henry Pierrepont, in the reign of Edward the Fourth (1470), became famous for his faithful and

frequent services against the Lancastrians, and had granted to him the third part of the manor of Staley (now Staveley), before then the property of the attainted Lord Clifford. George, his heir, received the honour of knighthood in 1546, from Edward, and died in the sixth of Elizabeth. Henry, his son and heir, by Frances daughter of Sir William Cavendish and the celebrated Bess of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury, left issue

Robert, who in 1627 was created Baron Pierrepont of Holme-Pierrepont, and Viscount Newark, and in 1628, advanced to the dignity of Earl of Kingston. To Charles the First he gave powerful testimonies of his loyalty, was commissioned to raise 1,200 men, and constituted Lieutenant-General of the King's Forces within the counties of Lincoln, Rutland, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Norfolk. He was slain passing the Humber by an accidental shot, in the year 1643. His eldest son,

Henry, who succeeded to the honours, attended his royal master, to whom he was privy-councillor, in all his troubles, and in consequence of his eminent services was created Marquis of Dorchester in 1643. This title became extinct on his death in 1680, but the earldom devolved on Robert, third earl, grandson and heir of William, the Marquis's next brother. This Robert married a daughter of the illustrious house of Shrewsbury. He died in 1682, and was successively followed by his two brothers William and Evelyn—

This Evelyn, the fifth earl, was created Marquis of Dorchester in 1706, and Duke of Kingston-upon-Hull in 1715. Besides other honours which were bestowed upon him by the crown, he was three times appointed one of the Lords Justices during the king's absence in Hanover. He married Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William third Earl of Denbigh, and secondly Lady Isabella Bentinck, daughter of William first Earl of Portland, having had by his first marriage three daughters (the eldest of whom was the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu) and one son, William, Earl of Kingston, who died in 1713, while his father was Marquis of Dorchester, leaving a son, Evelyn, second duke and K.G., who succeeded his grandfather. On his death in 1773 all the titles became extinct.

The second duke's only sister, Lady Frances Pierrepont, married in 1734 Philip Medows, Esq. third son of Sir Philip Medows, knight-marshal of the palace, (by his wife Dorothy, sister of Hugh Boscawen, first Viscount Falmouth,) and grandson of Sir Philip Medows, knight-marshal of the palace, ambassador to the courts of Denmark and Sweden, and Knight of the Danish order of the Elephant, and left issue Charles, who succeeded to the estates of his uncle Evelyn, and assumed the name of

Pierrepont. He was created Baron Pierrepont of Holme-Pierrepont, and Viscount Newark in 1796, and Earl Manvers in 1806; married Anne-Orton, youngest daughter of John Mills, Esq. of Richmond, and by her (who died 24th August, 1832) had issue Evelyn Henry Frederick, born 11th January, 1775, died 22nd of October 1801; Charles Herbert, present earl; Henry Manvers, privy councillor, late Ambassador to the Court of Denmark, born 18th March, 1780, (married Sophia Cecil, daughter of Henry, Marquis of Exeter, and by her had issue Augusta Sophia Anne, born May 30th, 1820, married July 9th, 1844, to Lord Charles Wellesley, second son of the late Duke of Wellington, and now heir presumptive to the title,) died 11th Nov. 1851; Frances Augusta Eliza, married Vice-Admiral William Bentinck, and secondly Henry William Stephens, Esq.; and Philip Sydney, born 13th June, 1786, married Georgiana, only daughter of Herbert Gwynne Brown, Esq. of Imlay Park, Northamptonshire. The Earl died June 17th, 1816, and was succeeded by his son

Charles Herbert, the present earl, born August 11th, 1778, married August 23rd, 1804, Mary Letitia, daughter of Anthony, Hardolph Eyre, Esq. of Grove Park, Notts. and has had issue, Charles Evelyn, Viscount Newark, born 2nd Sept. 1805, married 16th Aug. 1832, Emily daughter of Edward, Lord Hatherton, elected M.P. for East Retford and Bassetlaw in three parliaments, and died without issue 23rd Aug. 1850; Mary Frances, married 21st Aug. 1845, Edward Christopher Egerton, Esq.; Annora Charlotte; and Sydney William Herbert, Viscount Newark, M.P. for South Notts. born 12th March 1847, died 15th June, 1852, Mdle. Georgiana Jane Elizabeth, De Coigny, daughter of the Duc de Coigny of France.

Arms. Argent, a lion rampant, within an orle of eight cinquefoils sable.

Crest. A lion rampant between two wings sable.

Supporters. Two lions sable.

Motto. *Pie reponse te.*—In piety confide. (A play, it will be seen, on the family surname.)

Both the present Earl and his predecessor in the earldom, entered the Royal Navy in their youth, each attaining the rank of Post-Captain. The late Earl on quitting the navy, paid much attention to agriculture, and in 1803, received the gold medal of the Society for the advancement of Arts, &c. for his exertions in

planting oaks on his estate. The Duke of Norfolk as chairman of the Society, at the same time complimenting him on the services rendered to his country, both in war and in his retirement, observing that "he had not only maintained the ancient bulwarks of the empire, but had furnished materials for posterity to form new ones."

The present Earl was in active service during the early part of the last war, and on the 8th of January, 1798, when commander of the *Kingfisher*, a brig mounting 18 six-pounders, with a complement of 120 men, captured, after a smart action, *La Betsey*, a French ship privateer of 16 guns and 118 men, nine of whom were killed and wounded; the *Kingfisher* having only one man wounded. Whilst in the same vessel, he also captured *Le Lynx* of 10 guns and 70 men; *L'Avantivia Ferolina*, of 1 gun and 26 men; and *L'Espoir*, of 2 guns and 39 men. He was made a Post-Captain into the *Spartiate* 74, (one of the prizes taken by Sir Horatio Nelson, in Aboukir Bay) December 24th, 1798; a fortunate change for his Lordship, for a few days after he had joined the *Spartiate*, his late vessel the *Kingfisher* was wrecked on the bar of Lisbon, when under the command of her first Lieutenant. He was subsequently appointed to the *Dedaigneuse* frigate, but resigned the command of her on the death of his elder brother.

From this period his Lordship represented the county of Nottingham in Parliament, until his acces-

sion to the Earldom. In 1820, he ordered the arrears of his half-pay amounting to £1865 9s. 6d. to be added to the funds of the Naval Charitable Society, together with all future half-pay to which he should be entitled from the Navy; the then annual amount of which was £261. 5s. 6d. ;* the bequest therefore to the Society, with its accumulation to the present time, has been a very considerable one. As a landlord and neighbour, the Earl is held in high estimation. He is now in his seventy-sixth year.

The Nottinghamshire Gentleman and Yeomanry Cavalry were entertained, about 1796, at Thoresby by Mr. Pierrepont, after a review in the park,—an example which Throsby suggests should be more generally followed by those with rank and fortune; naively adding, “for some have asserted in unqualified words, that they, under God, have been the salvation of their country.”†

A romantic incident is connected with the career of the last Duchess of Kingston. After the death of the Duke her second husband, she was tried before the peers at Westminster for bigamy, having married

* Lieutenant Marshall's Naval Biography.

† Acting up to the spirit of this suggestion, but after a long interval, at a time when rumours of war were again rife, the Duke of Newcastle, on the 27th of May, 1853, and at the close of the usual week's exercise on the Worksop Manor Hills, entertained his body of Rangers and their ex-commander, at the neighbouring seat of Clumber, in the most munificent manner, to celebrate the occasion of his assuming the command in the place of Sir Thomas Woollaston White,—thus adding a parallel passage in our local history, to the one recorded by Throsby.

him during the life of her first husband, the Hon. A. J. Hervey (afterwards Earl of Bristol). Her plea, in bar of the indictment, was a decision of the Ecclesiastical Court in her favour in 1768, before the second marriage. All the peers found her guilty but one—the Duke of Newcastle—who declared “upon his honour, that she was legally, but not intentionally, guilty.” Her trial lasted from the 15th to the 22nd of April, 1766, and excited considerable interest; being attended by Queen Charlotte, the young Prince of Wales, and others of the royal family, crowds of peeresses, and foreign ambassadors. During the trial the Duchess was remarkably composed, but when His Grace so spoke, she fainted, and was carried out of court. She afterwards resided on the Continent, and twenty-two years after, on the 26th of August, 1788, died in Russia.

Lady Mary Pierrepont, daughter of Evelyn first Duke of Kingston, was born at Thoresby in 1690, and passed her life here in great retirement, until her marriage with Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu in 1712. She attained a high proficiency in the Greek, Latin, and French languages, and translated, when only nineteen years of age, the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, which was revised by Bishop Burnet, who ultimately became her instructor, and of whom she speaks with gratitude, for “condescending to superintend the education of a young girl.” In 1716 she accompanied her husband in his embassy to Constantinople, from whence she

wrote a series of letters to Pope and Addison, cleverly descriptive of Turkish manners, and returned in 1718. She courageously braved prejudice, by adopting the Turkish practice of inoculation on her son, and afterwards introduced it into England, when "the clergy," Lord Wharncliffe tells us, "descanted from their pulpits on the impropriety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand of Providence!" In 1739, with his consent, she left her husband, to reside on the Continent, and after twenty-two years absence, returned, at the solicitation of her daughter the Countess of Bute, and died in 1762.

It is a pleasing picture to imagine one so fair and young, as she would be at the time, so earnestly imbibing the lore of the learned in these classic shades; and is in strange contrast with the varied and stirring scenes of her after life.

Hers is one of those few happy instances where the possessor of the "rank of an hour" has, by intrinsic merit, soared to a position higher than that which conventional courtesy can ever bestow. Nor was she the sole possessor of wit and genius in her family, being related to the well-known George Villiers Duke of Buckingham (who was her grand-uncle), to Henry Fielding (her cousin and cotemporary), and to Beaumont the dramatist.

Her biography is exceedingly interesting. At the age of four she lost her mother, and it was not until she was of mature age that her father married the

"Lady Belle Bentinck." Before she was eight years old, her father, at one of the meetings of the Kit-cat Club (the members of which were in the habit of choosing well-known Beauties as toasts), in a whim nominated her as one, declaring that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. There being a demurrer to a beauty they had not seen, her father had her at once brought to the tavern; "her claim was received with acclamation; her health drunk by every one present; she caressed by poet, patriot and statesman; her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass; her portrait painted, and she enrolled a regular toast." "Pleasure," she said, "was too poor a word to express her sensations—they amounted to ecstasy;"—"never again did she pass so happy a day:" and who knows but this scene awakened in her the first desire for that adulation afterwards so lavishly bestowed, so welcomely received.

At the age of twelve she wrote in verse—the production being an Epistle from Julia to Ovid, shewing a remarkable power for one so young. At fifteen she laments "she can nowhere find truth,"—a complaint uttered by Diogenes some years before, respecting honesty! At the same age she is to "establish a nunnery in England—she to be the lady-abbess:"—and such were her day-dreams at Thoresby!

Of all the companions of her youth the most loved was Miss Anne Wortley, in whose apartment she was first accidentally encountered by that young lady's

brother, Mr. Wortley, who was as much struck then "with her surpassing beauty," as afterwards charmed by her brilliant wit and attainments. Becoming mutually attached he sought her hand of the Duke (then Marquis of Dorchester) her father; but declining to settle his estates on the first male issue, on the ground that he might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain (which possibility was afterwards in part unfortunately verified by the result), was refused. On this, Lady Mary, to avoid a compulsory marriage with another, and being determined "to be married to *somebody*, and that somebody not the one her father had chosen for her"—one fine morning "scuttled away," to use her own words, to Mr. Wortley, bought the ring, and was married to him off-hand. This was in the year 1712, when she would be in her twenty-second year. Mr. Wortley (afterwards Montagu) being appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury, Lady Mary left her retirement (then Wortley in Yorkshire) for London, became a leader of fashion and a great favourite with George the First and his court.

At Turkey in 1716 she "was enchanted with that paradise of the senses; and her letters from thence picture so vividly the luxurious life of that indolent and luxurious people, that we seem almost to feel the sunshine and smell the perfume." It will be remembered that Lady Mary wrote of Turkey at a time when it was comparatively a *terra incognita*, and only known by description or report as a gorgeous eastern land of

fabled splendour and romance, such as was revealed to our wondering ancestors in the glowing pages of the *Arabian Nights*; and it must be confessed that her style is warm enough to convey in all their vividness the brilliant hues she wished to depict. We have life-like figures of Turkey's swarthy sons; fair, voluptuous, dreamy-eyed daughters, with passions warm as their own sunny clime; and concomitants where all is in keeping with the rich principal imagery:—girls or rather houris with flowing hair, as beautiful as angels; fair sultanas, luscious fruit, marble fountains and palaces; satin pale, pink, and white; gilded rooms, made musical by the lulling melody of falling water; dancing girls, music, diamonds, silver, gold—all in a profusion, and given in such a wealthy style of description that the reader revels so royally in the pictured scene as to fain wish himself a raptured witness of the surpassing reality.

We cannot forbear quoting a description of one of her visits to the queenly and beautiful Fatima: she

"was led between a row of beautiful girls," nearly clothed in the 'chastest nudity' (their dresses "light damasks, brocaded with silver"), to the sultana, or Kiyaya's lady, who was "reclining on a raised couch, with cushions of white satin embroidered; at her feet two beautiful girls, her daughters, lovely as angels, and loaded with jewels." Below them were ranged twenty beautiful maids, reminding Lady Mary of the "ancient nymphs." Of the sultana she says, "I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful: the unutterable enchantment of her smile! her eyes! large and black, with all the soft languishment of blue." Her dress: "a *caftan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, well fitted to her shape, and shewing to admiration the beauty of her bosom. Her drawers were pale pink; her waistcoat green and silver;

her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; her broad girdle set round with the same; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver; her own fine black hair hanging a great length in waving masses, and on one side of her head a bodkin of jewels." "The workmanship of heaven," she truly adds, "surpasses all our weak imitations," and, speaking of what she saw as a whole, adds, "I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty."*

It has been aptly observed, "There is scarcely any thing, even in the far-famed Arabian Nights' Entertainments, to equal this description in sensuous beauty."

And now turn we to most welcome, and time-hallowed scene—one pregnant with memories of other days; in whose precincts few can enter without experiencing those strange indefinable feelings which the contemplation of the unchanged Past creates;—where that Past seems to live actually and visibly around;—its centuries of lingering associations (contracted in the grand old march of time) still there, and rising before us as freshly as in those bygone days in whose moving course many a pilgrim foot, now at rest, has passed, with as admiring a homage as even others shall continue to pay for years yet to come, when those who now admire can do so no more, and are

"as much forgot as the canoe,
That crossed the bosom of a lonely lake,
A thousand years ago."

* Leigh Hunt, speaking of these interviews, well and gallantly says it was "as if all English beauty, in her shape, had gone to compare notes with all Turkish."

Birkland and Bilbagh or Sherwood Forest, and Clipstone Palace.

“O who has not hearkened in days of his childhood,
To tales that were told of the lost fairy land,—
Whose denizens sported at night through the wild wood,
Or chased the blue waves on the moonlighted strand ;
Nor sometimes been tempted to doubt whether knowledge
Be worth the belief it has driven away ;—
Or the lore that was gathered at school or at college
Hath pleased like the visions of fairies at play.”

Zarack.

“I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bower from side to side.”

Comus.

To those who entertain the same pious horror of rhapsodical writing, that abbots with richly-laden sumpter mules, or easy-going citizens with well-lined pockets, or any other matter-of-fact body, in the olden time, felt on entering within the precincts of this ancient and outlaw-harboursing forest, we would give the warning, enter not here with writers fond of discursive talk of old trees and their many interesting associations.

The forest lies about eight miles south of Worksop ; and starting in the early morning, which walks upon the earth with a beauty and a freshness that few, alas, enjoy, most that is worth seeing in that direction, may be visited in the course of the day.

The usual route is by the Worksop Manor Park, through the undulating sweeps of Welbeck's fair park,* past the hamlet of Milnthorpe, famed water meadows, pleasant homesteads, and many a waving field of green and gold, to Birkland. Beyond the forest is Rufford Abbey; and the return is generally by Thoresby and Clumber: or this route may be reversed. A nearer approach to Birkland is by the Newark road, omitting the parks, by the pleasant villages of Carburton and Budby.

The one chosen—a picturesque carriage road known as the "Duke's Drive," from being a favourite drive of the noble owner of Welbeck—four or five miles in length, skirted on each side by a broad belt of velvet sward, and at intervals by fir and larch plantations—conducts us over brake and open to the hallowed threshold of hoary Sherwood. There the drive terminates in a breadth of velvety turf, through whose tree-formed vista, at a point half-way to the horizon, can be seen a beautifully executed lodge, designed after the model of the Worksop Abbey Gatehouse, and a not unworthy occupant of this venerable spot.

* We are sorry that the gate dividing the two estates has lately been closed to the public, on the plea that it is used to evade a toll-gate, a mile or so distant. This certainly does not apply to tourists who go by this route, and only cross the turnpike. The restriction is so exceedingly inconvenient to them, and is so opposed to the liberal character and acts of the noble owner of the Worksop Manor estate, that we believe when brought to his notice it will be at once obviated.

The Forest of Sherwood.

“In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,
But he of Robin Hood hath heard, and Little John ;
And to the end of time the tales will ne’er be done,
Of Scarlet, George-a-Green, and Much the miller’s son ;
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.”

Before its presence we pause to do homage and admire; and during that pause we will with feeble pen attempt to describe it as it was and is. It *was* when England was young, her sons wore robes of paint, and Druids lived in her hidden caves, but the heart of a mighty forest, which according to tradition, stretched far north and covered counties; bounded on its sides only by sea coasts; where kings came to hunt the red deer, or the prowling wolves that made it their haunt, and were numerous then in Britain’s isle. In that remote era it was in its mighty youth, as now in stricken age. Who shall describe its incidents—who its hidden mysteries since then? Who shall say what its shades have witnessed, who unfurl the page that would make Sherwood’s history so much the richer or more terrible than it is; or who expound “the lore gathered by it in its awful age?” Storms and tempests have careered in fury by since its far off birth—lightnings have cleaved its giant sons, and left it the old and weather-beaten but majestic emblem of the past we now behold. Since those early times Robin Hood and his merrie men,

Friar Tuck, Allan-a-Dale, and Maid Marian, so famous in English ballad history, have made for the bold Sherwood a world-wide reputation; the mention of which in distant lands, has many a time, we'll answer for it, stirred the Sherwood forester's heart with recollections of his home in the fair forest in Nottinghamshire.

The Sherwood Forest of later days, when its extremities had receded before the approach of cultivation, included the several parks south of Worksop, and extended thence to Nottingham, a distance of some seven and twenty miles, its varying breadth being on the average about six or seven miles. In the reign of Elizabeth, Camden speaks of it as being "anciently thick set with trees, whose entangled branches were so twisted together that they hardly left room for a single person to pass; but as being in his time (1580) much thinner of wood, yet having "an infinite number of deer and stags with lofty antlers."

It seems, by the accounts of early historians, to have been customary with the primitive tillers of the soil to clear spaces for the plough and for pasturage, by cutting down trees in forests like this, and conveying them to marshy or bog lands (existing in great quantities before draining was in vogue) where they in time sunk; and this is corroborated by the quantities of underground timber since discovered in various parts. This practice seems to have obtained so early as the time of Alfred the Great, and may account for the thinness of the trees here, spoken of by Camden.

Parts of these trees adorn many a fair arm now, in the shape of bracelets. Throsby states that many of the oaks were taken down "in the troublous times of the seventeenth century," alluding to the civil wars of Charles the First.

Leland alludes but slightly to "the woody forest of Shirewood," he says, "soone after I entered within a mile or lesse into the very thick of the woody forest of Shirewood, where is great game of deere, and so I rode a v. miles in the very woody ground of the forest, and so to a littel pore strete (Throsby suggests Mansfield!) a thoroughfare at the end of this wood."

Thoroton, in 1675, says, "the pleasant and glorious condition of this noble forest is now wonderfully declined." He was, however, speaking of Sherwood Forest as a whole, not as remaining here, where it is *glorious* still. In his time, the poor here, to their great profit and to the delectation of bilberry eaters, gathered bilberries, and carried them to all parts of the country to sell. It was frequently visited by the monarchs of England about the twelfth century, for the amusement of the chase. They resided at such times at Conisborough and Tickhill castles, at Mansfield, or at Clipstone Palace close upon the borders of Birkland. It was at Mansfield that he who loved the Fair Rosamond Clifford, "the most beautiful woman of her time,"—the first of the Plantagenets, Henry the Second, became acquainted with the miller of famous memory—Sir John Cockle, as mentioned in "Percy's Reliques,"

and Dodsley's "King and Miller of Mansfield." At the latter place Edward the Confessor possessed a manor.

The only part of the forest now remaining to any extent, in its primeval grandeur (and of whose gnarled oaks each can perhaps number near a thousand years, during which time they have—as manners and customs changed in our native land, and as succeeding generations have appeared and passed away before the march of time—stood as silent witnesses—their time-enduring vigour contrasting with man's quick decay,) is Birkland and Bilhagh, so called from the number of birch trees intermingled with the oaks, and from these descriptions of lands being anciently termed Hays—stretching—a forest of oaks—from the centre of Thoresby Park across the Worksop and Newark turnpike road, to the liberties of Warsop and Clipstone; a length of three miles, with an irregular breadth of heather, bracken, and oak forest extending from the pleasant village of Budby to Ollerton and Edwinstowe, of the width perhaps of two miles.

Birkland Bilhagh (which adjoined his Clipstone property) was granted by the Crown to the Duke of Portland, in exchange for the perpetual advowson of Saint Mary-le-Bone. Bilhagh, the portion of the forest nearer, and now part of Thoresby Park, was afterwards conveyed by His Grace to Earl Manvers, in exchange for estates at Holbeck and Bonbusk, lying near to Welbeck. Ollerton, a village-like market town, and Edwinstowe a pleasant village two miles to

the west of Ollerton, lie on the south outskirts of the forest, in a gentle declivity at the edge of heather and gorse coverts stretching from the forest to within a few hundred yards of either place. They may be seen from various parts of the forest, and form—Ollerton with its red and well-built houses, its running stream, and the distant church of Wellow village on the rising ground beyond, and Edwinstowe with picturesque village spire, and lawn, and “fir trees tall and high,”—the whole backed by the wooded eminences of Rufford Park—a very pleasing view; and to him who determines to end the day here, a most acceptable one, for he may be sure to find in these quiet scenes refreshment that will do no discredit to the spot where Friar Tuck was wont to indulge, in merry days gone by.

Budby is a mile or so to the north of Birkland, and a prettier village—without a church, and rarer still, without a public-house—but with white and flower-clustered cottages, rustic bridge, and winding stream, edged by its island trees, and reflecting on its placid surface the ivy-covered and battlemented castle, yclept “Fort William,”* on the opposite hill in Thoresby Park, is not often seen in a county famed for the beauty of its villages.

On the Edwinstowe side of the forest, and a short distance beyond Clipstone Lodge, is

* The fort alluded to is of modern date, having been built there by Earl Manvers.

Clipstone Palace.

"The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things :
 There is no armour against fate :
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

Intimately connected with Birkland and its former sports, and perhaps more interesting from the fact of its being but a ruin now—for the mind of man surveys with curious interest the decay of structures such as these—is what remains of Clipstone Palace, once the favourite hunting-seat of King John, and yet retaining the name of "King John's Palace." Several of his grants to Nottingham and other places are dated from it.

It stood at the south-west extremity of a park, nearly eight miles in circumference, upon a commanding eminence, and within a mile or so of the forest of Birkland as it now exists. It was, with Mansfield, a favourite resort of our early kings ; and is said to have been built and occupied by one of the first kings of Northumbria (or about the sixth century). Throsby speaks of it as being the forest palace of the kings of England as early as Henry the Second's reign. Edward the Second and Edward the Third frequently visited it. Richard the Lion-Hearted here, on his return from the Holy Land received the congratula-

tions of William the Lion, king of Scotland, and also hunted here, with several of his principal adherents, on the day after he had taken Nottingham Castle from his faithless brother John; when he expressed himself much delighted with the place.

Tradition, which loves to carry the date of Robin Hood's existence to the reign of this king, and to connect that warm-hearted and chivalrous monarch with the brave and generous outlaw, says that Richard, when hunting here as above, or being on the spot for the purpose of extirpating the outlaw-band, was by some accident separated from his attendants, and surrounded by them and their chief, all armed—Robin dressed as usual in Lincoln green, with bow and arrow, short sword, and famous bugle horn—and on Richard demanding who they were, and their purpose, Robin revealed himself, and said that he and his followers were there to do reverence to the king of England; a reply that so pleased the king as to induce him to invite the bold forester to his palace in London. The invitation was accepted, and the absence and seeming neglect broke the heart of the lorn Maid Marian.

“Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
It was of Lincoln green,
And sent it by this lovely page,
For a present to the queen.
In summer time, when leaves grow green,
'Twas a seemly sight to see,
Robin Hood had drest himself,
And all his yeomandrie.
He clothed his men in Lincoln green,
And himself in scarlet red;

Black hats, white feathers, all alike,
 Now bold Robin Hood is rid,
 And when he came to London court,
 He fell down on his knee :
 'Thou art welcome, Locksley,' said the queen,
 'And all thy yeomandrie.'

It is singular how often these traditions—laughed at by some as mere amusing inventions—speak a truth and originate in fact: the erudite Mr. Hunter, now assistant Keeper of the Records, has, from authentic documents, verified the main feature of this one—namely the visit or residence of Robin Hood at the king's London palace—with the difference however that he fixes the date in the reign of Edward the First, between whom and Richard there was an interval of seventy-three years. If space permits, we hope to allude more fully to these researches, so affecting the very existence of our chief local hero.

In the palace, or under an oak near to it, standing on the former border of the park, and yet retaining the name of "THE PARLIAMENT OAK" (it is uncertain which of the two), Edward the First, in 1290, held a parliament. Another tradition accounts for the name of the oak by stating that king John, in 1212, having received intelligence whilst hunting with his barons in the forest, of the second revolt of the Welsh, hastily assembled them in council under its branches, and after a brief consultation returned to Nottingham Castle, where, in consequence of their deliberations, twenty-eight unfortunate Welsh hostages, then in con-

finement there (and little dreaming, poor wretches, of a deliberation of their fellow beings so deeply affecting themselves) were hanged.

Part of Clipstone before the Conquest belonged to Osberne and Ulsi, afterwards to Roger de Busli. In 5th of Stephen, 1139, Jordan Fitz (or son of) Alan, (representing Osberne Silvan then sheriff) gave account of the king's manor of Clipstone. Edward the Second on March 5th, 1315, directed his writ from Clipstone to the sheriffs of Nottingham and Derby for making the *Nomina Villarum*, in which Clipstone was returned half a villa, and the king lord.

The manor of Clipstone (with Mansfield and Lyndeby) was settled by Henry the Sixth, in 1452, on the Earl of Richmond his brother, and Jasper Earl of Pembroke; and on February 1st, 1516, Henry the Eighth settled it, with other manors, on Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey, in reward for the victory obtained by him over the King of Scotland at Flodden Field, but it was afterwards exchanged with the king for other possessions. Edward the Sixth, about 1550, granted it to John Earl of Warwick and Henry Sydney, as the possession of John Duke of Bedford. From them it again reverted to the crown by forfeiture, and so remained until the time of James the First, who granted it to the feoffees of Gilbert Earl of Shrewsbury, the owner of Worksop Manor. From the Talbots it passed to the Dukes of Newcastle and Portland, with the latter of whom it now remains.

Until recently the extensive foundations and vaults of the palace remained, but the greater part have been dug up. It is now but a ghost of a palace. The only remnants are some rugged walls in which are a few gothic windows, whose rich tracery has yielded, like the hand that carved it, to the action of Time.

And now the moaning forest wind sounds requiems over its bare ruins, and the wild-flower clings to crumbling walls, the only tangible mementoes of its glories past. To these places—with nothing left but rich associations—men are attracted by a strange influence. It may be they perceive, in the utter desolation of such fabrics, the perishableness of all human handiwork. It may be, as they see pass before them in mental review the “shining images” that have here appeared for a brief moment, and “at a nod” have passed away, that the reflection, in all its melancholy beauty, joy, or sadness, forces itself upon them of how soon they themselves will be numbered with the things that were:—

“To leave no trace upon the busy scene,
Save that remembrance says ‘Such things have been.’”

Here, in all their strength and all their kingly pride, attended by bold barons—the flower of their famed chivalry; by ladies lovely as the breath of morning, and as evanescent; by noble retinue with hooded hawk and full-toned hound, cavalcades sweep by greenwood, brake, and dell, and are lost in yonder woodland

solitudes. Here, William of Scotland is extending the hand of welcome to the noble Richard. Here is the princely banquet and the jester's bells. And where are all now?—Mute, silent, and cold, as the grave in which each reposes. So transitory are all things human. So perish human splendour, pride, and folly.*

Clipstone Lodge.

Is about half-way between the palace ruins and the forest. It is built after the model of the Worksop Abbey Gate-house, and is known to the inhabitants of the locality as "the Duke's Archway." It was commenced in June, 1842. The two sides are used as dwellings, and a large room over the archway, in which are representations of the surrounding scenery, as a school† for the neighbouring villagers' children.

In three niches on the south side, in Caen stone, in imitation of the figures in the Worksop model, are three of the ancient frequenters of the neighbourhood:—one, its presiding deity, Robin Hood; the other, Little John; and, bearing them pleasing company, as was her wont formerly, Maid Marian. We have given precedence to Robin Hood as the forest king, but on the opposite side is a king no less famous—Richard Cœur de Lion—with but two courtiers in

* For a description of the Water Meadows, see page 138.

† Supported by the Ladies Bentinck.

attendance. One, who, if Sir Walter Scott is to be credited in his "Ivanhoe," bore Richard jovial company on the night of his return from the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouche—the tutelar and warden-pie-loving saint, Friar Tuck; and with him the gentle Alan-a-dale, whose minstrelsie has erst and oftentime waked up these sylvan scenes with joy. Each has a goodly prospect, the Lodge being built on an eminence, commanding an extensive view around. Robin is looking—not exactly in accordance with poetic taste—from, instead of to his well-loved forest, and Richard—the same objection applying—from his quondam palace dwelling. In character are four hares carved on each side, to symbolize English field sports.

The Lodge is gothic, and in perfect keeping with the scenes around. Over the eastern and western doorways are the following lines, aptly chosen by its venerable founder the present Duke of Portland, from *Horace*, lib. 2, car. 18, v. 17.

"Tu secunda marmora,
Locas sub ipsum funus; et sepulcri
Immemor, struis domos."

"And yet thou, on the brink of the grave, art bargaining to have marble cut for an abode." So spoke the Roman lyrist, near two thousand years ago, and how applicable is it now. How often do we, unmindful of time, build designs which fall with us the next moment into our and their grave close by.

Birkland Bilhagh.

"A waving forest, green and grand ;

has stood for many seasons through,
Seen many autumns shed their yellow leaves
O'er the oak roots; heard many winters moan
Through the leafless forests drearily."

And now, having done for a while with the habitations of men, let us turn to yonder forest of oak, once the abode of outlaw and sprite, each the dread of belated wanderer, but now as peaceful, picturesque, and grand a temple of nature, as her truest votary can wish to worship in. As we proceed in search of the Major Oak, we will, in passing through these oaks of centuries, and scenery varying in the form of its beauty at every step we take, attempt a description of the scene and the feelings it inspires.

The oak forest stands on a gentle eminence running from east to west. On the north side, opening upon extensive tracts of heather, relieved by quaint crab trees, and intersected by mossy rides and drives, to within a short distance of Budby—hidden from the view by a fringe or belt of fir trees running along the north-eastern border to Thoresby Park, into which the forest itself enters on the east. North of Budby is a wide expanse of open forest, of gorse and heather, presenting, when in full bloom, a very beautiful appearance—being at times a waving sea of gold, at others

of richest purple; the whole effect intensified by the contrast afforded in the emerald and varying hues of the surrounding woods: it also commands wide and extensive views. Where we are the trees are more uniform in their relative distances than in other parts, being drawn up in close proximity and firm array. Beyond this serried rank the old oaks spread further apart, their numbers then merging in the picturesque confusion of the scene beyond.

Passing from the "Duke's Drive" in an easterly direction in quest of the "Major Oak"—of pic-nic celebrity—how suggestive is the scene.

Among the pleasant old-world nooks remaining to us in these busy days of new nations and customs—spots that exist to remind and connect us with the dim past—few are richer in a certain class of associations than this forest, the haunt of Robin Hood and his merrie men in days gone by. It stands now in its decaying beauty, and in the pride of its old birth—a ruin—but one reminding us of a time when it reared itself in primeval grandeur, and in the halo and freshness of its youth.

As we enter its precincts we are carried from a young world to an old—the veil of the past is raised—centuries roll back—the days of our Edwards and our Henries, with all their barbaric pageantry and pomp, appear. Armed knights and troubadours are off to the wars in distant Holy Land—Alfred, in harper-guise, is again visiting the Danish camp, or baking

cakes in herdsman's hut—Canute is seated by the sea side vainly bidding the waves be still, and leaving a beautiful but ineffectual moral to those who attempt as great impossibilities now a days. The queen of the Iceni is bravely defending her sea-girt coast—Caractacus is parading the streets of Rome, “to make a Roman holiday”—and again on England's shores is heard the tread of the invading Romans on the march. Here they stand, the old “monumental oaks,” reminding us of, and coeval with, these events—“scathed by the lightning, rended by the storm,” and still defying both :—

Wide spreading over the tracts around ; forming dim vistas by which we peer into the recesses beyond ; their stately columns still erectly pointing to the blue canopy above ; their gnarled branches overhanging the many beautiful hunting rides below, and casting wide shadows on the grass—the purple heather, the golden gorse, the silvery birch, the bluebell and the foxglove, the moss “by scorching skies embrowned,” intermixed and extending far as the eye can reach around. At intervals in lofty groups, their branches of many shapes, and tints relieved against or blending with the far horizon, or in the distant hollows below standing wide apart in solitude and pride, with no companionship but what the ephemeral underwood affords, their hollow trunks, grey crowns, and lightning stricken arms, plainly attesting that this greenwood has been their home for ages long gone by :—and as a whole—

as "mixed in one mighty scene" they "with varied beauty glow," and whether in the garb of winter, the brown and fading livery of autumn, whether "the spring with gold is lighting their branches gray," or the summer sun is streaming the warm sunshine upon and through them—forming with the dome above, and its gorgeous drapery of clouds, a scene of incomparable beauty: one, indeed, that of the kind cannot be paralleled in broad England. A palace of nature it truly is, where dwell many memories of the mighty Past!

At the eastern end of the forest, past the "Buck Gates," herds of deer roam over the wide domain of Thoresby, and may be seen browsing in groups under the shade of the oaks, or bounding—the stag with antlers thrown proudly back, and timid doe in wake—over the crackling bracken on approach.

Of the bare and lightning-stricken oaks in Birkland Bilhagh many are of huge size, and though of immense age (probably each numbering a thousand years or more) with their branches still rich in foliage. The bases of their hollow trunks are, in many instances, thickly knotted and moss-grown, and at times covered by the clustering honeysuckle, "lute-woodbine," and other parasitical creepers, whose drooping branches and leaves contrast most gracefully with their rugged supporters. In 1609 there were in Birkland and Bilhagh 49,909 oaks. In 1790, 27,199 of these had been cut down; those that remained being valued at £17,000. Since then the woodman's axe and Time's

scythe (remorseless reaper with man and tree) have felled many. The forest now comprises an extent of about 1,500 acres.

Major Rooke states that towards the close of the last century some trees were cut down here with letters carved upon them denoting the respective reigns in which they were so carved, One had the letters "J. R." (Jacobus Rex); another "W. M." (William and Mary) and a crown; and a third the letters "Jn." (John) with a crown. The first were equidistant, a foot from the surface and centre of the tree. The second, three feet three inches from the centre, and nine inches from the bark; and the remaining one eighteen inches from the surface, and more than a foot from the centre. The letters were, it is thought, carved on the wood, bare of bark, and the following and successive years' growths of wood overlapped, without adhering, and so preserved them. Their positions, so far from the surface, proved their genuineness, and their respective depths are believed to correspond with the different reigns in which they would seem to have been cut. The last one must have been planted a hundred years, at the least, before John's reign; making it seven hundred and six years old when felled in 1791.

Major Rooke says that many of the trees are above thirty-four feet in circumference. Of those to which a traditionary interest attaches are "THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES," where Robin Hood hung his

venison; and "THE MAJOR OAK," where, at their pleasant pic-nic parties, he and his companion outlaws ate it. So says legendary lore, and it would be unwise to attempt to dispel the belief: "Philosophy," in these times, "would clip an angel's wings," but she must not deprive these sylvan monarchs of their interest—real or imaginary. The Butcher's Shambles is of a huge size—large enough to hang venison to supply a whole regiment of outlaws, and stands amongst its fellows a short distance from the Major Oak.

And now, this pleasant talk of old trees over, we are at our "Trysting Tree," and within a few hundred yards of the forest road from Budby to Edwinstowe, and, as "the birds, faint with the hot sun, have crept into cooling trees," we, following their most wise example, will rest under the shade of this one,

The Major Oak.

"In the days of old, when the spring with gold
Was lighting his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May;
And on that day, to the rebeck gay,
They frolic'd with lovesome swains;—
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree he still remains."

And with a chirping band of birds and chameleon-coated grasshoppers around, from knapsack or hamper we extract the welcome luncheon, and in the space cleared from the surrounding bracken, for the accom-

modation of such itinerants, display its tempting charms.

The oak is a goodly specimen of the kind, and although a half-American once asserted to us, that, compared with the trees in "his country," it was but a "walking stick," it measures round its extreme base ninety feet; round the centre of the bole thirty feet; and its spreading branches cover an incredible space. It is hollow, and will protect some dozen folk of moderate rotundity from a passing shower.

And here—where before you or we, reader, cast eyes upon the scene, many a merry-making party has seated itself—where the joke has passed round to the music of the gurgling wine, and the jest has sped; where happy faces have smiled, unclouded for the nonce by the world's cares; where the merry laugh has sounded from joyous maidens who with their bright blushes perished with the breath of yesterday, but were then as lovely as "the silver bow" that's "bent in yonder heaven," whose smiles were smiles of joy and gleams of sunshine to the youths reposing at their side, but over whose green graves now—

"So small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair,"

are written the simple words "*In Memory of*,"—here—to leave the ideal for the real—we will produce the treasures we have in store, in the shape of all that's good and relishable at such times,—from the sandwich

to the pheasant pie, from the rare old Port to the juices of Champagne and Burgundy,—and with roots for table, moss-sward for napkin, and the many-shaped and umbrageous branches and the blue sky above for roof, commence our attack, and celebrate the certain victory by quaffing goblets of wine, be it red or white. Then lighting a Havannah, and reclining against this giant oak of eld, we give ourselves up to reveries where imagination and reality contend for empire,

“and dreams
Of fairest shapes that haunt the woods.”

In the space surrounding the tree are merry gipsy parties, maidens sweet, attendant gallants, and silver-haired age—beyond, we see filing before us Robin Hood and his merrie men, clothed in Lincoln green, each stretching his long bow (as so many of their historians have done since)—a hawking-party passes by—pucks and fairies start, at beck of Shaksperian wand, from acorn cups, dance round fairy rings, and fill with joy the summer air—and birds and many-tinted butterflies sail in disport in the warm sunshine around. We see along with these “visions of fairies at play,” villagers on “merry May morn, ere break of day,” carrying the Queen of the May “to be crowned at the Trysting Tree,” and the leaves of

“the brave old tree,
Shaking with joy at their rustic revelrie.”

We see too

“The bright eyes glance,
In the joyous dance,”

to the sound of the merry pipe; or “young lovers meeting under his giant shade;” or under his branches the maiden praying for “the loved one far away.” Again we hear the “old man’s tale” to these merry-makers, as his thoughts wander to the companions of his youth, and their now quiet repose; or—as the forest and glade are still free to the “hunter’s hound,”—we may, amongst the realities, hear the welkin ring with the glee of the musical pack, and huntsman’s cheery voice and horn, as the Rufford hounds career by in the exciting chase.

* * * *

And now the rays of the sun are oblique;—gorgeous clouds surround his setting glory; the grass on which his beams are playing are of a softer hue, and we must be gone, and leave Birkland to the sole rule of the moping owl. The “laughing hours” are fled, and our home lies through moon-lit parks.

We cannot, however, leave this spot without saying that it was the favourite resort of the gifted Pemberton, who has written much concerning it; and who, whether in pleasant Madeira groves, or dwelling in the lone Pyramids of Egypt, has given expression to many a longing lingering recollection of the “Merry Sherwood.”

By the aid of the sun’s parting rays we stop to admire the pretty lodge, known as the “Buck Gates,”

at the entrance to Thoresby Park; then following a drive formed by oaks standing as thickly as in any part of the forest (and reminding us of *Midsummer Night's Dream* scenery), we emerge upon the wide expanse of the park, pass across the lake, in front of the noble mansion of the lordly owner, over the rising hills beyond, and enter at the other distant extremity a wood (in the Clumber portion of which is an elegantly-designed lodge separating the two parks), oftentimes rich with the perfume of the honeysuckle, then proceeding on, shortly come to the noble bridge spanning the Clumber lake, where to the right and left stretches the wide and winding current, embosomed in wood and park, whose numerous waterfowl break the quietude of the scene, as with hurried rise at our approach, alarmed cries, short and rapid flight they descend with sudden splash upon the still water. To the right—the sound of the waterfall murmuring in our ears—is Clumber House, slumbering in hushed repose in the moonlit scene below, its walls radiant with the silver sheen brightly reflected from it and many a rippling wave around. Then, saluted by the call of the partridge, passing by on whirring wing, or the melancholy hooting of the night-owl, we traverse the winding road of a park whose scenery is matchless of its kind, and entering another larch wood, pass through the lodge, and at a short distance beyond, arrive at the Worksop and Ollerton road, where, turning to our right, we again enter Worksop.

And slightly chilled by the night air we enter the warm room, and draw near to the cheerful fire (after repast relished as was never repast before); then turning slippered feet to fire, we puff away at that weed which, Bulwer says, makes a man "*think* like a philosopher, and *act* like a Samaritan." And now, as we do so, the pale stars are appearing in the blue and distant sky, and are shining brightly from their far off homes on bonny Birkland—the nightingale is making its groves resound with thrilling strains, the glow-worm is lighting up and sparkling in its glades—and may be fairy-sprites, pucks, and elves are revisiting the spot so loved by them in days gone by. And as we sit and recall the striking scenes our pleased eye has passed through, and in the many recollections of them which come upon us in after days, we realize the truth of that saying of poor Keats, that "*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.*"

Rufford Abbey.

"When autumn nights were long and drear,
And forest walks were dark and dim,
How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear,
Was wont to steal the convent hymn."

No more shall such convent sounds, it seems, welcome pilgrim's ear in this secluded spot. The once abode of the recluse is now the noble's seat, its possessor—a rare instance—boasting descent from those who were lords in Britain long before such monastic establish-

ments were introduced, or conquering Norman had appeared. In a land whose ancient nobility have mostly a Norman origin, it is rather an unusual case to find the Saxon restored to the possessions of his race, and these, as here, hallowed in the interval by such munificent instances of the dispossessors' piety. Rufford Abbey is now the seat of the Earl of Scarborough. It is a short distance from Clipstone Palace and the south confines of Birkland Forest.

Before the Norman invasion, Ulf the Saxon held the manor of *Rugforde*. After the Conquest, the lands were given to the Conqueror's nephew, Gildebert or Gilbert de Gaunt, son of Baldwin Earl of Flanders, married to Alice de Montfort. De Gaunt paid to the Danegeld as for twelve bovates (in the Confessor's time valued at 60s.; in the Norman survey at 30s.) His son married Matilda of Brittany, and their son espousing the Countess of Lincoln, was himself created Earl of Lincoln. In 1148 this Earl founded the Abbey here, for a colony of Cistercian monks, from the Yorkshire Abbey of Rivaulx, in honour of the Virgin. His grant is worded as follows:—

“Gilbert of Gaunt earl of Lyncolne, to all his men, and to all children of holy church, greetinge. Know ye me to have given and granted in perpetuall almeys to the monks of Reyvall, for the souls of my father and my mother, and for the remission of my sinnes, the manor of Rufforde, and whatsoever I have there in demesnes, to make an Abbey of the order of Cistercienes, in the honour of our blessed Ladie St. Mary the Virgin, where I will and command, that they freely and quietly from all manner of earthly services and from all customes holde that land, with all things that to the lordship of the said towne apertaine in wood

and in plaine, in meadows and pastures, milns and waters, wayes and pathes. Theis beinge wittnes. Raufe the sonne of Gil— Raufe of Newyll, William of Bambor, Robert of Muskham, Robert of Bartherward, Raufe of Herforde, Walt Clerke, Heres the sonne of Arlers, David of Flaunders, Alured Chaplean.”

King Stephen, by charter dated from Lincoln, and witnessed by the Earl of Arundel and others, confirmed this grant “made to God, the church of the blessed Mary at Rievalls, and the monks there serving God, of the manor of Rugforde,” “for the soule of myne uncle King Henry and other mine ancestors, and for the health of my soule and of Queene Maude my wife, and of Eustice my sonne, and my othor childrenne.” He also confirmed a further grant of De Gaunt’s of land at *Oratela** and by deed, witnessed by William de Peveril, at Worksop, confirmed other grants made by Muscam, Tisun, De Stanton, De Rolleston, De Chelum, and by Ralph Silvan of lands at *Kelum* (Kelham) and elsewhere.

Henry the Second granted the monks licence to take “whatever was needful for their own use from the forest; to keep a forester, as in his grandfather Henry the First’s time;” and directed “that no man of his own wood might give or sell without their licence.” He also gave them free customs and liberties, soc, sac, theim, and infangetheof.

Henry the Third increased their privileges, and

* Wellow is supposed to be included in Domesday Book under the names of *Cratela* and *Grymston*. There being no place to represent the latter, tradition has readily solved the mystery, by attributing its disappearance to an earthquake!

"for the health of his soule, and [that] of his wife, and of his chyldren, and for the soule of Kynge Henry his grandsire, and of his auncesters," confirmed all the gifts of Gilbert de Gaunt, &c. In his reign the benefactions to the abbey were exceedingly numerous, and most of the surrounding villages (with the exception of Edwinstowe), together with the manor of Rotherham, and lands at East Retford and other places appear to have belonged to it.

In 1159, "Thomas, son of Paul canon of York, at the Feast of St. Michael, agreed with the Abbat of Rufford, that the church of Rufford, which appeared to be a mother church, should pay no more tenths after the death of the said Thomas," and this was ratified by the archbishop Roger, and his legate.

When dissolved by Henry the Eighth it had fifteen brethren, and a revenue, according to Speed, of £254. 6s. 8d.; Dugdale, £176. 12. 6d. Its possessions were in 1536 demised to Sir John Markham, knt., for twenty-one years, at £22. 8s. per annum. This grant, however, was revoked, and Henry, on the 6th of October in the following year, in consequence of the parliament of Ireland having settled the estates held by George Earl of Shrewsbury and Waterford in that kingdom, upon the crown, and "being unwilling to diminish the honour and dignity of the Earl, granted to him and his heirs all the lands whereof Thomas Dancaster, the last abbot of Rufford, was seised in right of the monastery, which were of the yearly value

of £246. 15s. 5d. for the tenth part of a knight's fee, and £46. 15s. 5d. into the Court of Augmentations for tenths." This exchange was made as well to reward the Earl for the measures he had taken to suppress the rebellion in the north, known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace."

Rufford Abbey and estates passed to Sir George Savile, of Barrowby in Lincolnshire, by his marriage with Mary the granddaughter of that Earl. Their descendant, Sir George Savile, assisted in the restoration of Charles the Second, and in reward was created Marquis of Halifax. He was instrumental as well in bringing over William and Mary to the English throne. The title became extinct in 1700. The last Sir George Savile, who was also eminent as a senator, died in 1784, and by his will gave the Rufford estate to the second son of his sister the Countess of Scarborough, with a limitation, it is said, that the estate should always pass to a younger branch of the family. The present Earl and head of the family, after a severe legal contest, established his claim to the Rufford as to the other family estates.

The genealogical record of the Lumleys carries us far away into the past, to the time of Edward the Confessor, and theirs is one of the few noble Saxon families that escaped being swept away by the Norman invasion. They were before then men of note and ennobled. When they first rose to eminence, in the interval between that time and the days of our com-

mon parent Adam (de Lumley*) is not known. Their ancestors were of those of whom a writer says, "It is only after poring over the huge tomes of the antiquary that one begins to understand how great the old nobles were, or how entirely they have passed away. The powerful baron, who was a member of the king's council before any other title but that of earl was known in England; who had his own herald; whose manors were to be counted by the dozen; who administered justice on his own land like a prince; who was waited on at table by gentle blood—he lies away in our distant early history, as the megatherium does in that of the world, the huge bulk of him only dimly conceivable. Innumerable families ended in heiresses, who carried the estates to lesser men, and gave to their modern descendants the right to boast of some of the old blood of the rulers of Europe:"—an ending to which this family has been an exception. Our space and the length of the tree, forbid more than a general and imperfect sketch, from the usual authorities.

The sirname was taken from Lumley-on-the-Wear, in the county of Durham. Liulph was lord of Lumley Castle in the time of Edward the Confessor, and mar-

* This parenthesis is suggested by an amusing anecdote told of James the First, who, when on his way to England, was entertained at Lumley Castle: his attendant (one of the Lumleys) was explaining to him the family tree, and after going to a many roots, was proceeding "And the head of *this* branch was Adam de Lumley," when the king interrupted him in his broad Scotch, "Haud, haud, mon: In gude faith, it may be a' vera true, but I didna ken before that Adam's name was Lumley."

ried to Alghitha daughter of Aldred, Earl of Northumberland, sister to Cospatrick, ancestor of the Earls Abergavenny and Home, and Lord Dundas. They had a son Uchtred de Lumley, and from him, sixth in descent, was Sir Ralph, summoned to parliament as a baron in 1384 or 5. It seems they have shared the dangers of rebellion, as well as been conspicuous in loyalty, for he fell bearing arms against Henry the Fourth. John, Lord Lumley, lived in the time of Henry the Eighth; his only son being attainted and beheaded in 1535, the barony on the death of this lord became extinct. His grandson, by this son George, Sir John Lumley, was however restored by act of parliament to the barony of Lumley, with limitation to the heirs male of his body. He dying without issue in 1609, the title again became extinct. His second-cousin, Sir Richard Lumley, was created in 1628, Viscount Lumley of Waterford in Ireland. His grandson, the second Viscount, was created Baron Lumley of Lumley Castle, in 1681; Viscount Lumley in 1682; and Earl of Scarbrough in 1690. The descent continued uninterrupted in the male line. Thomas the third Earl, in 1723, inherited from James Saunderson, Earl of Castleton, the neighbouring estate of Sandbeck (with Rufford, a principal residence of the present Earl), and assumed the name of Saunderson, in pursuance of that Earl's will. He married Francis, daughter of the Earl of Orkney, and was succeeded on 15th March, 1752, by his eldest son Richard, fourth Earl,

who, in October, 1765, was created Deputy Earl Marshall of England, and married 12th December, 1752, Barbara, sister to Sir George Savile, Bart. The eldest son of this marriage, George Augusta, succeeded to the title, 12th May, 1782. He was succeeded, 5th September, 1807, by his brother Richard; and he again, 17th June, 1832, by the third brother, John, seventh earl, in holy-orders, and a prebendary of York. He assumed the name of Savile, 8th September, 1807, and married Anna Maria, daughter of Julian Herring, and dying 21st February, 1835, was succeeded by his second son (the first, George Augusta, having died whilst young) John, the present eighth earl, who is Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Nottinghamshire, and represented that county, and subsequently the northern division of it for some years.

The Earl of Scarbrough has not been prominently before the public, and seems to prefer the unostentatious and pleasure giving life of a simple English nobleman, living on good terms with neighbours great and small, and extending liberality and welcome, as was the rule in those old times when the Lumleys saw the Saxon reign, and shared in rendering Saxon hospitality.

When the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion was suppressed by the victory at Sedgemore, the Lumleys rendered as effectual assistance to James in the field of battle, as the Saviles by their councils in the senate. Lord Lumley had a principal command there,

and when the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who had changed clothes with a peasant, was found secreted in a ditch in the utmost misery—having wandered since his defeat in the open fields, his only subsistence being some raw peas—his lordship and Sir John Portman were his captors. This event forms one of the most interesting passages in Macaulay's History. Lumley Castle was garrisoned at the time.

Arms. Quarterly:—1st and 4th; Argent, a fess gules between three parrots vert, collared of the 2nd—LUMLEY. 2nd and 3rd: Argent, on a bend sable three owls of the field—SAVILLE.

Crest. A pelican in piety, in her nest, all proper.

Supporters. Two parrots, wings inverted, vert.

Motto. *Murus aeneus conscientia sana.*—A sound conscience is a wall of brass.

The monuments of that fervent zeal which erected so many splendid temples of religion in our country, for the reception and protection of those whose office it had been to dispel with a new and shining light the almost utter darkness and barbarism that had prevailed in a preceding era are, as they exist in this building but scanty. The materials remain but the exquisite form and arrangement given to the inert matter by those master minds and hands of old are wanting, and seem destined never to be replaced. It may, perhaps, be to the honour of later times, that more thought and care are bestowed upon *dwellers* than upon their habitations.

If any thing remains of the old abbey it will be but little more than the foundations. The present building, incorporated with the original one, is plain ;

and was probably built upon the ruins of the monastery, shortly after its dissolution. The monastic appearance, externally, is but slight; internally, it bears more of the impress of its predecessor, and its dark oak corridors and long galleries, are somewhat abbey-like and suggestive. Its noble owner appears to be inspired with a proper feeling in this respect, judging from the character he is giving to the gradual improvement in progress. The ancient and modern oak furniture introduced, is especially in good taste.

The Drawing-Room, whose walls are of panelled crimson damask flowered with silver, the intervals or spaces being white and gold, is one of the most elegant we have seen, and if the mind is allowed to revert to abbey and feudal times, is, in its refined elegance, in striking contrast with the rude simplicity that then prevailed. Several of the rooms are hung with ancient tapestry. The paintings are good and very numerous—so much so that a many valuable ones, needing only restoration are allowed to be almost out of sight.

The Servants' vaulted Hall, may have been a portion of the Abbey as it originally stood. Whatever it *was*, each Christmas Day it serves good purpose now:—the retainers and tradesmen assemble in it in goodly numbers (sometimes to the extent of from two to three hundred), and with smoking board, blazing fire, and many a mighty jug of nut brown, bid rubicund defiance to all wintry storms and snow without:

and long may it continue to do so and such customs be retained.

The "Brick Hall," which has recently been restored, or rather refitted, is of the date of Elizabeth, and is after the style of those old baronial apartments where lords and retainers took their repast from the same hospitable table, the only distinction being that the host and his friends were seated on a slightly raised dais, at the principal end of the room. Those were the times of wine and wassail—and if our memory serves us a like one in the hall of Cedric the Saxon is well described by Sir Walter Scott. One of the few genuine ones remaining may be seen at Haddon Hall.

The Park is well wooded and comprises an extent of about 1400 acres. Its lake is embosomed in wood, and abounds in waterfowl. The situation of the house is extremely sequestered, being literally embowered in large elm, beech, and sycamore trees.

George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, visited Rufford, and a room hung with old tapestry is yet named after him. At this visit Dibdin the elder was master of the ceremonies, and the felling of a tree in the park, in one of his wanderings, suggested to him the song of "The Woodman's Stroke," which he composed and first sang here.

Consulting Leland we find, "On the other side to Rume water is a village called commonly Ruford, for Rumeford, a quarter of a mile beyond which stood a late Rumeford Abbey of White Monks. Rume river

riseth by south of Mansfield, a v. miles from Rumford Abbey, it maketh there in a bottom a fair lake of the same name, and so coming again into a narrow course goith to Rumeford village and as I learned, thereafter receivith both Budby and Carburton water, and after a neatly long course goith to Bowtre, of some called Vautre, a market towne in Nottinghamshire, a v. miles from Doncaster, and so I heard say to Trent." Throsby, with inimitable simplicity, says of this passage, "There is always something more attracting in the accounts of men who have visited the places they describe, than in those of others who sit down to write upon subjects of this sort, which they have never seen. Leland's descriptions, in general, unembellished as they are given, are, to me, always pleasing."

According to Thoroton, "This place has often entertained King James, and King Charles his son, being very pleasant and commodious for hunting in the forest of Shirewood." "There was," he says, "a pleasant large pool through which the little river Maun has its course, now confined to its channel and the place of the pool made dry ground, and thereby made more profitable, pleasant, and healthful than before, though some think otherwise."

Osberton,

The seat of George Savile Foljambe, Esq. is three miles east of Worksop, on the Retford Road (the first it is said, constructed by Mac Adam). The house is an elegant one, with a portico of four Ionic pillars supporting a richly ornamented architrave and pediment. It stands at the top of a slope rising from the lake. The park is well wooded, and the gardens near the house, are laid out very beautifully. Adjoining the gardens, at the Scofton side, and approached from the house by a pleasant walk over two rustic bridges, whose sides are formed of oak branches, is a pretty little church in the Norman style, erected by the present owner in 1833, as an inscription informs us, "To the praise and glory of God, and to the memory of his beloved wife Harriet Emily." On the western window, in stained glass, the whole surmounted by a cross of the same material, are the arms and crest of the family, with the motto "*Soies ferme*," and above, amongst others shewing the alliances of the family with those of Thornhagh, Mountaigne, De Brito, Fitzwilliam, Loudham, Woodrove, Ireland, and Vernon, are the arms of the Plantagenets, from which we infer that the Foljambes claim descent from, or a connection with that illustrious name. The Rev. William Bury of Worksop is chaplain.

Osberton, upon which a chapel of some note stood at the time of the conquest, is called *Osbernестon* in



OSBERTON.

Doomsday Book, and contained two manors which Eluuine and Ulviet or Wulfit had. After the Conquest it was held of the Conqueror by Swan and Ulviet. The land held by them was valued in the Confessor's time at 60s.; in the Conqueror's at 10s. Manvesinus de Hercy held "the whole town" of Osberton of the Countess of Augi, on condition that he should be her "Despencer," and afterwards the heirs of Alfreton had it on like terms.

Osberton church was given by Robert Fitz-Ranuph, lord of Alfreton, to the Worksop Priory, in the foundation grant to which it is mentioned; and the gift was confirmed by his son and grandson, and by his descendant in the fifth generation. Thomas de Chaworth, lord of Osberton (who about 1218 claimed free warren in his demesne lands here), confirmed the grant, and also the grant of his grandfather Robert de Alfreton, of land lying between the wood of Osberton and Appelhayheved (Applayhead), and of land between Osberton and Worksop.

A Roger de Osberton is mentioned as holding a knight's fee in the Honor of Tickhill in Henry the Third's time. Thomas Dynham, 31 Henry 8, 1539, claimed against a co-heiress of the Chaworth's, Joan Fitzwilliam, the third part of the manors of Osberton, and Alfreton and Norton in Derbyshire. Henry the Eight, on the 3rd of July, 1540, granted Osberton Grange together with *Graveslane* in Oxton, Hardwick Grange (formerly *Herthwick*, and given by Matilda

de Lovetot to the Worksop monastery,) and Wood, at a nominal rent to Robert Dighton, who, in the same year had licence to alienate Osberton and Hardwick to Richard Whalley and his heirs, and all his lands in Osberton Grange and Worksop to William Bolles and his heirs. The estate of the Bolles', after remaining a long time with them, passed by the marriage of an heiress of the family, to the Leeks, and from them to the Thornhaghs, an ancient family in this neighbourhood. Francis Ferrand Foljambe, Esq. married a Thornhagh and so obtained the estates, and built the present mansion, about the close of the last century, Wyatt being the architect. The ancient family mansion stood at Scofton, close by.

Scofton and Osberton lordships, both belonging to Mr. Foljambe, contain 3,841 acres, and he has large estates elsewhere. The Foljambes are a very ancient Derbyshire and Yorkshire family, and formerly resided at Aldwark in the latter, and Walton in the former county. The name of an ancestor of theirs, Sir Thomas Foljambe, who was in 1272 High Bailiff of the Peak, appears as witness to several charters in Henry the Third's reign. At his death, in Edward the First's reign, he held of the king an oxgang of land by the sergeantry of keeping the king's Forests de Campana, the name of the Forest of the High Peak. Their name occurs also in connection with Tickhill in a grant by Edward the Fourth, on the 4th of May, 1553, of the rights of the religious house of Nostel at that

place, to Sir Francis Foljambe, of Walton, Knight, who afterwards added largely to his possessions by a marriage with the Fitzwilliams and Clarels of Aldwarke. The advowson of Tickhill church is now vested in the present Mr. George Savile Foljambe. This gentleman married for his first wife, in 1828, Harriet Emily Mary the eldest daughter of Sir W. M. S. Milner, Baronet, of Nun-Appleton (by Harriet Elizabeth, his second wife, daughter of Lord Edward Bentinck), by whom he had one son, Francis John Savile, born April 9th, 1830; and for his second wife Selina, daughter and co-heiress of Charles last Earl of Liverpool, and widow of Viscount Milton. He was, until lately, a well-known master of fox hounds. He is a liberal landlord and greatly esteemed.

The interior of Osberton House presents the appearance of what it truly is—the residence of an English 'squire and English sportsman—and many a reminiscence of hunting days, and likeness of favourite huntsman, horse, and hound abound. One large hunting painting represents a Meet at Grove; the figures being those of the Marquis of Titchfield, the late Lord George Bentinck, Lord Henry Bentinck, Viscount Galway, the late Mr. Francis Thornhagh Foljambe, the Hon. Mr. Wortley, the Hon. Mr. Simpson of Babworth (whose position in the painting was once occupied by a well-known member of the hunt—now spirited away or concealed from view by the sportsman newly arrived upon the field), and the present Mr.

Foljambe. The latter and Lord Galway are on foot in the midst of the hounds. On the staircase, in armour, is a full length portrait of Sir Godfrey Foljambe.

In the hall is a museum containing a fine collection of British birds (one the *Gallinula Foljambei Olivaceous*); several cases of geological specimens, insects and ferns; a carving in alabaster, representing the Assassination of Thomas à Becket, supposed to have been the altar-piece of Beauchief Abbey, near Sheffield; a Roman altar, found some years ago at Littleborough; and a vase with an inscription attached to it, stating that it was found in digging for a plantation near the Worksop Road, at Osberton, December 21st, 1835, and contained upwards of 940 Roman coins dating 340 years after Christ, or thereabouts, and from the mints of Rome, Lyons, Arles, Treves, and Amiens.

There are one or two Roman roads, and some remains of Roman camps in this neighbourhood, and from these and other evidences, it is easy to trace the the progress of the Roman army in large bodies through this county.

In a wood about two miles south of Osberton, are some noted silver firs, of large size, with foliage extremely rich and graceful.

Wallingwells and Langold Park.

Wallingwells, the seat of Sir Thomas Woollaston White, baronet, (on the foot road to Roche Abbey) was formerly part of the manor of Carlton-in-Lindrick. Ralph de Cheurlecourt or De Capreolecuria, descended from Tuoldus a cotemporary of Roger de Busli, in the reign of Stephen, by his foundation deed granted "to Almighty God and the Virgin Saint Mary, a place in his park of Carlton, by the wells and stream of the wells, whose name should be called 'Saint Mary of the Park,' to make and build there an habitation for holy religion, so free that this place should not depend on, or belong to, any other place." The priory he built was a Benedictine nunnery, afterwards called Saint Mary's of Wallondewells, from its situation amongst wells, fountains, and streams; where has many a fair and pure-hearted maiden ere now prayed away a life devoted to "holy religion."

At the dissolution it consisted of a prioress and eight nuns; its revenue being valued at £55. 9s. 10d. Margaret Goldsmith was the last prioress. It was granted to Richard Pype, knight, citizen and leather-seller, of London, lord mayor in 1578. It became afterwards the residence of a gentleman named Maximilian Waterhouse. Two Commonwealth officers, Sir Ralph Knight and Major Samuel Taylor, purchased adjoining estates here, the former Langold, the latter

Wallingwells. The latter's son and heir married a daughter of the former, and the issue of the marriage, a daughter, married Thomas White, esquire, who thus became possessor of the estate, and from him it descended to the present owner, whose father was created a baronet in 1802, for supporting a number of volunteers during the last French war. The present baronet was in the army in his youth, and for several years subsequently (until 1853) held efficient command of the Sherwood Rangers. The house is a modern structure, built out of the remains of the priory, and stands in a well-wooded park, about four miles to the north of Worksop. A line of trees in the park denotes the division of the counties of Nottingham and York.

In 1829 some stone coffins were found: one contained the remains of Dame Margery Dourant, the second prioress, who died in Richard the First's reign. The body was entire, but on being exposed to the air became a mass of dust. She had slept there nearly seven centuries. A silver chalice and shoes which were found quite perfect, were re-interred with her. At the return of Cromwell's visitors the nuns had, as they stated, a comb of Saint Edmund, and an image of the Virgin Mary, supposed to have been found at the building of the house.

Adjoining Wallingwells, on the Roche Abbey side, is Langold Park, of great extent, with a fine lake. It formerly belonged to the Segrave family (deriving its name from the Langholt or Long Wood) afterwards

successively to the De Langholts, De Terringtons, Cressys (the ancient lords of Hodsock), and Burtons. From the latter, about 1663, it was purchased by the before-mentioned Sir Ralph Knight, who was a distinguished and fortunate officer in the civil wars, and a friend of General Monk, whom he entertained here on his celebrated march from Coldstream to London. This Sir Ralph was in favour after the Restoration. His grandson designed a new house here, which death prevented him completing. His sister married Doctor Gally, whose two sons inherited the estates and assumed the name of Knight. The late Henry Gally Knight travelled a great deal, and published a volume of poems entitled "Eastern Sketches," as also a valuable work on Ecclesiastical Architecture. He left Langold and resided at his adjoining estate of Firbeck, which was his country residence until his death in 1846. Dying without issue, he left Langold to Sir Thomas Woollaston White, and Firbeck to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Another estate, Goldthorpe, was purchased by Edward Chaloner, Esq. a Liverpool merchant.

Firbeck Park,

Now the property and residence of Mrs. Miles, by recent purchase, is prettily situated in the romantic and sequestered valley running from Roche Abbey to Oldcoates. The house is an Elizabethian one, and

was built by a William West, a successful lawyer, about the time of Elizabeth or James the First. It formerly belonged to the Segraves, the Cressys, Sir Francis Fane, the Staniforths, and a Mr. Barker, who sold the estate and manor to Mr. Henry Gally.

The chapel at the village of Firbeck, close by, contains several memorials of the above families. It stands on the site of an old one, the date of whose erection is not known, but it probably was erected by the neighbouring monks of Roche. The name Firbeck is supposed to be derived from the stream by the beck of the Firth, or the wood streamlet. The first notice of a population at Firbeck is two centuries after the conquest. Nearer to Roche is

Park Hill,

Formerly Gawkhill Hall, or the hall of the cuckoo hill. It was once the property and residence of part of the Saunderson family; in 1685 of Thomas Chadwick, afterwards successively of Mr. Nonus Parker of Thurcroft, Mr. William Singleton, Sir Thomas Fouke governor of Gibraltar, and the trustees of Mr. Thomas Thornhill. In 1765 it was purchased by Mr. Antony St. Leger, and from him it descended to the present Mr. Antony Francis Butler St. Leger. The names of this family and the house gave the titles to the two celebrated races at Doncaster—the St. Leger and the Park Hill Stakes.

Roche Abbey.

“For a mile or more
 He traced the windings of the shore—
 Oh! beauteous is that river still,
 As it winds by many a sloping hill,
 And many a dim o’er-arching grove,
 And many a flat and sunny cove,
 And terraced lawns whose bright arcades
 The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
 And rocks whose very crags seem bowers,
 So gay are they with grass and flowers.”—*Praed.*

“Methinks I hear the sound of time long past,
 Still murmuring o’er us, in the lofty void
 Of those fair arches, like the lingering voices
 Of those who long within their graves have slept.”
“Orra.”

What memories of past gipsy parties, what recollections of pretty gipsies crowd upon us as we write—for many a pleasant visit have we paid ere now to this secluded valley and Abbey of the Rock: in companioned walks through park-land scene with occasional rest at one of those clean-swept village hostelries, Macaulay so lovingly descants upon, or in larger party on more beaten track; and how suggestive of those gone by is each repeated visit to the spot.

Roche Abbey, or what remains of it, lies in an extensive valley about eight miles to the north of Worksop, and the natural attractions of the place are sufficiently great to justify the many pilgrimages paid to it, independently of its ancient or modern associations—in both of which, however, it is rich. Its monkish inhabitants, whose abodes in past times are

always classic ground, have contributed to the one, and as for the other, it has seen too many a modern party whose troops of youths and maidens have sported over its lawns and wooed beneath its shades, not to have contracted some to which many eyes, when reverting to the sunny spring-time of their youth, will turn with lingering recollection and regret. Here, before their beautiful abbey arose, a colony of monks had established themselves, performing their devotions and living in open air, with no shelter but what the rocks and trees afforded—completely secluded from the world, with no sound to divert their attention or disturb their repose but those proceeding from the minstrel birds, the murmuring streamlet, or the wild animal, here securely hid and with “scarcely a human eye to overlook the solemn meditations or the severe austerities of the Cistercian’s life,” and since then many an association has it not contracted?

The principal valley extends to the village of Old-coates* on the one side, and to Maltby on the other, and has been formed at a time too far back to look for, by the rending asunder of the rocks in some mighty throes of nature—the proofs of its power being flung about in picturesque confusion. To the north it is closed in at parts by perpendicular crags, still protecting the remains, as they once did its noble abbey.

* At this village it is in contemplation to build a retreat for the order of Sisters of Mercy—a close approximation to this seat of the “old religion.”

At the lower end a small stream (welcome sight to disciple of Walton) supplies a mill. The old mill of the monks stood, it is said, on the site of the present garden house, and the old man who takes care of the grounds, whose name we believe is Herring, still points out the traces of it, and expatiates upon the time when four centuries back his ancestors were located here, and saw monkish glory and monkish decadence.

Not the least important object in this sequestered valley is the well-known house of Miss Hartshorn—associated with many a one's early recollections—where visitors receive most welcome country fare, and it may be added, most obliging attention. Her family has been settled here for many generations.

Another valley runs from the first one at right angles, and contains a large lake formed in 1785. Nearer the house, under the shade of a fine protecting tree, is a "Wishing Spring," where more wishes, we'll be bound to say, have been silently offered up than have ever been, or will be, gratified—fortunately, may be, for the wishers.

Both valleys are surrounded and enclosed by bold wooded heights, and abound in many a waterfall and stream, rustic bridge and tree-crowned crag. Near to the house is an isolated rock, separated in remote convulsion, known as the "Table Rock," where ladies perpetrate fairy dance and pay accustomed and pleasantly levied toll on descending.

* * * * *

When Roche Abbey was in the acme of its splendour this neighbourhood was rich in like institutions. "Few districts in England had so many of these foundations. There were Cisterrians at Rufford, Gilbertines at Mattersey, Carthusians in the Isle of Axholme, Benedictines at Blyth, Benedictine ladies at Wallingwells,"—(standing gracefully amongst its fellows as lady amongst ruder sex,)—"Augustinians at Worksop, and Premonstratensians at Welbeck, the chief house of that order. They formed quite a cordon round that part of Bassetlaw" (Worksop and Retford), "while a little beyond was another house of Cisterrians,* in a sequestered and stony valley of the Rock."† But the time was coming when these temples should be no more. Luther had fulminated his anathemas and thundered out his reformed doctrines abroad, as John Knox and Lutheran disciples had disseminated them at various times and places here. "As early, indeed, as the time of Archbishop Lee, we find a Dutch minister named Van Baller preaching the doctrines of the reformation under the shadow of the splendid monastery of Worksop, if not within its walls." The clergy were divided. Cromwell's visitors had reported abuses. The church was rich, even to plethora, in possessions—too much so, it was thought, for unworldly priests—

* Singularly enough, both the houses of this order belong now to the same owner.

† Mr. Hunter: from whose work the historical accounts of the abbey, Laughton, and Sandbeck are gathered.

and greedy eyes looked on, ready for the spoil attending its depletion. The public were ripe for the change—the change and the storm came, and their houses were swept away as if built on sand; or left only to speak in picturesque ruin their former story. Amongst them perished Roche, whose history we have now to tell.

The abbey of Saint Mary of the Rupe, or of the Rock, was founded, according to what information we have, in the year 1147, by the lords of Maltby and Hooton, Richard de Busli and Richard Fitz-Turgis or De Wickersley jointly. It appears from charters still existing, that before the date of its erection a colony of Cistercian monks, from Cistercium near Dijon, or from some early house of the order in England, had settled themselves here, selecting it as a secluded spot sheltered from the bleak north winds; and from this it is supposed they derived their name “of the Rock.” A natural phenomenon, however,—the accidental resemblance of some of the scattered groups of limestone to our Saviour, it has been suggested, gave rise to the name. The return of Cromwell’s visitors states that this figure was held in such reverence that devotees made pilgrimages to “Our Saviour of the Roche.”

From the resemblance of the abbey to the better known one of Kirkstall, they are evidently of the same age, and perhaps, as Mr. Hunter suggests, designed by the same architect. The abbey was built upon an extensive and magnificent scale, and consider-

able grants, besides those of the founder, were made to it; amongst which was one by Henry the Second, who gave one hundred acres of land near Lindrick, —probably the piece now familiarly known as “The Hundred Acres” on the east of Carlton-in-Lindrick. Leo de Manvers gave Branchiff, near Anston, where the monks had a grange. In addition to these were grants from the De Warrens, the family of Eu, the Cliffords, and many others. During the four centuries in which this house flourished, various exchanges were made in the estates. Idonea de Busli (granddaughter of the founder) gave the fine estate of Sandbeck close by. In a confirmation of a grant by John de Busli, an exception is made to an aerie of sparrow-hawks, very likely a noted one here. Bawtry, a few miles off, was held by the render of a sparrow-hawk yearly by the De Buslis to the family of Fossard. The number of monks compared with the extent of the abbey buildings seems to have been small. John Earl of Warren made a grant to increase the number by thirteen. Seventeen joined the abbot in the surrender of the abbey on the 23rd of June, 1539, when it was dissolved. The abbot was summoned to parliament in the reign of Henry the Third and the two Edwards. The first abbot was named Durandus. In the time of abbot Osmund, Richard the First released the abbey from a debt of 1,300 marks due to the jews—strange lenders—and as strange the easy way in which the obligation was cancelled! But such acts at the time

were not rare, and lucky the jew who escaped with *that* treatment. Cundel was abbot at the time of the dissolution: its clear revenue then was £222. 8s. 5d.

No sepulchral remains are to be seen, but it is supposed several members of the families of the founders and benefactors were interred here, as there is charter evidence of the desire of many to be so—amongst them Idonea de Vipont and Maud Countess of Cambridge. The latter made her will here a few days before her death.

Six years after its surrender or dissolution, Henry the Eighth granted the site to William Ramsden and Thomas Vavasor, to the use of Ramsden and his heirs. In the same reign and nearly at the same time, Ramsden had licence to alienate it to Henry Tyrrel; and a James Bank had also a similar licence to alienate “the site of the monastery to Sir Thomas Hewitt, citizen and clothworker, of London,” afterwards of Shireoaks. This Sir Thomas had licence in 6 Elizabeth to alienate it to Richard Hunt. In 21 Elizabeth and 17 James the First, a Richard Frankland held it. His family seems to have formed a dwelling out of the monastic buildings. A John Wandesford was said by Dodsworth to have been at one time an owner. In 1643 it was put in the inquisition made after the death of Sir Ralph Hansby of Tickhill Castle. In 1640 it occurs in the inquisition of Nicholas Saunderson Lord Viscount Castleton, and with his representative, the Earl of Scarbrough, it still remains; and it is to his kindness

the public are indebted for the unrestricted permission they have to visit this interesting spot.

Of the abbey buildings only a gateway and some beautiful fragments of the church remain—the former of later date than the latter, and doubtless part of the *novum hospitium* mentioned in the account of the abbey and erected probably for the accommodation of visitors—especially the devotees to the Image of the Rock. One peculiarity is noticeable with regard to the northern transept of the church: the north wall must have arisen almost in contact with the perpendicular rock, and the whole of the northern side would be darkened by it. On the northern side of the choir may be discerned some rich tabernacle work, painted or stained a red colour. It has the appearance of being canopied over seats, or possibly over a tomb—perhaps that of one of the founders. A large mass of stonework at a distance westward, would most likely be the base of the great western entrance.

In the time of Richard fourth Earl of Scarbrough many fragments, besides the present ruins, remained scattered about as they had fallen, and but little attention had been paid to the appearance of the grounds. He called in the assistance of Mr. Brown, who planned the present lake, removed all the fragments that he thought did not add to the effect, planted here and there, and removed the rubbish collected about the parts now standing, to such an extent indeed that it almost appears as if no more had ever existed than

now remains, "and the mind is rendered less sensible to the original extent and grandeur of the edifice." As stated before, Mr. Hunter surmises the original building to have been similar in plan and design to Fountains and Kirkstall, and "almost equal to the minster at York in its impressiveness." Some conception of the original beauty and extent of the abbey, indeed, may be gathered from the relics remaining, for it was as elegant, apparently, in its details, as magnificent in its proportions.

* * * * *

The nomadic race of the wild Zingari who still prefers the healthful habits and patriarchal life and wanderings of primitive times to the cumbersome yoke and restraints of artificial life, finds many an imitator at Roche—nor could the gipsy ephemera pitch tent in fairer scene: they come from all quarters, in all ways, from the loud sounding man big with his own importance, to those who see the insignificance of such importance—from the haughty dame to the coy maiden who comes like ray of sunlight on the old spot;—and poor human nature, seldom in ordinary life sufficiently impressed with that sense of the greatness or littleness of its destiny which sometimes tends to check exhibitions of folly, casts aside for the time, and from very weariness of the load, its amusing distinctions and affectations, and revels in most unrestrained and natural freedom here. Under shade of tree and rock—the grounds having been duly explored and repast

disposed of—youth, whose qualification for the office lies principally in his inexperience of the sex, tells us, in responding to the toast “The Ladies,” and in all the excitement of champagne, how “Woman makes for us a temporary paradise here, and leads the way,” &c.—applauding Benedicts confirm—ladies smile—the unwedded in anticipation of the great duty and happiness before them—the mated retrospectively and in actual possession—and the music gets uproarious. After this, merry groups form for dance, lovely feet press the turf trod by monks in other days, and loving couples wander quietly off to surrounding woods, whose aspen leaves have heard more youthful destinies decided in trembling accents there, than true Zingari ever truly told.

And yet—to go from present times to those gone by—that “large portly man, with merry eyes, and crown that shines like glass—who might have been an abbot in the olden time—in whose mouth a jest feels sweet as crusted wine—

Whose speech is flavorful, evermore he talks
In a warm, brown, autumnal sort of style;
A worthy man, sir! who shall stand at 'compt
With conscience white, save some few stains of wine,’*

he who has just been speculating upon those strange men who in far-off days, tired of the world, perhaps bearing heavy weight of sin, came to this retreat to

* ALEXANDER SMITH. Most residents at Worksoop will remember one who might have sat for the portrait.

pass in quiet the remainder of their days, until came that final day of rest when all that was mortal of them would be consigned to the sod little way off yonder,—for here has many a turbulent and haughty spirit subsided—many a one with lineage of pride hid himself in priestly garb, and unknown sunk to rest:—he, this portly man, as he sits with jovial few sipping port or claret, viewing from out the open window before him the merry dance on the sun-lit lawn in front, with many a yielding, arm-encircled waist in view—he could tell the merry band of a time when with that fair dame close by, whose hair betokens the winter of her years, he wandered as others are doing now with as little care or thought for monkish times or doings, and as his tale was told saw, well pleased, the blush mantle on cheeks of beauty that would well bear comparison with theirs—called up too by emotions as intense. And she who looks on sadly if approvingly, in early youth walked here as fair, in as conscious charms, with same coquettish ways, with companions too as merry—now scattered awide in many a clime—some perhaps no more.

Generations of such has this spot seen, and seldom comes a fair summer's day on earth but the picture may be realised. Roche Abbey can furnish many a subject matter for speculation and contrast such as this, but wiser far than let sober reflection or thought intrude upon enjoyment present, most content themselves when here with adopting what is good in

gipsy life, and, taught by knowledge, wisely abstain from imitating the self-imposed restrictions of Cistercian life—though be it said, if authorities are to be depended upon, the monks of old were not strangers to venison, and the other good things that some relish the indulging in.

One favourite haunt, visited at noon and dewy eve—when the sun is fresh from morning climes and when his more matured rays “are tinging the greenest leaf with gold,” is an arbour romantically situated on a precipitous rock in the wood opposite the house. In front of it the trees form a vista and permit a view of the lake and, terminating the view, the spire of Laughton-en-le-Morthen church, pointing with silent finger to the heaven above. Here is nothing to break the privacy and repose save the coot’s shrill cry—the sighing wind passing over the lake’s rushy bed—or at times, in all its peculiar sweetness, the sound of village bells as it gently steals along the valley below and peals in woods around;—or if engaged in converse sweet with gentle companion of things past or present, spiritual or mundane, of scenery in distant lands, with occasional allusion to the lulling fall of water near—a vision of this world may break upon you—to speak from experience—attired as Diana, and as fair, or in less mythological but not more becoming garb. Such visions *do* come, nor lessen they the regret felt at having to retrace the steps from thence and them, to that spot called home.

Laughton-en-le-Morthen.

"Sing, sweet harp, O sing to me some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds in that sad memory, long-buried dreams shall raise:
Couldst thou but call those spirits round, who once in bower and
Sat listening to thy magic sound, now mute, departed all; [hall
Of chieftains, now forgot, who beam'd the foremost then in fame;
Of bards who, once immortal deem'd, now sleep without a name:
In vain, sad harp, the midnight air, among thy chords doth sigh,
In vain it seeks some echo there of voices long gone by."

Moore.

Few places were of more early importance, than this village, which lies about two miles from Roche Abbey. The path to it affords some commanding views around, and is a very pleasant one. The remains of an old earthwork, one of those rude places of defence constructed before castles were erected may still be seen perfect there. It is known as "The Castle Hill," and adjoins the church on the west side. With those at Conisbrough, Mexbrough, and Tickhill, it would, it is thought, be thrown up on this elevated position, and converted into a fortified mount, for the defence of the southern frontier of the Brigantian or Northumbrian kingdom. Laughton, before the Conquest, belonged to one of the most powerful of the Saxons, Edwin Earl of Mercia, who had an aula here. He was brother to Earl Morcar, and his sister was wedded to Earl Harold, then resident at Conisbrough. Edwin made pretensions to the crown, but submitted to the Conqueror. After bearing the yoke four years he rose against the Normans, but perished by the treachery

of his own people in 1070. Mr. Hunter thinks Laughton passed as Morligton or Morlington—the town of the Morthing—to the ancestors of Edwin, by the will of Wufric Scott; and that the name Laughton originated in a Saxon word denoting it as the *law town* of the district—perhaps the seat of Saxon jurisdiction throughout its extensive soke, or for the whole of that part of Yorkshire known as Le Morthing, or moor portion. Laughton was given to Roger de Busli, and became part of his honour of Tickhill. It afterwards passed to De Belesme, and to Henry the First.

While other parts of the Tickhill honour passed to subinfeudatories, Laughton remained in demesne, and was, it is thought, the occasional residence of De Busli—a Norman hawk in Saxon eyrie. Tradition points out a building near to the Castle Hill as the once abode of Queen Maud. Edward the Black Prince gave Laughton to Geoffry de Lusignan, a connection of Drugo de Merlawe, lord of Laughton in the time of Edward the Second, and of the Earl of Eu—into whose family Laughton eventually came. When Edward made claim to the throne of France, Robert Earl of Eu sided with Philip the French king, and this and his other English possessions became forfeited in consequence. While he held it the party of Thomas Earl of Lancaster attacked it and despoiled the town and church, and the destruction of the latter may account for its mixed circular and pointed style. Then also would probably perish the remains of the Saxon aula. In 46th of Ed-

ward the Third, Laughton was granted to his son John of Gaunt, and became part of the duchy of Lancaster.

This church was formerly the mother church of an extensive district, comprising the two Anstons, Firbeck, Thorpe, and Wales, (whose chapels are almost coeval with it). Its dedication to All Saints strengthens the supposition that it was founded in Saxon times, although the first mention of it is in the time of Henry the First (1100). The spire, from its elevated position, is a conspicuous object for miles around. The cylindrical columns with Saxon capitals, between the nave and north aisle, and the north doorway, seem to have belonged to the time of the Conquest. The rest of the fabric is of much later date, probably of the time of Edward the Third (1327).

Two families of some note, the Eyres and the Hatfields, resided at Laughton in the seventeenth century. On the sale of the manor it was purchased by the St. Leger family, with whom it still remains. When Napoleon was expected to land in England, Laughton was selected as a beacon site: a bean stack accidentally getting on fire was mistaken for it, and although we cannot say

“A hundred hills had seen the brand,
And waved the signs of fire,”

yet our resolute yeomanry had, and marched in great numbers to the appointed rendezvous, but returned, we are happy to say, with bloodless swords—Napoleon was elsewhere.

Sandbeck.

Close to Roche Abbey, on the road to Oldcoates, is Sandbeck, one of the seats of the Earl of Scarbrough. It is first noticed in 1224, when it was released by Alice of Eu to Robert and Idonea de Vipont. Idonea, in her free widowhood, gave the estate to the monks of Roche, on St. Giles's day, 1241. In this grant she gives the manor, and her body to be interred in the church of the monastery; "which would probably ensure her a mention in the prayers of the house." To the deed was appended her seal, representing her at full length with a hawk in her left hand—"a distinguishing mark of high birth." Robert de Vipont, her grandson, contested the validity of the grant, and an inquisition was issued, when it was approved. Thenceforward the abbey held undisturbed possession. On August 22nd, 36 Henry the Eighth, the manor of Sandbeck was granted to Richard Turke, gentleman, citizen of London, and in 3 Edward the Sixth he had licence to alienate it to Robert Saunderson (descended from Alexander de Bedrick, living in the time of Edward the Third), and his heirs. Of his family many are now living in the neighbourhood. He "left a house of clay for a mansion of glory," November 2nd, 1582. His son Nicholas built a house here at which he occasionally resided. He was created successively knight, baronet, and in 1627, Viscount Castleton of Ireland. His son and grandson succeeded him. George,

the fourth Viscount, served under King William in Flanders. No issue remaining from his son and grandson (both of whom he survived), the title descended to James Saunderson, a warm supporter of the Hanoverian succession, and created by George the First, in 1714, before his coronation, an English Peer, with the title of Baron Saunderson of Saxby, in the county of Lincoln. The next year he was made an English Viscount, with the title of Viscount Castleton of Sandbeck, and in 1720 he was made Earl of Castleton in the county of York. Dying without issue, 24th May, 1723, and the titles becoming extinct, Sandbeck, with other estates, passed by his will to Mr. Lumley, at that time Envoy at Portugal, not descended in blood from the Saundersons, but related to the Earl by the latter's mother, who was a Bellasis, sister to the Earl of Falconberg. This lady's sister married Sir Henry Jones of Aston, Oxfordshire, whose only daughter and heiress married Richard first Earl of Scarbrough, and was mother to Mr. Lumley. In pursuance of the will of the Earl of Castleton, Mr. Lumley took the name of Saunderson in 1725. In 1739, by the death of his brother, he became Earl of Scarbrough. He rebuilt Sandbeck, and this noble mansion has been the principal residence of the Earls of Scarbrough to within a few years past—the present Earl residing, when in the country, alternately at Sandbeck Park and Rufford Abbey.*

* A genealogical account of the Lumleys is given at page 210.

Hodsock Priory,

The residence and property of Mrs. Chambers, who is lady of the manor of Hodsock and Goldthorpe, situate between Carlton and Blyth. A priory, erected about the year 1100, anciently stood here. Hodsock formerly belonged to the families of Cossard, Hoddisac, and Cressy, the latter of whom gave part of the land to the Blyth Priory. Hodsock afterwards passed to the Markhams and Cliftons, and about the middle of the last century became the property of the Mellish family of which Mrs. Chambers is a member, being sister to the late Colonel Mellish. The mansion was a hall defended by a moat and tower gateway, but having been partly rebuilt and new fronted in the monastic style, is now known by the above name. *

Serlby Hall,

The seat of George Edward Arundell Monckton Arundell, Viscount Galway, and Baron of Killard, county Clare, born 1st March, 1805, and succeeded to the title 2nd February, 1834. He is of a Yorkshire family of antiquity, descended from Simon Monckton, of Monckton (now Nun-Monckton), near Boroughbridge, which lordship the family owned until it became a nunnery in 1326. William Monckton, in August, 1545, received from the Earl of Hertford, a letter, still extant,

commanding him, in the king's name, (the kingdom being threatened with invasion by the French and Scots,) to repair in person to Newcastle, "with his servants, tenants, and others, making as many of them as he could to be horsemen, armed with spears, or archers on horseback, that they might be able to do service when they arrived on the borders of Scotland." The family was noted for its loyalty during the civil war; during which Major Monckton (knighted at Newcastle, in 1643,) with Sir Ralph Hansby held Tickhill Castle in a state of defence as a royal garrison, but surrendered it to Cromwell. Sir Philip was several times imprisoned, twice banished, and at one time himself, his father, and grandfather were sequestered by Cromwell; he also saved Charles the Second and the Duke of York from assassination. In consideration of these services and sufferings, Charles wrote him an autograph letter, promising that if God restored him, Sir Philip should share his good fortune with him. But the loyalty of the Moncktons to the Stuarts was alienated by the tyranny of James the Second, and Sir Philip's eldest son, Robert, went over to Holland to William the Third, and returned with him at the revolution of 1688. The family was raised to the peerage in 1727.

The hall, which is a modern one, stands in a well-wooded park, about eight miles from Worksop on the Bawtry road. A very ancient mansion stood on the site of the present one at the beginning of the

last century. The hall contains some fine paintings; amongst them two portraits by Hans Holbein of Henry the Eighth and Nicholas Kreatzer his astronomer; another painting, 12ft. by 15ft., represents Charles the First, his groom with two horses, and the dwarf Jeffrey Hudson striving to keep back two dogs. This picture belonged to Queen Ann, and was presented by her to Mr. Addison, from whom (with the one of Nicholas Kreatzer) it came to the family of Arundell: a surname assumed by the second Viscount, in accordance with the will of his maternal aunt, Lady Frances Arundell, daughter of John third Duke of Rutland.

In ancient times Serlby was the manor of Alured the Saxon, afterwards of Roger de Busli, then of the De Mowbrays. A Roger de Mowbray gave it to Maud de Moles, married to Hugh, who adopted the name of De Serleby. With this family it remained for several generations. Anthony Serlby, being childless, gave it to Gertrude Leek of Hasland for her life, and twenty-one years after. The reversion was sold to Mr. Saunderson of Blyth. His widow marrying Sir George Chaworth, that family purchased part of the estate, and about the beginning of the last century it was purchased by John, first Viscount Galway.

Viscount Galway is member of parliament for Bassetlaw, and is married to his cousin, the daughter of Richard Pemberton Milnes, Esq.

Scrooby and Austerfield,

The English Homes of the "Pilgrim Fathers."

"The breaking waves dashed high,
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches toss'd;
 And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of Exiles moor'd their bark,
 On the wild New England shore.
 The ocean-eagle soar'd
 From his nest by the white waves' foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
 This was their welcome home!
 What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas—the spoils of war?
 They sought a Faith's pure shrine!
 * * * * *
 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod,—
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God!"

Mrs. Hemans.

Standing upon the eminence from which a knowledge of past events enables us to view the scene, and looking back over the wide fields of history, the present generation can perceive, at different eras, sun-rays brightly shining behind the clouds, where the then actors only saw the shadow and the gloom. From no point of view is this more apparent than the one from which we survey the past history of EMIGRATION. Our first emigrants—persecuted for their faith, and inspired by religious zeal, one of the strongest motives

that impel mankind—went to the wilderness, there to exercise unopposed their religious duties, and, without design perhaps, to prepare homes for future comers. In succeeding ages, when the Old World was full to overflowing, distress came and drove men to people desert lands, where, after a little temporary inconvenience, their sons and daughters grew up in comfort. Seldom do we find men leave the allurements of home and native land without some strong outward cause. The spur in past times has been poverty, suffering, and persecution. The immediate sufferers saw only cause for repining—their descendants, with gratitude, have recognised the wisely guiding hand. In later years the attractive bait of Gold has been added to the teeming populations of the Old Earth—and with it in view (for it shines afar off) the inclinations of men have been enlisted, and they now go eagerly in pursuit.

This was different when, some two hundred and forty-seven years ago (in 1606 or 1607), a few persons formed themselves into a distinct religious community in this neighbourhood, terming themselves “Separatists”—the leading spirit being William Brewster, who had been an Under Secretary of State in the office of Secretary Davison, but had retired about 1587 to live amongst his friends in the country. It was at his house the little band met in prayer. He was, it seems, strongly impressed with the responsibilities of religion, and others as earnest were combined with him. The next in influence was William Bradford, who joined

the sect when young. Brewster was a gentleman in station, and a well educated man, of good abilities. Bradford of the better class of yeomen, a man of strong sound sense, "of a deeply contemplative and religious turn of mind," and although brought up only "amongst his friends in the innocent trade of husbandry," a writer of good repute. They were influenced by one or two Nonconformist divines, amongst whom were Richard Clifton (who removed with them to Holland), rector of Babworth, near Retford from 1568; John Smith, said to have been a curate at Gainsborough, and a learned man: Richard Bernard, better known as Bernard of Batcombe, formerly of Epworth, and afterwards vicar of Worksop from 1601 to 1613 when he removed to Somersetshire, "the author of numerous works on ecclesiastical controversy and in practical divinity," and others. Bernard did not go to the length of actual separation, nor did he accompany them in the pilgrimage they afterwards performed. The period was an eventful one in religious history. The fierce storm that had swept away the old abbey edifices had not yet subsided. Persecution was the fate of those who separated themselves from the Episcopalian Church, as of those who professed the doctrines of the Church of Rome. This little community did not escape, and to avoid it they resolved, after an unsatisfactory emigration to Holland in 1608, to proceed to the comparatively unknown wilds of America, there to enjoy the freedom of worship they were not

permitted at home. This they accomplished after two frustrated attempts, by the aid of Brewster's friend and patron Sir Edwin Sandys, then in power.* Bradford became second Governor of the newly-founded colony (a John Carver being the first), and Brewster an Elder in the Church. The expedition, since so fruitful in great results, was viewed generally with indifference or unconcern.

These first American emigrants have since been known as the PILGRIM FATHERS, and it has become an interesting inquiry as to where had arisen their English house of prayer—where they themselves were from. In the words of Brewster, after they had passed to America, "they were well weaned from the delicate milk of their mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land," and they seem to have been desirous almost of blotting out from their own recollection, as from future knowledge, the locality where they had dwelt in their past lost home—so chary are they of allusion to it. The only indications are given by Bradford, in his History of their Church, where he states "that several religious people near the joining borders of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and York-

* This aid, strange to say, they had need of, for James the First was opposed to the step, and in their two previous endeavours to leave England they were obliged secretly to engage vessels on the Lincolnshire coast, the Dutch captains of which each time broke faith with them. In one attempt they had actually embarked at Boston, and were just on the point of sailing, when they were arrested and conveyed to the prison of that town, where Brewster was confined some months.

shire," (*then*, one can imagine, little better than a boggy water-deluged waste,) "finding their pious ministers urged with subscriptions or silenced, and the people greatly vexed with the commissary courts, apparitors, and pursuivants, which they had borne sundry years with much patience;" and again in his account of Brewster, where he says, "they ordinarily met on the Lord's Day at Brewster's house, *which was a manor of the bishop's*." Dr. Crother in his *Magnalia*, in the mention he makes of the life of Bradford, names the place of his birth Ansterfield—an easy mistake. "Endless have been the searches for Ansterfield, but the whole villare of England presents no place of that name." It has been for Mr. Hunter* to fix Austerfield as the place of his birth, and the Scrooby old Manor House as the residence of Brewster, and their place of worship. He says, "I can speak with confidence to the fact that there is no other episcopal manor which at all satisfies the condition of being near the borders of the three counties."

How interesting the enquiry is to those in this neighbourhood we need not say. Equally so to us to speculate upon the influence the sayings and doings of residents and visitors to our good old town of Work-sop in days long gone by, now unknown even by name to most of its inhabitants—such as Bernard and Van Baller—had in shaping the course of these stern reli-

* See his *Critical and Historical Tracts*, No. 2.

gionists—the first colonists of America. How often have the above lines of a gifted poetess been sung by those who little dreamt that here they stood upon the spot sacred to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers!

Thorne, and a place in the north of Yorkshire, have been fixed upon with insufficient reason. The conditions wanting were, a near junction of the three counties; the residences of families named Brewster, Bradford, and others of their companions; and a manor house of a bishop in the vicinity. All these Mr. Hunter's indefatigable research has found, and present themselves here and nowhere else. It is surprising indeed, that with the even misspelt name of *Austerfield* to guide, the discovery should have been so late. The map answers the first condition; the Austerfield parish register speaks of Bradfords living there at the proper time, and of the baptism of a William Bradford in 1589; other records* shew the existence at that date of a family of Brewsters at Scrooby† and at Bawtry; the residence of a William Brewster at "the Bishop's Manor House" of Scrooby, probably as tenant or manager for the patron of the family, the York prelate, Archbishop Sandys; and the existence of other local names connected with their emigration in the immediate neighbourhood. So that these two villages

* William Brewster was cited to appear before the Commissioners in Ecclesiastical Causes in the province of York, as of Scrooby, and a Separatist, with two others, and fined £20 for non-attendance at Southwell, 22nd April, 1608.

† The parochial Register of Scrooby of that period is lost.

of Bassetlaw may lay claim to having nurtured the forefathers of the gallant race over whose land now waves the glorious flag of the stars and stripes; villages in all probability destined to become of historical importance in after times, in connection with the first peopling of one of the greatest empires now on earth.

Austerfield is a mile or so to the north of Bawtry, and Scrooby about the same distance to the south. Austerfield and Bawtry were royal manors. When Domesday Book was compiled Scrooby was a hamlet belonging to the Archbishop of York, and of the soke of Sutton (now the north soke of Scrooby and Southwell). In Henry the Seventh's reign it was the favourite hunting seat of Archbishop Savage, who found excellent sport in the Hatfield Chase, close by. Another prelate, as partial to the sport as Savage, when "dismissed by his tyrannical master to his northern diocese," passed many weeks here. Misfortune seems to brighten the *cardinal* virtues, for according to Cavendish, Wolsey, when at Scrooby, "ministered many deeds of charity—on Sundays saying mass at some neighbouring parish church, and that done, he would dine in some honest house of the town." In 1541, shortly after Wolsey's death, his "master," Henry the Eighth, on his northern tour, slept in the same manor house. A mulberry tree, yet standing near, is said to have been planted by Wolsey. The manor house (now down or incorporated with a farm house) was described by Leland as "a greate manor place within a mote, all

bylded of tymbre, saving the front of the haulle, that is of bryck. The ynner courte bylding is of tymbre and is not in cumpace past the 4 part of the utter courte." And *this* was Wolsey's home, and *here* the Pilgrim Fathers knelt in prayer! A few short years after he and his splendour, and be it added his splendid misery, had passed away, on the 5th of August, 1620, a few families from Scrooby and Austerfield—one of them his successor in that very home—embarked at Plymouth, to the number of one hundred and one, in a vessel called the May-Flower, for America. The little vessel sped its course and safely reached its destination. Their future is well known.

Few events in history possess a higher interest than this journey of the chivalrous few—reminding us almost of the migrations of patriarchal times. One or two families, earnestly impressed with their mission, and unduly oppressed, as they thought, at home (it was as *we* see for wise purpose and high the directing hand), heard of a distant country—comparatively unknown and unfrequented, or peopled only by savage tribes, the only human beings that had ever disturbed with their presence the almost unbroken silence and repose that had hung over its vast plains since probably creation's earliest dawn—but in the "dim sounding aisles" of whose primeval forests—yet breathing a freshness as unsullied and pure as in the world's young morning, they could sing their triumphal hymns in peace—and with determined will they resolved to

separate themselves from all the many ties and endearments of home—to sever early friendships and associations—and go.

Let the imagination conceive what those wilds and solitudes were in those days—rude enough to encounter *now*—but *then* invested with all the uncertainties and terrors that attach to unknown and barbarous lands; and strong-minded, it will be admitted, must these men and women have been, to brave the dangers and vicissitudes inevitably attendant upon the step. Amongst all the high projects and aspirations with which the gallant ship was freighted, we can imagine however there would mingle *some* regrets for reft domestic hearth, and friends and relatives left behind, as the long voyage was passed over the great expanse of ocean, and they neared with absorbing interest the land of their adoption—ay, and long years after they had settled there. But high in purpose, these were overcome. Little thought these simple villagers of what they were the precursors—of the mighty stream to follow in their track. It was a germ that has had indeed a wide development.

Another scene we can picture. Standing upon some jutting wooded promontory, in all the untrammelled dignity of his free nature, the Red Man as he watched the strange-looking vessel upon the waters—that “great salt lake” whose limits to him were undreamt of—what would his thoughts have been could he have known that it heralded the advent of a resist-

less race before which his would perish—melting like snow before rays of sun—a race that, with the light of civilization, would introduce its sins and sources of evil—amongst the latter that exterminating “fire-water,” destined to spread desolation greater than war had ever caused—a race that would lay his native forests low, and found on the possessions of his people a giant empire whose coming glory should almost eclipse, whose greatness overshadow, the old nations of the earth they left behind. Such speculations would have seemed those of romance, but even now are they being realized; and it is matter of some interest to think that the natives of this locality it was who first raised the banner of the great Anglo-Saxon race on those “wild New England shores”—shores to whose fields of plenty so many are yet on their way, as to a land of comfort and of rest.

The church of St. Wilfred at Scrooby is in the Early English style. The Rev. T. W. Hart, incumbent.

Austerfield chapel (where may be seen the records of the Bradfords in the parish register) is nearly in the same state as when founded, and is without a tower. The doorway has a circular arch with raven-beak mouldings, and within the circular part a rude carving of a serpent or dragon. The churches or chapels of Austerfield and Bawtry are annexed to Blyth, of which the Rev. J. Raine is vicar, the Rev. R. Hinde, curate.



Tickhill Castle.*

THIS castle, now the seat of Richard George Lumley, heir presumptive to the Earldom of Scarbrough, and distant nine miles north of Worksop, was in former times a royal residence and stronghold. Before its erection the site was, in all probability, an earth-work, similar to the one at Laughton.

Before the Conquest, Tickhill was held by two Saxons, Elsi and Seward. Its ancient name was *Dadeslia*. At the Conquest, the possessions were conferred upon Roger de Busli, and the castle became his principal residence. He was one of the most powerful of the Norman barons, and related to the families of Montgomery Earls of Arundel and Surrey (descend-

* The above engraving, from *Miller's History of Doncaster*, gives his idea of the original appearance of the castle.

ants of the Norse king Rolla), Eu, Morton, De Warren (of Conisbrough), to the Conqueror, and by his wife was connected with William's queen, Maud. The "Honour of Tickhill," thus bestowed, became one of the largest in the kingdom, and embraced portions in five counties—one manor or dependency being so far off as Devonshire.

On De Busli's death, Rufus granted the Honour to De Belesme, a kinsman of De Busli, who, however, by espousing the cause of Curthose, forfeited it to the crown. William de Clairfait or Fitz-Godric (married to Albreda de Lizours) held it in the time of Stephen, in conjunction with the Earl of Eu, who claimed by descent from Beatrix a sister of De Busli. Stephen and his rival the Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry the Second, by two charters gave the castle to Randolph Earl of Chester, but Henry on ascending the throne resumed it.

Richard the First conferred the Honour upon Prince John, retaining the castle himself. John, faithless to his brother in most things, gained possession of the castle during Richard's absence in Palestine, but yielded it after a slight struggle to the king's officers, by the hands of the Archbishop of Rouen, on the understanding that William de Wendewel should hold it until Richard's return, or certain intelligence arrived of his death. John, in spite of this, retook the castle; on which Hugh de Pudsey assembled a large force and laid siege to it. Owing, however, to the

uncertainty that prevailed as to Richard's existence, a treaty was entered into by which John was allowed to retain it. At this crisis news came that the "*lion was unchained*,"—that Richard was not only alive but in England; but the garrison favouring John, and affecting to disbelieve the intelligence, defended itself obstinately, under Robert de la Marc; eventually, however, surrendering to Roger de Laci, Hugh Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Northumberland, and other of Richard's friends. De Laci hung numbers of the garrison, and by that and such like acts obtained for himself the ominous *soubriquet* of Roger de Hell. The De Lacis held the castle during the reign of Henry the Second under the crown, and in 1268, Edmund de Laci, Constable of Chester, claimed it as his own.

John, as king, became lord of Tickhill, and resided often there. The De Busli's claim reviving, John, solicitous, possibly, to gain allies and friends, yielded this castle, that of Hastings, and other the rights of the house of Eu in England to the claimant, Alice Countess of Eu, wife to Ralph de Lusignan (whose brother it was stipulated should wed the king's daughter Joan); but the representative of another branch of the De Buslis, Idonea, descended from De Busli's brother, being married to Robert de Vipont, one of John's most powerful barons—De Vipont with the assistance of several of his fellow nobles, prevented the writ of possession, directed to John de Bassingburn, being obeyed, and by force of arms or by law, obtained the

castle himself and held it when Henry the Third came to the throne. This monarch issued a writ to him to fulfil John's treaty and deliver up the castle to Alice of Eu. Vipont, although at first disregarding the command, subsequently yielded—retaining only the former possessions of his wife's branch, Maltby, Sandbeck, and Kimberworth.

The castle stood a great siege in February, 1322, being attacked by the disaffected barons under Thomas Earl of Lancaster, and defended by Sir William de Anne, the Constable, on the part of Edward the Second; many were slain. The king approaching at the head of a large force, the siege, which had lasted three weeks, was raised, and the Earl met Edward at Burton-upon-Trent, but after some skirmishing fled towards Scotland, pursued by De Anne. Being encountered at Boroughbridge by Sir Andrew de Hacla, he was taken, summarily tried, and beheaded.

Edward the Black Prince, when contending with Simon de Montfort and the Barons, gave the Honour to his Cousin Henry of Allemagne, as an inducement, it is said, to Henry to separate himself from De Montfort. If so, his object, whether caused by the munificent gift or not, was attained: De Montfort and Henry becoming bitter foes; and Henry, when with the crusaders and engaged in prayer in a church at Viterbo, was slain by De Montfort's two sons, Simon and Guy, who escaped into Norway. Henry's widow, Constance, had the Honour assigned to her in dower.

About this time a descendant of the De Busli family, John, grandson of Alice of Eu and son of the King of Jerusalem (who had married her daughter and heiress) made a final and unsuccessful claim to the Honour, which had been so important a fief in the hands of the first founder of the family in England. The claim was rejected on the ground that the Earl was an alien. With the possession of Laughton by an Earl of Eu, in Edward the Third's reign, ends their connection with the Honour.* From this time the castle remained with the crown or with those to whom it was at times assigned.

Edward the Third, on the death of his queen, granted the Honour to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, in exchange for the Earldom of Richmond. In 1345 the castle became the residence of the Duchess de Bretagne. During the time the Honour was with the crown it appears to have been customary to settle it upon the queens of England and other ladies, in dower or otherwise. Amongst them were Matilda of Scotland and Adeliza, the two wives of Henry the First; Eleanor of Aquitaine (who founded the royal chapel in the castle, still known as Queen Eleanor's Chapel) wife of Henry the Second; Joan the wife of the Black Prince; Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward the Third; Catherine Swynford, governess to

* A century afterwards Henry the Fifth, in remembrance of the name, gave to William Bourchier the title of Earl of Eu, and Lord Bourchier of Tickhill.

John of Gaunt's children, and afterwards his widow ; Henrietta of France, queen of Charles the First ; and finally, in 1662, Catherine of Portugal, queen of his son, Charles the Second. From these times "the castle came to be no longer the residence and stronghold of the Lord of this great Honour, who had had his perpetual guard, and been accustomed to the homage of the lords of so many manors around." During the seventeenth century it was held by the Hansbys on lease ; from 1719 to 1733 by Lord Fitzwilliam ; and Sir Richard Sanderson afterwards Earl of Scarbrough, and the Lumleys have held it under renewed leases ever since.

During the Civil Wars the castle was held by Major Monckton and Sir Ralph Hansby in a state of defence as a royal garrison, until shortly after the battle of Marston-Moor, when it surrendered by stipulation between its governor and Colonel Lilburn, to General Cromwell, Major General Crauford, the Earl of Manchester, and others, who rode to Tickhill "with a brave troop of horse" to take possession. The castle is then spoken of as "a strong castle pallisaded, and environed with a broad moat and counterscarp, in which were eighty musqueteers and a troop of horse, which did great injury to the peaceful traders in cloth when passing from Leeds and Halifax to Bawtree, and to the peaceful inhabitants of the neighbourhood." The war continuing in Nottinghamshire,—when Welbeck surrendered to General Poynitz, in November,

1641, one of the conditions of surrender was that in consideration of the sleighting of Welbeck, Tickhill Castle should be so, or rendered untenable.

What remains of the castle, the "aspiring walls of its keep, its dark chambers, winding stairs, and rude decorations but faintly convey to the mind the fact that here frowned the strongest hold of him (De Busli) who was lord of so wide a domain." Of these remains are the massive gateway, the doorway of Eleanor's chapel, with the words "~~Peace and Grace be in this place~~" carved upon it, a good portion of the outer wall surrounded by trees, and the moat. Leland speaks of the old donjon or keep (now entirely gone) as being in his time "the fairest part of the castle." The mansion now existing within the walls is a modern one.

A church existed at Tickhill in the time of Elsi and Seward, "one of the few evidences of Saxon piety recorded in that form." A quarter of a mile to the west of the town are the remains of Clarel Hall, formerly the property of the Laughtons of Eastfield; near to it stood a priory of Austin Friars, called Nostel Priory, of which, however, little trace remains.*

* The above account of Tickhill, which consists mostly of bare historical facts, and the historical part of Conisbrough, are taken partly, with the other places before acknowledged from Dr. Miller's Work, but principally, by the kind permission of the Rev. Joseph Hunter, from his *History of the Deanery of Doncaster*, the most complete topographical record of the district we possess. In accordance with the terms of the permission, an endeavour has been made to compress the relation of each incident or description into the narrowest possible compass and brevity, consistent with a clear and succinct narrative.



Conisbrough Castle.

“On Conisbrough’s donjon the watches were set,
 With the dew-drops of eve its proud banner was wet,
 The throstle sang loudly in Elfrida’s bower,
 The wild harps sang sweetly in Hengist’s high tower,
 As the golden-haired daughters of Saxony hung
 On the strains of the bards, who exultingly sung
 The deeds of renown that their warriors had done.”

Sterndale.

THIS Yorkshire castle, built in the time of the blue-eyed Saxons, or earlier, and described by Sir Walter Scott as being situate “in that pleasant district of merry England watered by the river Don,” was, if not

the first, one of the earliest erected in England. Mr. King in his *Monumenta Antiqua* refers it to a more remote era than Hengist's (the fifth century) and to artists working on Phœnician or Phrygian models—but this is very questionable. Most, however, agree that the earthwork of the keep² formed an earthen fortress long before that day. "The vaulted arches of the castle and the use of cement shew that its builders, although only just emerging from the time when they first reared themselves habitations and castles of defence, were not unacquainted with the rudiments of the art." The general style is, however, extremely primitive and rude. The keep, which Mr. Hunter speaks of as "one of the strongest conceptions that ever entered the mind of an architect,"* stands upon an eminence rising somewhat abruptly from the river below. It is still in a comparatively perfect state, and stands eighty-five feet high. It had five stories—the lowest of them being a dungeon or den, whose walls, in the moving course of the long barbarous ages through which the castle stood, have witnessed scenes, no doubt, that the imagination scarcely dare trust itself shudderingly to conceive. Cruel enough, existing evidence shews them to have been. Horrible to contemplate in connection with it.—*The room above* was only lighted by the entrance door standing at the top of the flight of steps leading to the keep from the

* Mr Macklay Browne refers it to the sixth century; Mr. Hunter (or a portion of it) to the twelfth.

area below ; what, therefore, must *its* utter darkness have been. Now, the light of heaven shines refreshingly upon it ; and the contrast is as great as between these brighter days and the dark times when men, aye, and *women* were cruelly incarcerated alive in the dismal hole—their companions being only the slimy crawling reptile or the croaking toad.

On one side of the topmost story, formed out of the thickness of the wall and one of the six buttresses (which rose to the whole height of the keep) was a small chapel or oratory, “to which the occupants, when besieged and severely pressed, could retire to enjoy the solace of prayer.” There was, it must be admitted, something poetical in the idea which these uncivilized barbarians had, in placing the room of prayer as near to the sky as could be, and the den of torture as far below.

Although the erection of the keep has been referred by Mr. Hunter to Hameline son of the Earl of Anjou, in the twelfth century, the same authority adds: “from the chapel appearing as part of the original design of the keep, it would seem the latter was not erected before the light of christianity had beamed upon our island,”—an admission showing that the best informed are in great uncertainty as to the actual date, and rather favouring the supposition of the much remoter origin attributed to it by Mr. Macklay Browne—the sixth century. Both it and the rest of the castle would probably be *strengthened* after the Conquest.

The communications from one story to another were by passages in the wall—at the bottom five, and at the top three yards wide.

How deeply suggestive and impressive is the contemplation of such a relic of an extremely remote age as this—with so many associations streaming down upon it from the dim Past. On its walls that same sunlight now falling so beautifully upon the crumbling ruin, has shone upon the more perfect fabric day by day for more than a thousand years—from the time when it was first reared by semi-barbarous hands, and its battlements and keep first frowned over the winding Don—during the fierce struggles and contentions when the Saxons swarmed upon its walls to repel besieging Danes or Britons—in days long before “the Norman William had come to grasp our early Saxon homesteads and desolate the hearths of a hundred yeomen to gorge one of his bull-headed fellow ruffians,” as Pemberton mildly observes—in long after times—to our more peaceful era, when its towers are dismantled, its keep of strength is useless, and its ruins are interesting only from the memories they raise,—(for the present is always mysteriously affected by the past, the future and the distant.) Long, however, as has been the line of kings and nobles who have occupied Conisbrough—eventful as have been the scenes it has witnessed—its existence would interest perhaps few but the antiquarian, were it not that Sir Walter Scott has given it a place in his charming

novel of "Ivanhoe." And here the amusing scene occurs of the burly Saxon's resurrection—"where the dead man," Athelstane, making up for his forced abstinence, "is found revelling amid his funeral lights, devouring huge venison pasties and swallowing flagons of ale,"—and rises from his shroud with an intense satisfaction, that he communicates to all around by relinquishing the hand of the fair Rowena to Wilfred the gallant Knight of Ivanhoe. And this he does with right good will. Hewn down by the Knight Templar at the siege and burning of Torquilstone, (where were assembled as incongruous but goodly a three, as ever assailed castle wall before or since—the Black Knight, Cœur de Lion; the greenwood chief, Robin Hood; and the sturdy curtal-friar, Tuck;) and bewailed as dead, he is conveyed to the convent of St. Edmund's. Here, on his revival, being treated, for certain reasons of their own, most scurvily by the holy fathers, who wish him a dead man in reality, he escapes to his castle of Conisbrough, but only to be hailed by Cedric, and the others assembled there, as a spectre! To this ungracious and startling reception by his friends, he amusingly replies in Sancho-Panza and lugubrious strain, "I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for three days, which seemed three ages. Yes, bread and water, father Cedric! By heaven, and all saints in it, better food hath not passed my weasand for three live-long days, and by God's providence it is, that I am now here to

tell it." Restored to life and its enjoyments, to keen hunger, and the pleasant things that tend to satisfy its requirements, what cared he for fair Rowenas! At this castle too, Isaac the Jew, whose daughter, the fair Rebecca, is about to be burnt as a sorceress at Templestowe, arrives, "while the sun is yet in the horizon," and fortunately in time to find Ivanhoe her champion knight, who, although reeling on his steed from illness as he enters the lists, becomes her deliverer from the anticipated and dreadful doom. The legendary interest of the district is heightened as well by its having been haunted by the once famous Dragon of Wantley—a dragon that almost rivalled Saint George's in its exploits.

An almost unbroken shadow rests upon the walls and history of Conisbrough prior to the Conquest. The names *Caer Conan* of the Britons, and *Canan Burgh* of the Saxons, and other evidence indicate it as the residence of our kings so far back as the Saxon heptarchy. Jeoffrey of Monmouth states that Aurelius Ambrosius, about 488, with an army of Britons met Hengist at the head of a Saxon force at *Maisbeli*, a few miles off, when Hengist after a great battle was routed, and fled to Conisbrough. Here his force again made a stand; were again defeated, and Hengist slain and buried near to the castle walls—where a tumulus is still pointed out as his tomb. Peter Langtoft, writing in the thirteenth century, says that king Egbert and his suite passed a Whitsuntide here. This would be

about 830. Wuffric Scott, Ethelred's minister, resided at Conisbrough, "succeeding, probably, to a borough of a line of Northumbrian kings." In the Confessor's time, Earl Harold (whose brothers appear to have had neighbouring territories southward) afterwards our king held this place, "when twenty-eight townships acknowledged the lord of Conisbrough as chief." The possessions were conferred by William the Conqueror upon William de Warren, allied to him in blood; married to his daughter Gundred; and who had held a principal command at the battle of Hastings. This castle was his principal residence. The family afterwards became allied as well to the royal families of France and Scotland, and was "even powerful enough to attempt at times to overawe the kingly authority." The first Earl founded the priory of Lewes in Sussex, where his wife and their descendants were buried. The second Earl (who gave Conisbrough church and its dependencies to that priory) wavered between the claims of Curthose and Beauclerk, as his son and successor (who was slain in Palestine in 1147) did between Matilda and Stephen. The second Earl married a granddaughter of Henry the First of France. William of Blois, King Stephen's son, married the third Earl's daughter, and dying without issue, Henry the Second gave her to his half-brother Hameline, Earl of Warren and Surrey, who resided a great deal at Conisbrough, and entertained his kingly nephew John here. He died in John's reign. A son of the third Earl's

daughter Ada, named William de Warren (afterwards William the Lion of Scotland), exercised control over a portion of the Honour. Hameline's son was killed in a tournament in 1286. Hameline's successor, William, married a daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, and she had the custody of this castle in her widowhood, during her son's minority. Her heart was buried at Lewes, and her body at Tinterne Abbey "by her four stout sons," Roger Earl of Norfolk, Hugh and Ralph Bigod, and John Earl of Warren. The seventh Earl married Alice, half-sister, by the mother's side, to Henry the Third. At times he sided with his brother-in-law, at others with the barons. His answer to the astonished commissioners in Westminster Hall, in the *quo warranto* proceedings is well known. Drawing his sword to give it effect, he said, "His ancestors had acquired their lands by the sword; by the sword had held them; and by the sword he would keep them." John, the eighth Earl, and the last De Warren connected with Conisbrough, was married to Joan de Barre, granddaughter of Edward the First. He carried off Alice de Laci, the wife of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, from her castle of Pontefract, by violence (although it was said not against *her* inclination, he having, according to general rumour, built the castle of Sandal to carry on his amours with her previously). Her husband divorced her, and to avenge himself, laid siege to Conisbrough and Sandal castles, upon which a royal writ issued commanding him to desist,—

strange this, when royalty had been so slighted in the person of Joan de Barre; *not so strange* that Lancaster, with these wrongs, should afterwards head the disaffected barons. In 1318, De Warren granted Conisbrough and Wakefield to Lancaster for the former's lifetime, as some say, "as a make-peace." In 1322, Lancaster went into open rebellion, and De Warren was one of the peers commissioned to arrest him, and was present at his execution at Pontefract Castle. De Warren's Yorkshire possessions, on Lancaster's death, in consequence of the above grant, escheated to the king, who yielded them in custody to Simon de Wodeham. On the latter's death, De Warren again recovered possession. He had no legal issue, but had two sons by a lady named Maud de Nierford, and two by Isabel de Holland. The estates were settled by him upon the king, who, by his desire, granted them to him for life; the portion north of Trent, at his death, to Maud for life, and then in entail on her two sons; the remainder of his possessions to the family of his sister the Countess of Arundel. Maud and her sons, however, died before the Earl. This Earl made the large grant to the monks of Roche. He died at Conisbrough, June 30th, 1347. On the 30th of July following, Edward the Third, then in France, with the approbation of parliament, settled Conisbrough on his son Edmund of Langley, then only six years of age, and the heirs male of his body, with remainder, in default of issue, upon his other two sons, John of

Gaunt and Lionel of Antwerp. Edmund's mother, Queen Philippa, received the revenues for him during his minority. He and his wife, daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, often resided here. His son Richard, Earl of Cambridge, was born in the castle. Edmund's second wife and widow (by whom he had no issue) after his death married three husbands in succession. The widow of her son, Philippa Mohun, occupied the castle. Edmund's eldest son, who favoured the house of Lancaster, was slain at Agincourt. The second, Richard of Conisbrough, married Annie Mortimer daughter of the Earl of March, by Philippa daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence. He was beheaded for aiding his brother-in-law, the Earl of March, in his claim to the crown. The latter Earl dying after his sister, without issue, his claim to the throne passed to her children. Richard's second wife, Maud Clifford, held Conisbrough in dower, and married Lord Latimer. In her will, made at Roche Abbey, she makes a bequest to her godson John "the Black-faced Clifford," "the mortal enemy of the House of York, who embrued his hands in the blood of the young Earl of Rutland, a mere stripling in arms. There is reason to believe that he was born in this castle, whose dark chambers were no unsuitable birthplace for him." On Maud's death, in 1446, Richard Duke of York entered into possession of the castle. In his day commenced the wars of the White and Red Roses, and he lost his life at the battle of

Wakefield. His son ascended the throne as Edward the Fourth, and thus "once more the Lords of Conisbrough became Kings of England." Conisbrough was not, however, annexed to the crown until the fusion of the roses by the marriage of Henry the Seventh with Elizabeth of York, "which ended the rivalries of the roses," and blended white and red harmoniously together.

Leland saw "no notable thing" here, but the "castel standing on a rocket of stone and diked, the waulles of it being strong and full of towers." Evelyn was attracted by the fine woods near.

Queen Elizabeth gave a portion of the possessions of Conisbrough to her cousin Henry Carey, Baron Hunsden, Anne Boleyn's nephew. Eventually, by failure of male issue in the family, it passed to Lady Mary Carey, wife of William Heovingham, one of king Charles's judges. Her property passed to her granddaughter, Carey Newton, married to Edward Coke of Holkham. In 1737 Conisbrough "first became subject to modern practices"—Coke's trustees disposing of it to Thomas fourth Duke of Leeds, resident at Kiveton Park, an ancient dependency of Conisbrough, and with his family it still remains.

* * * *

It will occasion surprise to those who have considered Wellington and Nelson in connection only with their great deeds, that these two greatest military and naval heroes of modern times, trace descent as

well from the ancient lords of Conisbrough, or those claiming a direct interest in it, as from royalty: and although arithmetic is sadly destructive of cause for exclusive pride in distant noble ancestry—distasteful as the fact may be to those who have more respect for nominal station and merely titular nobility than we lay claim to—and to those who so amusingly arrogate airs to themselves, and cling so fondly to adventitious claims to notice—we refrain from the curious and instructive enquiry, and content ourselves with giving the imperfect and interesting sketch which connects these two illustrious men by ties of consanguinity:

“Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward the First, married Humphrey de Bohun Earl of Hereford and Essex. Their eldest daughter, Lady Eleanor de Bohun, married the first Earl of Ormonde. The daughter of their great-great-grandson, the seventh Earl, married Sir William Boleyn, knight. The son of this marriage, Thomas Boleyn Viscount Rochford, married Lady Elizabeth Howard, and was father of Mary Boleyn (sister to queen Ann Boleyn) who married Sir William Carey. Their son was the Henry Carey Lord Hunsden mentioned as lord and owner of Conisbrough. His granddaughter, Blanche Carey, was wedded to Sir Thomas Wodehouse, and was mother of Annie Wodehouse, wife to Robert Suckling. Their daughter, Catherine Suckling, was the mother of NELSON, fifteenth in lineal descent from Edward the First.”

Singularly enough, Wellington was lineally descended from Lady Margaret de Bohun, the second sister of Lady Eleanor, and was fourteenth in descent from Edward the First. He was also descended lineally from Edward the Third, by his son John of Gaunt, who possessed a direct interest in Conisbrough.

Newstead Abbey and Byron.

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
 I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
 To its idolatries a patient knee,—
 Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such; I stood
 Amongst them, but not of them; in a shroud
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could
 Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued."

Childe Harold.

"He in God's bosom smote the heart
 Which yet is honour'd on the banks of Thames."

Dante's Inferno.

IN the reign of our second Henry, between the years 1170 and 1180, arose the fair abbey of Newstead—erected, it is said, and nobly endowed by that monarch, with other holy shrines, in expiation of the part he indirectly played in the sacrilegious murder of Thomas à Becket. Its monkish occupants were Black Canons of the order of Saint Augustine, and the abbey was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. On the 1st July, 1539, after an existence of three hundred and fifty-nine years, the eighth English monarch named Henry dissolved it; its revenues then being £219. 18s. 8d. On the 28th May, 1540, Henry granted Newstead (originally New-Stede) to Sir John Byron, keeper of Sherwood Forest and Steward of the then unimportant places of Manchester and Rochdale—better-known as "Sir John Byron the Little with the great Beard," and he, in the words of Washington Irving, "con-

verted the saintly edifice into a castellated dwelling, making it his favourite residence, and the seat of his forest jurisdiction." The Byrons garrisoned it in the civil wars of Charles the First, and it was besieged and sequestrated by the Parliamentarians. For his loyalty, Charles raised Sir John to the peerage, in 1643, as Baron Byron of Rochdale. When Charles's son, the "Merry Monarch," returned to his English throne, Newstead was restored to the Byrons, and continued with them to the time of the Poet Lord, who sold it, in 1815, to a gentleman named Claughton, for £140,000 but the latter failing to complete his purchase, the estate was re-sold, in 1818, to the present owner, Colonel Wildman, for £100,000, to enable the chivalrous bard to continue his efforts for Greek independence—efforts that terminated, as all know, in his early death, at Missolonghi in Western Greece, on the 19th April, 1824, at the age of thirty-six.

Irving describes the abbey as "one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint romantic piles, half-castle, half-convent, which remain as monuments of the olden time in England."

The Byrons are of noble descent, and in the annals of England many pages are marked with their doings, and the siege of Calais, the battle of Cressy, Bosworth, Edge-Hill (where seven brothers were present), and Marston-Moor tell the story of their fame. In a subsequent day there came over them that extreme susceptibility and occasional gloom, those unfortunately

heritable qualities, producing, amidst moodiness and eccentricities, those soaring aspirations, those intense depressions, which have so often appeared in families as preludes to the advent of great poets—culminating points in the history of a race—in whom all the light and all the shade are to centre, to elicit from the exquisite joy and the exquisite misery of the recipients, those immortal thoughts on which the world dwells so approvingly, forgetful of the anguish mingled with the rapture from which they spring:—and poor gifted wayward Byron, with his inherited suffering, misanthropy, and melancholy—all the blame is perhaps not to him alone!—and as in the lengthening course of time, on the luminous track he has left behind, future ages gaze on the imperishable light shining with ever brightening ray, the failings of an erring human heart will perhaps be forgotten and forgiven!

One of the excusable weaknesses of that great intellect was pride in Norman ancestry—the first of his forefathers established in England, Ralph de Buron, having come over with the Conqueror. This Ralph held several manors in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, and the lordship of Clayton as well. The third lord married one of a name strangely connected with the fortunes of the family—Elizabeth Chaworth, daughter of John, Viscount Chaworth. William, the fifth lord, was surnamed “the Wicked,” and lived to fall prostrate before that shrine falsely termed by moral cowards *honour*. Being at a convi-

vial meeting of the Nottinghamshire Club, held in Pall Mall, on the 26th January, 1765, he had some words with his friend and neighbour Mr. Chaworth, of Annesley, as to whether Sir Charles Sedley, on his estates of Nuttall and Bulwell, or he (Lord Byron) on his estate of Newstead, had the greater quantity of game: heated with wine, the disputants afterwards encountered on the stairs. What passed, or who was the challenger, is not known, but they requested a waiter to shew them to an empty room, which he did, leaving a small lighted candle on the table. The bell was soon after rung, and on the waiter or tavern-keeper and some of the dinner friends entering the room, they found Mr. Chaworth mortally wounded—his opponent's sword having passed into his body, and gone, as he expressed it "deep through his back." Lord Byron's left arm was round Mr. Chaworth, and Mr. Chaworth's right arm round Lord Byron's neck and on his shoulders. The folly of the moment had passed into the eternal crime. The shades were gathering round. To the one, Death—to the other, Remorse. Mr. Chaworth, in his expiring agony, forgave his friend, who was tried by his peers on 13th of February following, and found guilty of manslaughter; whereupon he claimed the benefit of the statute of Edward the Sixth, which was allowed, and he was discharged on paying his fees. He retired to Newstead, and there lived a life of gloomy misanthropy.

The simple-minded neighbours, who rose with the first blush of the untainted morning, awakened by the earliest echo of "the cock's shrill clarion," passing their lives in peaceful pursuits, and retiring to rest under "straw-thatched sheds," and so on from day to day, and who had no notion of London dinners and London duellists, viewed the "old lord" and his devils (as they termed the Pans and Satyrs placed by him in the "Devil's Wood," close by) with the most unsophisticated wonder and suspicion. According to them he always went armed, ready to shoot down the first innocent rustic he met—threw his wife (who afterwards parted from him) into the lake, to be rescued by the gardener—shot his coachman, threw the body into the coach to Lady Byron, and officiated as driver in his stead. These were the tales of the simple village homes; but let us hope he was not so bad as represented, and that for him as for others came the expiation and the atonement. Who knows what was the anguish of his heart when he looked towards Annesley, and reflected that he it was who had slain a friend and made those halls desolate? The old lord, who was great-uncle to the poet, disinherited his only son for contracting a marriage he objected to, and laid the fine old oaks and other trees of Newstead waste, in order to spoil the inheritance—an act for which we could almost the less forgive him than for the alleged ducking he gave his lady-wife. The son was killed in Corsica, in 1794, two years before his father's death.

On the death of his lordship, on the 19th May, 1798, a new actor appears upon the scene—one before whose coming career and deeds men's cheeks should pale—as eccentric as his predecessor, but whose eccentricities were irradiate if not redeemed by genius—**GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON**—a name that stands out from the million contemporaries over whose memory oblivion has now fallen, never to be forgotten. He was born in Holles Street, London, January 22nd, 1788, but resided principally in Scotland with his mother, who was, before marriage, a Miss Gordon of Gight, Aberdeenshire, a lineal descendant of the Princess Jane Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland, and of a family originally of Norman extraction. His father, a Captain Byron, was a spendthrift, “who squandered the lands of Gight awa,” became an exile, and died in 1791, leaving his widow and son in comparative poverty. Byron's grandfather was the Hon. John Byron (brother to the “old lord”), who, when serving with Lord Anson in his voyage round the world, as a midshipman in the *Wager*, was cast away on a desert island in the South Seas, where he endured great privations and sufferings (of which he subsequently published an interesting account), and returned to England after an absence of five years. He became an admiral and served in the West Indies during the American war. His “grandad's narrative” suggested to the poetical descendant some of the har-

rowing scenes in the splendid description of the shipwreck in *Don Juan*.

According to Moore, when the young Byron arrived with his mother to take possession of this fair domain, the latter, on seeing the abbey woods "stretching out to receive them," affected to be ignorant of the place, and enquired of the toll-bar keeper "to whom that seat belonged?" "The late owner, Lord Byron, has been dead some months," was the reply, "and they say it belongs to a little boy who lives at Aberdeen." "And this is he!" exclaimed the delighted nurse, unable to control herself, as she kissed the little lame boy on her lap.

During his minority the abbey was let to Lord Grey de Ruthyn, but Byron visited it occasionally in the Harrow vacations, when he resided with his mother at lodgings in Nottingham. In 1808, he came to reside at Newstead. This period of his life has two phases—one dark and unsatisfactory, the other light and pure—his orgies, when "he vexed with mirth the drowsy ears of night," and "Paphian girls were known to sing and smile,"—

"Those laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.
His goblets brim'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite."

—and his love for Mary of Annesley.

His amphibious habits—the skull drinking cup (the use of which, as such, he ironically justifies by an

allusion that applies as well to topers in the flesh, "when our brains are gone, what nobler substitute than wine")—the oak tree which he planted, addressing it

"Young oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine"—

the names of himself and his sister Augusta, that "sister whom he loved," which he carved on a tree in the adjoining grove, on his farewell visit to the abbey,—the two skulls of ancient friars in his study "grinning on each side of an antique cross"—the grave of his favourite dog, Boatswain (the friend of whom he says, "I never knew but one, and *here* he lies"), and where he intended finally to repose, himself—the bear and the wolf he kept—the portrait of Jackson the pugilist—the stone coffins exhumed by him in search for hidden treasures—the midnight revellings, where he and his young companions, sitting until mornings grey, were accustomed to play off "monkish mummeries," parading up and down the cloistered aisles, habited as monks, with crosiers, crosses, cowls, and beads—at other times firing pistols in the old hall, and finishing each night's orgies with "a draught of Burgundy from a human skull;"—the old goblin friar (alluded to in *Don Juan* in the lines commencing

"Beware! beware! of the Black Friar
Who sitteth by Norman stone,")

who walked the cloisters in the stilly night, sometimes visiting the rooms where Byron and his page (as some

say, a lovely girl dressed in boy's attire) slept, and always appearing to the master of the house when some dire calamity hung over him (Byron affected to have seen him shortly before his ill-fated marriage)—his old valet, Joe Murray, "whose spouse and boys dwelt near the hall"—the picturesque ruins of Saint Mary—"our own dear lake" (as he writes to his sister) "by the old hall, *which may be mine no more*"—all these, are they not so familiar as to require but bare mention? It has been truly said "the country people were as much puzzled by the madcap vagaries of the new incumbent as by the gloomier habits of the old lord, and began to think that madness was inherent in the Byron race, or that some wayward star ruled over the abbey,"—and no wonder. They were right in one sense, Genius, such as his, treads close upon the misty confines of insanity.

How these follies of his youth would meet with the contempt of his riper years! Of an exquisitely delicate and morbid temperament, Byron seldom cared to approach his fellows except in those moments when his sensibilities were blunted by excess—and from such meetings he generally retreated to his own utter self-companionship and intense isolation. This he refers to in bitter words. Indeed, at the time, it seems, he struggled to escape, and

"From his fellow-bacchanals would flee
Apart, to stalk in joyless misery."

And none did love him!

Himself comparing the colossal proportions of his intellect with those around, the result was disparaging to the crowd, and when small men paraded themselves ostentatiously before him, as such are apt to do, or claimed kindred sympathy, or mental rank with him, he flung them back with scorn. High in those elevated regions of thought, in which it is the privilege of genius alone to soar, winging his strong clear way he could look with complacency on the masses below, but when struck down to the earth by some caprice or infirmity from his aspiring flight—coming in close proximity to them and perceiving those weaknesses* which inspired him with distaste for them, and suggested too acutely his own kindred ones, he recoiled from the sight, and closed each immortal episode with that last line of withering contempt so often instanced in his *Don Juan*.

Dimly conscious of great powers, Byron's genius might have slumbered in its depths, as calmly as does that ocean he so loved, when the tempest blasts are still, had there been no mocking question of his capabilities. The reviewer's irony worked the change, and roused him into intellectual life. But in calling into

* "I do believe,
 Though I have found them not, that there may be
 Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing: I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
 That virtue is no name, and happiness no dream."

play the intense desire to assert his individuality and pre-eminence, passions were evoked that once aroused seldom in such natures sleep again, whether they are to exist for weal or woe, and in his future the storm was to predominate over the calm. On the track of that singular career, whose gloom is ever illumined by incessant genius-flashes—at times clear and calm, at others startling by their lurid glare and fitful splendour—one pure light alone was permitted to fall upon the path, but not to tranquilize the troubled soul. Tempest-tossed, there shone above his course that fair star which, though not for him, ever brightened to his sight. When he met Mary Chaworth he met “his destiny;”—better perhaps it was that he worshipped at a distance, for in her he no doubt personified to himself the *ideal* so often sought, never found; and had he been *blessed* with possession, the ideal, in all probability, would have fled, the charm and the influence have passed away, and nought remained to him but the human reality, with its inseparable weaknesses and infirmities.

“The lovely toy, so fiercely sought.
Had lost its charm in being caught,
And every touch that woo’d its stay
Had brushed its brightest hues away.”

Few loves have been described in words of such beauty, or with greater power, than Byron’s for Mary Chaworth—his “bright morning star of Annesley,” in that most exquisite of poems “The Dream.” How

little did she comprehend the intensity of that great love! How little did he understand the necessity of its rejection, for his fame!

In that rapt vision, where he "curdles a long life into one hour," he sees "Two beings in the hues of youth...both were young and one was beautiful...the maid was on the eve of womanhood; the boy had fewer summers, but his heart had far outgrown his years, and to his eye there was but one beloved face on earth, and that was shining on him; he had looked upon it until it could not pass away; he had no breath, no being, but in hers; she was his voice; he did not speak to her, but trembled on her words; she was his sight, for his eye followed hers, and saw with hers, which coloured all his objects; he had ceased to live within himself; she was his life, the ocean to the river of his thoughts, which terminated all; upon a tone, a touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow, and his cheek change tempestuously." *But* "her sighs were not for him!" "A change comes o'er the spirit of his dream." He is alone in the halls of Annesley: "he leans his bow'd head on his hands and shakes as 'twere with a convulsion, but he sheds no tears. The lady of his love re-enters there." "She was serene and smiling then, although she knew—for *quickly comes such knowledge*—that she was by him beloved—that his heart was darkened by her shadow; that he was wretched. A moment o'er his face a tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced, and then it faded as it came,—he passed

from out the massy gate of that old hall, and mounting on his steed, he went his way, and ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more." Again a change. "On the sea and on the shore he is a wanderer. The lady of his love is wed to one who did not love her better : in her home a thousand leagues from his—her native home—she dwelt, begirt with growing infancy, daughters and sons of beauty,—but behold, upon her face there was a tint of grief, a settled shadow of an inward strife, as if *her eye was charged with unshed tears.*" Then he, the lover-poet, stands "before an altar with a gentle bride ; her face was fair, *but was not that which made the starlight of his boyhood....* He spoke the fitting vows, but heard not his own words, and all things reel'd around him." His mind was wandering to the "old mansion" (Annesley), "the accustomed hall, the remembered chamber," where "in earlier years he had loved, and wooed, and been rejected ;" and "the place, the day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade, and *her who was his destiny* : What business had they there at such a time !" Again a change : "The lady of his love, oh ! she was changed, as by the sickness of the soul ; *her mind had wandered from its dwelling*, and her eyes had the look which is not of earth ;" she was become "the queen of a fantastic realm ;" and "*this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise have a far deeper madness, and the glance of melancholy is a fatal gift.*" "His dream was past ; it had no further change. It was of strange order, that the doom of these two

creatures should be thus traced out *almost like reality*—the one to end in madness, both in misery.”

When Byron returned from Harrow, there first came upon him that earnest dream of life and love, which the experienced tell us, never comes twice in a life; and in its delicious sunshine he calmly passed his early days—at times visiting his Mary at Annesley, and conjuring up ghostly images when viewing from the chamber where he was wont to lie, her mailed ancestors grimly looking down upon him from their heavy frames upon the walls; at others accompanying her in walks and rides. But from this state of rapture he was soon to be rudely roused; and one scene, where the knowledge has come upon him, is graphically depicted in words of power. Not far from Newstead, and towards Annesley, was a hill, *then* “crowned with a diadem of trees;” below, “the wave of woods and corn fields, and the abodes of men, and wreathing smoke ascending from the rustic roofs.” “These two, a maiden and a youth were there gazing—the one on all that was beneath her, fair as herself—*but the boy gazed on her.*” “Even *then* she loved another, and on the summit of that hill she stood, looking afar if yet her lover’s steed kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.”

Facilis descensus : Charmed by a fine exterior, Mary scorned the young Chief of Intellect at her side, and married John Musters of Colwick, the handsome master of a pack of fox-hounds; and although her

future life was unhappy, she escaped linking her fate with that dazzling meteor-like course, contact with whose glare had perhaps been too much for her pure soul. Byron himself, in *Childe Harold*, ironically justifies her,—“Ah! happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss had been pollution unto aught so chaste.”

It will be observed that many of his thrilling verses,—the one for instance with the lines

“Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful hour,
Strange pangs would flash along *Childe Harold's* brow,”

do not conclude as one might expect, with reference to a dimly seen Past or Future,—the visioned glance into a former state—the prescient instinct of one to come—the sublime feeling of expanding into, and sympathising with, the Universal and the Infinite—those vivid dreams that occasionally pass like lightning gleams across the poetic mind,—to a sudden flashing sense of the greatness of his coming destiny—to that “mingling with the universe” he elsewhere so finely alludes to—to the startling conviction of the unworthiness of a life spent in wild debauchery,—but to that ever-recurring allusion to his own lost hope, that ever-dominant feeling, the “*disappointed passion* that lurk'd below.”

William Howitt has well-suggested the (perhaps only poetical) idea of Mary Chaworth's after-life, and to those who, sympathising with Byron, could have wished that she had shared with him the glory and the gloom of his great but melancholy career, the follow-

ing quotation will not be unacceptable: he says

“There is nothing in all the histories of mortal sorrows and broken affections more sorrowful and heart-striking than the idea of this lady, so bright and joyous-hearted in her youth, sitting in her later years, alone and uninterrupted in this old hall, weeping over the poems which commented in such burning words on the individual fortunes of herself and Lord Byron.”

They both now have passed away—frailties, loves, regrets—all but the bright glory of one, which shall stretch a ray of living light through the great future to all coming time, and the cherished memory of both. And yet how distinctly they stand out in the imagination—two sculptured figures, one in the pride of gifted manhood the other fair as Eve—mingling with other attendant shadows in the foreground of the past; and to which two living eyes shall ever turn!

Byron sleeps in the little village church of Huck-nal-Torkard. Mary Chaworth survived him eight years, her death being accelerated by exposing herself with her daughter on a pitiless night in October, 1831, when escaping from Colwick Hall, attacked by the reform-law rioters. She died at Wiverton Hall, in February, 1832.

Byron's boyish flames were pretty little Mary Duff and Mary Parker, lost in the intenser one that afterwards arose: his subsequent *English* ones were Lady Caroline Lamb (who “adored him,” but as she refused to elope with him, he ceased to revolve around her charms); Lady Elizabeth Forbes; and Miss Milbanke. The latter, a blue-stocking heiress, he proposed to and

was refused. At the instance of Lady Melbourne, he offered himself to another, (her ladyship suggesting that his wife should have a great admiration for *his* genius, whereas the lovely Milbanke—whom he was prepared again to attack—would have too exalted a one for her own). Again was he a rejected one. This he endures with the utmost nonchalance for wanting only a settled life and the necessary concomitant, money—and having lost his peerless Mary—little cared he with whom the matrimonial joys were to be endured, and he makes another off-hand proposal to Miss Milbanke (Lady Melbourne thinking it “so pretty a letter, that it would be a pity not to let it go.”) In the interval between the first offer and this one, he had “awakened one morning to find himself famous,” and he was accepted. He married her amid “quivering recollections of the past, and melancholy reflections on the future,” and shortly after the marriage, alluding to Swift’s expression, that no wise man ever married, says, “I think, for a fool it is the most ambrosial of all states,” *but* “I still think one ought to marry upon lease” The union was not happy, and they eventually parted. Their only child, Ada, “sole daughter of his house and heart,” afterwards Countess of Lovelace, died in November, 1852, and lies by the side of her father at Hucknall, leaving a son, who possesses, it is said, much of the waywardness of his great progenitor.

Byron was never fairly off with the old love before he was on with the new. Hear his bitter gush of

retrospection when alluding to his Mary. "Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least one heart and two persons, not ill-matched in years, and—and—and—what has been the result?" What share could a successor have in the heart, where dwelt and was cherished that anguished memory? Strange, that he who succeeded so well when surrounded by the *prestige* of his fame, should have failed so signally in the morning of his life, where he most wished to win! Can it be explained by the fact that he never really declared his passion; never even asked for the prize he allowed so quietly to pass away?

Of his first startling appearance as a fitful luminary in the literary horizon—of his rapid dazzling rise, his triumphant ascent through the resplendent firmament, to take his place as one of the most brilliant in the glittering galaxy of gifted men—(that splendid constellation, which fortunately illumines our earthly phase of being):—and yet there, like the sweet evening star, that fairest one in the glorious host above, wishful to shine alone, in proud and solitary splendour;—of his early writings, those "first great drops in the thunder-storm he was soon to pour down upon the world—his resistless rush into fame—his personal beauty—his amours—his misery, where were all the materials which make others happy—the opposites in his character, irreconcilable till in the ruin of death, the heart

which has undergone the stern analysis" that all must pass through—of his boundless sympathies—his seeming infidelity, which embraced, may be, a wider belief than many wot of—of his immortal works:—on these subjects we may not dwell.

Of his earthly abiding-place—this old Abbey (permitted for a long time to fall into ruin and decay,) little of the ancient structure exists but portions of the chapel and cloisters. Washington Irving, after "passing a merry Christmas in the good old style at Barlbrow Hall," paid a visit to Colonel Wildman at Newstead, and his account of it is extremely interesting. The old tapestry and panel-work suggested whimsical fancies to him. "As I lay in 'bed," he says, "and gazed at panel-work where gothic knight, and christian dame, and paynim lover,* looked upon me in effigy, I used to weave a thousand fancies concerning them. I used to conjure up fictions of the brain, and clothe the objects around me with ideal interest and import, until, as the abbey clock tolled midnight, I almost looked up to see Sir John Byron the Little with the Great Beard stalk into the room with his book under his arm, and take his seat beside the mysterious chimney-piece."

This amusing American writer, amid his wanderings in "mystic groves; by the be-hoofed and be-horned and much slandered statues; and by the monkish fish-

* These representations suggested to Byron the idea that his ancestors took part in the Holy Wars.

pools deep-set in green sloping banks of turf," and overhanging yews—"their faces fixed upon the flood," has pleasantly identified himself with Newstead, in narrating one incident of his sojourn, where gazing one sabbath day "upon the valley and silver sheets of water gleaming in the sun, musing upon the wayward destinies of the late lord," he hears the sound of bells stealing upon him from the "old gray country church venerable with the lapse of centuries," where that quondam lord lay buried,—and carrying with them, no doubt, to the meditative listener, many a thrilling thought and memory of the irrevocable past, and of the poet who had gone. One error Irving has fallen into, but acknowledged, in describing a brazen eagle with expanded wings, found in the lake in the time of the fifth lord, containing in its hollow pedestal deeds and grants to the monastery, some of them bearing the seals of Edward the Third and Henry the Eighth. One of these deeds, which a subsequent writer asserts was merely one of the general pardons granted or sold to assist Henry the Fifth in his wars, to the religious houses impeached before the Council of Oxford in the previous reign, he describes as an indulgence or plenary pardon in advance, and for a given time, to the monks, for any crimes they might commit, several of the most gross and sensual to which the flesh is prone being mentioned by name. The mistake is to be regretted, if of not much consequence; for the poor friars have been sufficiently abused by subsequent sin-

ners, and by those unhappy intolerants who are fonder of condemning the sins of others than looking to their own, without having undeserved charges brought against them. The eagle (which formerly supported a missal, and would probably be cast into the lake by the holy fathers at the time of the dissolution, in the hope of regaining possession of it were the abbey lands ever restored to them,) now serves a similar purpose as a lectern supporting a folio bible in Southwell Minster. The deeds are in the possession of Colonel Wildman.

The two resting-places nearest to the abbey are the old "Hut" and the village of Linby. The former, now rebuilt in the English style, is most familiar to us as a straw-thatched road-side inn, where the old coaches-and-four used to pull up on cold frosty days to change horses, and allow shivering passengers to warm themselves with foaming tankards of spiced old ale; and as a favourite meet for the hounds. Near to it is Fountain's Dale, on the road to Mansfield, where Friar Tuck and Robin Hood had a memorable trial of strength, lasting six long hours. "The moat is still shewn there which is said to have surrounded the stronghold of this jovial friar." At this entrance to the park is a fine young oak saved from destruction by the old lord, by purchase. Linby is a small village on the Nottingham and Mansfield Railroad, whose snorting steeds now startle the repose of those sylvan scenes where outlaw's horn was wont so cheerily

to sound. The village has "some monastic ruins, two ancient gothic crosses, a maypole, and a village green," (for one merry dance on which we can vouch,) "moss-grown cottages, and lowly mansions—the whole transporting you in imagination to former centuries."

Many there are who do not despise the humble fare and sometimes boisterous merriment of a pic-nic. The "old lord" they may thank for having provided a pleasant spot where these may be enjoyed (albeit the neighbourhood is suggestive of frogs and creeping things). He was of a nautical taste, as was his brother, and had "mimic castles and fortresses on the shores of the lake, and mimic fleets upon the waters, and mimic sea-fights: and the remains of his petty fortifications still awaken the curious enquiry of visitors." Let one of these latter, at the distant extremity from the abbey, be chosen (the time a fine summer day) and as you gaze over the lake, under whose still waters lie, it is said,—and we do not wish to excite cupidity—the golden treasures of the monks, gold and jewels, chalices and crucifixes—and your eye rests upon the beautiful and suggestive ruin before you, where still remain, over the exquisitely traceried chapel window, the "Virgin Mother and the God-born Child"—remember that it is a place once tenanted by the holy men of former days, once and for ever hallowed by the presence of Genius; to be visited even to that distant period when (as a writer suggests may be the case) "strangers from American or Australian lands shall stand upon a broken

arch of London Bridge contemplating the deserted city and the ruins of St. Paul's," and wailing seas shall beat on England's unpeopled shores—her glories exist but on history's page—as a place of pilgrimage and resort to those who are to feel for it long after you, reader, are gone and are lost to all memory, as fervent a devotion as the noble bard would himself have paid to those immortal shrines of noble men, the homes of the heroes of his ancient Greece,—those homes which, although "Greece is living Greece no more," still stand out so distinctly in the shining light of fame.

Many a sweet sabbath morn shall shine—many a chime from Hucknall-Torkard's bells be heard—this generation, its joys and sorrows and contentions o'er, shall be sleeping its last long sleep, and unborn ones have appeared and passed away—countless of the sons and daughters of the Future shall come in their youth, their pride, and transient human beauty, to pause with hushed feet in reverent homage here—golden autumns shall yield to winter snows, sunny springs to summer charms—many a radiant dawn shall rise in pure and tranquil glory upon the scene, as the centuries pass on—many a flaming sunset crimson in the west, to cast its chastened purple glow on yonder venerable abbey pile:—on all these varying events and times the changeless sun shall smile, ere this spot ceases to be classic ground, ere this home of Byron is forgotten!

Bolsover Castle.

A Derbyshire castle, belonging to the Duke of Portland, once a royal stronghold, is situate about eight miles west of Worksop. The character of the scenery alters entirely as we approach it. The eye accustomed to the comparatively level ground of Nottinghamshire, now ranges over an expanse of country bold and romantic in the extreme—the view over the intervening valley being terminated by a chain of hills known as the Glossop Moors. From the principal terrace—where warrior of old, Cavalier and Roundhead, many a courtly dame and knightly swain have paced, discoursing the while on love and war, ere now;—or from the more commanding position on the surmounting tower, the prospect is magnificent, especially if the view is assisted by the exquisite melancholy of an autumn scene, when decay itself assumes features that are lovely,—at that favourite time the gloaming, when the setting sun is lighting up the dreary grandeur of the distant moors, irradiating their peaks with a long line of golden light, his rays occasionally, perhaps, falling upon some elevated village-spire on the hill we look from,

“Some sweet kirk upon the sunny brae,
That stands all by itself through each sweet passing day,”

giving a finer touch to the holy gray of its ancient walls, and deepening in intensity the rich green hues

of the turf-clad summit on which it stands ;—when in the shadows cast by the hills the many furnace-lights are appearing one by one, like gnome-fires in the darkening shadows of the valley below, their red glare strangely contrasting with the lingering crimson of the overhanging sky,—and distant winds are sighing past the hills, mourning over the fleeting duration permitted to autumn's rich yet ever varying beauty. * * * The change, indeed, is very striking, but is in perfect keeping with the sense or impression of desolation generally felt when viewing the deserted castle halls of other days—once filled with bustling animated beings, now so silent and so cold !

To the left are the turrets of Hardwick Hall, gracefully cresting the wooded knoll from which they rise ; and to the right, though not in view, the residences of the present Lord Byron and Mr. De Rodes.

The town of Bolsover (mentioned as early as 1225) presents indications of having been strongly fortified. With the castle it was defended by the terrace-walls and guard-towers (four of which still remain) situate at the top of the high western acclivity on which the castle stands—the fortifications being continued to the village by an artificial rampart with a deep ditch.

Amongst the immense grants of property made by the Conqueror, his own kinsmen were not forgotten. To his natural son William de Peveril (whom he appointed governor of the counties of Derby and Nottingham) he gave no less than forty-five manors in

this and the immediate neighbourhood. Peveril erected several halls and castles hereabouts—amongst which was this one. With his descendants (known as Peverils of the Peak) it remained for three generations, passing from them about 1190, to Prince John, then Earl of Morton. In his contentions with Longchamps, Bishop of Ely, he lost it to that prelate, but it again reverted to John, who, when king, issued a mandate to Bryan de L'Isle the governor, to fortify it against the rebellious barons, or, if he could not make it tenable, to demolish it. Much of the remaining fortifications are ascribed to that date. The barons, however, gained possession and held it for some time, eventually yielding it to the Earl of Derby, who was appointed governor. It was a place of considerable importance in the reign of Henry the Third (1216). In that troublous era it had no less than eleven governors in double the number of years. The Duke of Norfolk possessed it in the time of Henry the Eighth, but, on the attainder of his son, it escheated to the crown. In 1552, it was leased to Sir John Byron for fifty years, and shortly afterwards was granted in fee to George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. In 1608, he leased it for a thousand years at £10 rent, and in 1613, sold it, to Sir Charles Cavendish, father of the first Duke of Newcastle. It was then in ruins, but was restored from designs by Huntingdon Smithson, who had selected them from models in Italy: the north-east end is of that date, other portions are more recent. Smithson died before

its complete restoration, and was buried in the chancel of the village church, in 1664.

King Charles the First was entertained here and at Welbeck thrice, by the Duke of Newcastle,—masques, at which the neighbouring gentry, according to Gifford, assumed the guise of rustics, being got up for the amusement of the royal party. The old gallery, two hundred and twenty feet long by twenty-eight feet wide, yet remaining, but in complete ruin, was the principal scene of the festivities. In 1664, the castle, then garrisoned by the Duke of Newcastle, yielded to Cromwell's forces under Crawford, at which time it was strongly manned and stored. The Duke fled to Antwerp, where he resided until the Restoration; and Bolsover was sequestered. The castle was dismantled in consequence of the order of Parliament that all the castles in the north, which had been garrisoned for the king, should be sleighted, or rendered untenable, and the possessions were sold—the purchaser being the duke's youngest brother, Sir Charles Cavendish. It passed with Welbeck to the Bentincks.

The buildings are in two detached portions—the one still termed the castle being the square castellated part, with turrets, adjoining the western terrace; the other portion is occupied by the Rev. Hamilton Gray, incumbent of Bolsover. The whole are of great extent. In the gardens is a stone of curious workmanship, ornamented with griffins, birds, and satyrs, its niches containing busts of eight of the Roman emperors.

A joyous revival of many similar scenes the castle has witnessed, occurred here on the 26th of June, 1849, to celebrate the eighty-first anniversary of the noble owner's birthday; the festivities being concluded by a merry dance on the terrace green. That owner, who has died (on the 27th of March, 1854,) since the above was written, now lies with his ancestors in the family vault in Bolsover church, where he was interred on the 4th of April, 1854.

Hardwick Hall.

HARDWICK HALL, "more glass than wall," as the homely distich goes, is about four miles south-west of Bolsover. It is one of the Derbyshire seats of the Duke of Devonshire, but is not used as a residence. It stands on a beautiful and commanding eminence, in a well-wooded park of six hundred and twenty acres, which contains some fine sheets of water and numberless old oaks. In 1203, Hardwick was granted by King John to Andrew Beauchamp. From him, in 1258, it passed to William de Steyenesby, who held it by the render of three pounds of cinnamon and one of pepper—rare articles then, no doubt, and strongly suggestive of quaffings by blazing fires from flagons filled with mighty ale, by the stalwart sons of old, when roaring wintry tempests were without, and evening shades had gathered round, and the fatigues of the day and chase were over. On the death of De Steyenesby, in 1330,

the De Hardwicks became possessed of the estate, and it remained with them for four generations, until the last heiress of the family, Bess of Hardwick, carried it, by marriage, to the Cavendishes.

The career of this maiden was a singular one. Her father was John Hardwick, her mother Elizabeth Leake of Hasland. Born in 1521 (at the old hall now in ruins), she married, when about fourteen years of age, Robert Barber, a youth whose large possessions she succeeded to (by settlement) on his death, without issue. Her next lord (1544) was Sir William Cavendish, by whom she had issue Henry Cavendish; William, first Earl of Devonshire; Charles, father of Baron Ogle, Duke of Newcastle; Frances, wife of Henry Pierrepont, and ancestress of the Dukes of Kingston and Earls Manvers; Elizabeth, married to Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox (uncle to James the First), by whom she had issue the princess Lady Arabella Stuart (who was educated here); and Mary, the wife of her step-son, Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury. A noble issue-roll, it will be thought, for the squire's daughter. On Sir William's death, she bestowed her fair person on Sir William St. Loe, captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, and Grand Butler of England. When he left her a disconsolate widow, she succeeded to a large estate in Gloucestershire, which he had settled upon her in jointure. Her next venture was higher, and she had still charms bewitching enough to captivate the most powerful peer in the realm,

George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl-Marshal of England. To their joint custody Mary Queen of Scots was confided, and passed eight long years here. Miss Strickland says the union was not a well assorted or happy one, and that the haughty countess became jealous of the fair prisoner. Poor Mary! *her* happiness would not be increased by this. Some embroidery of the queen's, and other memorials are still shewn here. A question has been raised as to which hall was Mary's residence: but, as the modern one was erected when the quondam heiress of Hardwick was entitled to surmount her initials by a coronet, the supposition is in favour of the older one. The Countess' son and daughter, Henry and Mary Cavendish, intermarried with the Earl's son and daughter, Gilbert (afterwards his heir) and the Lady Grace Talbot. The Earl died in 1590, and the Countess, so often fated to be a widow, was one again, and so remained. She must have possessed great energy of character, as well as the most alluring charms, to secure such worldly possessions and honours to herself; for the material rewards men bestow mostly pass to the energetic in the world's race, and to those prompt in action. How often indeed do we read of those who, silently working, are through after-ages to influence the destinies of men, but who, too much absorbed in higher thoughts and purposes, or viewing with contempt the small strivings of lesser minds for such baubles, allow the fleeting prizes to be grasped by

more stirring hands, of far less power, whose owners appear in the world's eye to possess, and for the time arrogate to themselves, that pre-eminence and importance which the men of reflection are afterwards permanently to assume.

One room in the old hall is preserved—the Giant's Chamber, so named from two colossal figures over the chimney piece. This hall was a place of strength in the time of Henry the Eighth. It was partly destroyed by the Countess to build the present mansion, and partly by a late Duke of Devonshire to supply materials for the Chatsworth stables. The present hall, a stone Elizabethian building, with six large towers, and battlemented parapets pierced with scroll-work, has been justly compared to a magnificent lantern, from the great number of windows it possesses. The initials of the Countess, who erected it about 1587, surmounted by a coronet, are carved on different parts of the exterior. In front of the house is an ancient and very formal flower garden, of the time of Elizabeth. The Countess built several other places, instigated, it is said, by the prediction of a fortune-teller, that she would not die whilst her building operations were continued. True it is she died in a hard frost when they were suspended, on the 13th of February, 1607, and was buried in All Saints' Church, Derby.

Hobbes of Malmesbury, not liking to be separated from the Earl of Devonshire and his family (with whom he had been connected nearly seventy years) followed

them, (being borne on a litter) from Chatsworth to Hardwick, where he died, on the 4th December, 1679, at the age of ninety-two, and was buried at the old church of Ault-Hucknall (said to be a Saxon one) close by.*

Hardwick possesses some suggestive associations, and furnishes a group interesting to view in the eye of memory—that enchantress who can conjure up into almost life-like vividness and reality so many features and personages of the past. Mary the daughter of Scotland, the adopted of France, the unhappy captive—her unfortunate princess relative—the fascinating but haughty custodian Countess—the great Earl (when Earls *were* Earls)—and that rugged philosopher, of strong attachments and strong aversions, the reputed infidel, tobacco-smoking, and eccentric Hobbes—to all whose ashes be peace.

Chatsworth.

THE Peak Palace of the Duke of Devonshire, is within a few hours railway ride of Worksop, the resting place being Rowsley or Edensor. The situation of the ducal mansion is very fine. It is situate in one of the lovely valleys of Derbyshire, rich in wood-crowned heights, and most of the features peculiar to

* This church, which contains an alabaster tomb to the first Countess of Devonshire, is remarkable from its tower being at the east end.

that wild and beautiful county. The park, eleven miles in circumference, is watered by the river Derwent. The house, grimly guarded by two huge sphinxes reposing in colossal majesty in front, is extremely imposing. Chatsworth was purchased by Sir William Cavendish in Elizabeth's reign, and a dilapidated house then standing was rebuilt by him and his wife Elizabeth of Hardwick. He was gentleman-usher in the household of Wolsey—to his honour adhered to him in his fallen fortunes, and has left an interesting memoir of the cardinal at that period of his history. Fortune prospered the usher more than the master: Henry the Eighth appointed him one of the commissioners for taking the surrender of abbey-lands; large grants of which were made to him by Edward the Sixth. The present building, of the Ionic order, was built towards the close of the seventeenth century, by the first Duke of Devonshire, from a design by William Talman. A wing, in the Grecian style, has recently been erected, and adds considerably to the fine effect of the whole.

Chatsworth was a residence at times of Mary of Scotland, who dates her second letter to Pope Pius from it, on the 31st October, 1570. A small bower across the bridge, surrounded by a moat, is said to have been a favourite resort of hers. A garden then occupied the summit of the area on which it stands. Another queen, Victoria, visited the present duke at Chatsworth, some few years back; and if it be not

impertinent to speculate upon royal musings, we may imagine that some thoughts would revert, when Mary's captivity was mentioned, to the sad and melancholy fate of the relative who had passed so many and such different hours on the spot.

Hobbes of Malmesbury, the philosopher and reputed infidel, who, although a voluminous writer himself, intensely hated, he asserted, the whole fraternity of authors and all books—Euclid especially, which he said, set fools a thinking—was tutor to the family of the first Earl of Devonshire, and resided principally here. He once expressed a wish to the Earl that all books were sunk in the sea, and only made an extorted exception to one of his own, "The Leviathan," which he thought, would swim. St. Evermond, in his Letters to Waller, gives an amusing account of a visit he paid to Hobbes, here. Being ushered into the latter's room, at the hour when the Earl assured him the philosopher would be "at home," he "found the literary potentate, like Jupiter, enveloped in clouds of his own raising. He was entrenched behind a battery of ten or twelve guns, charged with a stinking comestible called tobacco. Two or three he had fired off. A fourth he levelled so mathematically against his visitor that the latter was hardly able to keep his post, although he assumed the character and dignity of ambassador from the republic of letters." Hobbes dined alone, generally at twelve o'clock, and about a dozen pipes being placed in order on the table for him, he afterwards thought,

smoked, and wrote for the rest of the day. From early life he had been subject to imaginary maladies (how often the accompaniment of such temperaments) which caused him the most distressing personal fears. Notwithstanding this, by early rising, exercise on the neighbouring hills—to which he went, said the Earl to St. Evermond, at a horse's speed—and temperance in all things, *tobacco excepted*, he lived to a hearty old age.

It is impossible, in general terms, to give an idea of the arrangements and attractions of Chatsworth. Externally there are the vast terraces, urns, statues, vases, fountains, rocky cascade (300 feet long), the willow that weeps literally, the immense glass structures, in which we see the germ or embryo of that Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, now being so magnificently developed and improved upon at Sydenham; and, cresting the eastern hill, the Hunting Tower, erected, it is said, to enable fair dames who wished to be Dianas without the usual fatigues of the chase, to view the sport of stag hunting in the under-lying valleys. Half a mile from the house are the gardens of Chatsworth, and the villa of Sir Joseph Paxton.

Cibber was employed in the reign of Charles the Second to execute the ornamental stone work, and Gibbons the wood work. Some fish, flowers, shells, and dead game in the interior, by the latter, are beautifully executed—the most exquisite, perhaps, being a net of dead game. Of these carvings Horace Walpole says “no one, before him, gave to wood the loose airy

lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species;" and Alan Cunningham "the birds seem to live, the foliage to shoot, the flowers to expand beneath your eye." There is a good deal of old tapestry in the house; amongst it some copies of Raffaele's Cartoons, much mutilated however. Many of the walls and ceilings are richly embellished with allegorical paintings by Verrio, Laguerre, and Sir James Thornhill, and on the walls hang works of most of the eminent ancient and modern masters. In one of Verrio's paintings he has perpetrated the outrageously comical anachronism of introducing Sir Godfrey Kneller and himself in long periwigs as spectators of Christ healing the sick. In one gallery alone are more than a thousand sketches and paintings by Correggio, Claude, Titian, Salvator Rosa, Raffaele, Rubens, and others. One painting, "Monks at Prayer," attracts considerable attention from the clearly defined outline of the kneeling figures relieved against the light streaming in beyond them. In a window is an alabaster tomb breaking open at the resurrection, and partly disclosing its still sleeping inmate. The Sculpture Gallery contains, perhaps, one of the finest private collections in the country. Some of the plants in the adjoining orangery formed part of the collection of the Empress Josephine, at Malmaison. The Archdukes Nicholas and Michael of Russia were here some years years back, when they planted a tree in the west front

of the mansion, still carefully preserved. The views from several of the windows are very beautiful.

In an inner court are twenty-two stone busts of some of the most celebrated personages of the time of Queen Anne, and military trophies by Gibbons; and in the Middle Court, a marble statue of Arion and the dolphin.

At Edensor church, amongst alabaster and gilded memorials of the Cavendishes—one with figures life-size to the first Earl, with a tabular monument at the foot and two recumbent figures, one draped from head to foot, the other a “fleshless skeleton,”—is a brass tablet to the memory of John Beton, a faithful and confidential follower of the Scottish Mary, and mainly instrumental in her deliverance from Lochleven Castle. He was in her service early in life, and was afterwards employed by her in missions or embassies to Charles the Ninth of France, and to Queen Elizabeth. His death took place at Chatsworth, in 1570, (when the ill-fated queen could badly spare an old friend,) at the early age of thirty-two.

Since Mary's ill-star'd day—since he of Malmesbury disported and sped at unphilosophic speed up these bleak hill sides, many a change has come upon Chatsworth: amongst them, one that might have occasioned even the philosopher surprise—the myriad visitors brought to roam over its since risen palace and broad domain, by that power of modern days, which now shrieks so wildly through the isolated scene.

Haddon Hall.

HADDON Hall, distant from Chatsworth and Rowsley two miles, is one of the most perfect relics of feudal splendour as shewn in those old buildings, half hall half fortress, yet remaining to us. It stands in that part of Derbyshire watered by the river Wye, bordering upon the mountainous region of the Peak; and when the mind, ever asking for associations in connexion with such buildings, recurs to the splendid hospitality formerly exercised here, one cannot help colouring the remembrance by mentally contrasting the blazing fires that once shone, the princely festivities that were here once enjoyed, with those magnificent but dreary scenes outside, where weary traveller, to whom the requirements of the rude ages induced unquestioned welcome at abbey and at hall, has so often hailed the smiling lights which like beacon fires directed his path to those warm firesides and that generous cheer never sought for by such in vain.

At the time of the Conquest, Haddon was a military fortification. The old tower over the gateway and some rude adjoining apartments have been referred to a more remote date. The building, though still strongly fortified, afterwards partook more of the character of the baronial hall than the castle. It is of various dates, most however being of the Tudor era.

In the reign of Stephen it was occupied by one of the Peverils. He or one of his descendants granted

it, at an early period, to a retainer of the family, named Avenel. A co-heiress of the Avenels carried it, in the reign of Richard the First, to the Vernons, who held it in true baronial style for nearly four centuries. The last possessor of the name, Sir George Vernon, surnamed from his princely style of living, "The King of the Peak," who died in the reign of Elizabeth, was lord of thirty manors. He had two daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. One night when the winds were sweeping through the turrets of old Haddon, making the very oaks in the park bend before their blast, and lord and guests were holding high festival within its walls, the fair Dorothy stepped from out one of the ante-room doors, down a pathway (still known as Dorothy Vernon's walk) and eloped with the young and gallant Sir John Manners, who became possessed, through her, of this fair domain; and with their descendants it still remains. The Manners', afterwards Dukes of Rutland, resided here until about 1760, when it was deserted for their more modern mansion Belvoir Castle. At one time they maintained one hundred and forty retainers at this old Hall of Haddon.

The interior arrangements—the long galleries, oriel windows, wainscoted walls hung with old arras, or tapestry, occasionally concealing the different doors leading from one apartment to another—convey a good idea of the domestic edifices existing in the past ages. The old dining hall has the raised dais, where lord and guest presided over the domestics, who were ranged

along tables at either side of the room, at those meals so graphically described in the opening pages of *Ivanhoe*, where Wilfred, on his return from the Holy Land, is entertained at Rotherwood, as the unknown guest of his father Cedric. Behind the principal table is a doorway leading into a dark passage communicating with the terraces. Overhead is a gallery which served for the musicians, and as a passage to the sleeping apartments and withdrawing room. The rooms are profusely decorated with the arms of the Vernons and Manners'—boar's heads and peacocks—and with them are those of the Pipes, Pierreponts, and Avenels, with whom those families were allied. One singular memento of past customs, whereby the inhabitants of this lonely mansion contrived to relieve the monotony of their lives, is still preserved. It is an iron hasp or hoop, at the proper elevation, large enough to encircle a man's wrist, and when any refractory individual refused his quatum of beer, or broke through any other domestic rule, his unlucky hand was secured in this hoop, and cold water pour'd down the sleeve of his doublet, to teach him better manners for the future, and to avenge his outraged fellow-topers for the slight. An old gallery, once used as a ball room, is 110 feet long, and the floor is said to have been formed from one oak that grew in the park. Some old tapestry depicts the history of Moses, and a boar hunt in which the dogs are represented as being covered with leather armour studded with iron points. The chapel

(renewed in 1624) is of the early part of the fifteenth century. One inscription in it "Pray for the souls of Richard and Benedict Vernon," is dated 1427. The state-room is one of the most ancient portions of the building.

Mrs. Radcliffe, who was a native of this county, is said to have availed herself of these awe-inspiring chambers to assist her imagination in the morbid scenes she has depicted in that heavy romance, terrible to our childhood—the *Mysteries of Udolpho*.

Miscellaneous.

WE might, in our *olla-podrida*, or *pasticcios* as painters would term it—our miscellaneous finale—have lingered over the beauties and expatiated, as far as we were able, in glowing strains upon the picturesque loveliness of one or two glens or crag-bound valleys in the immediate neighbourhood of Worksop, whose attractive charms poetaster has bepraised and poet sung; of those traces of remote convulsion that occurred when nature was in her incipient throes, and the morning stars were singing so sweetly, we are told, as they first passed on in their eternal course of sounding praise;—those changes in the earth's surface, dating back to the great diluvial era—perhaps to periods more remote, and of which so few except material or physical evidences such as these remain—had we not known that our literary offspring was

outgrowing its prescribed limits. Suffice it then for our purpose to say, that the spots alluded to are CRESWELL CRAGS, MARKLAND GRIPS (a *terra-incognita* it seems to all but sportsmen before its discovery by Mr. Spencer Hall), WOODMILL, and ANSTON STONES. The two former, and the two latter, lie near to each other, and are within the compass of easy health-inspiring walks. They have fissures and streams, precipitous rocks, pin-holes and wishing holes, mysterious caves, and caverns in the stony ribs of rocks, yet unexplored, but extending, it is said, deep into the bowels of the earth (perhaps to the river and the darksome realms where Charon ferries his boat; which we leave for the venturesome to determine) deep-lying peaceful valleys with unsophisticated inhabitants, and rustic inns and frugal country fare; quiet, unpretending flour mills, and homely cottages with blue columns of ascending smoke; clustering creepers and craggy eminences; slumbering sheets of water with rushy beds; trees with in-branched seats for siesta or country cigar divan, on summer afternoon; speckled trout floating in crystal stream, sparkling in noontide sun; and other attractions which, as Father Prout says, "we can't entwine." As is the case with prophets, however, these secluded valleys are comparatively unknown to those who pass their monotonous lives in this quiet locality of ours, and consequently receive but little honour in their own country; but we strongly recommend them to those who care for nature as she

is in her aspects of beauty. We pass with brief mention over the following places :

THORPE-SALVIN is a village of Roman antiquity, and a road beyond it, known as Packman's Lane, that ran to Strafford Sands, is described in an old terrier as a Roman one. This lane subsequently divided the Laughton possessions of the Earl of Mercia and those of Earl Harold. The name Streethouses (a term of the middle ages) yet retained, and that of Rykenildthorpe, applied to the village in *Kirby's Inquest*, indicate the latter as of Roman origin. A family named Salvyn or Sylvanus were the owners here soon after the Conquest. About the reign of Edward the Second Thorpe passed to the Sandfords : who resided at the old manor-house, the dilapidated ruins of which still remain. Their motto *Bon me gre* may still be traced upon it. A coheirress of theirs carried it to the Neviles of Chevet. A Roger de Everton who married the other sister resided at Netherthorpe Grange, close by. The Neviles sold Thorpe, in 1636, to the fortunate apprentice of London Bridge, Sir Edward Osborne (*see Shireoaks*), who died here. It was thenceforward the seat of his descendants, the Dukes of Leeds. They afterwards took up their residence at the adjoining hall of Kiveton (*Ciueton* in Domesday Book) now also deserted. The porch of the church here appears to be of the date of Henry the First. The church itself contains several interesting memorials and emblematical representations.

WHITWELL. We were not aware until recently that in this picturesquely situated Derbyshire village, still exists as complete a specimen of the domestic architectural arrangements of the Tudor era, as can readily be found. It, in fact, gives a perfect idea of the residence of a gentleman of good station, or of a knight of a degree lower than the noble of that time,—a place whose description would have well employed the pen of Waverley, or formed scene for his romance. The porch from the outer court; the old oaken doors and massive doorways; the ground apartments with common dining hall, of moderate dimensions, and raised stone dais, where knightly owner was wont to enjoy his rude and hearty meal in presence of family and domestics; the upper dining and bay-windowed withdrawing rooms, with their pleasant prospects—apartments used only on state occasions; the panelled bed rooms; vaulted ceilings; solid oak staircase, leading to the uppermost story; the grove of yews—as old or older than the house itself; the walled and spacious garden and the old-fashioned path leading to it; the elevated terrace or “mount” as it is called; all these transport us to the time when aged knight and fair-haired daughter dwelt within its now time-honoured walls. We listened, in the spring evening on which we visited the spot, to the traditions of the elderly matron who conducted us over it, and well could we conjure up the scene—and mentally did we inveigh against utilitarian proposal to condemn those sage-

looking yews outside to modern axe—and with unfeigned satisfaction did we learn there was prospect of the house being restored, at some future time to its former use.

This old hall was, it appears, a seat of the ancestors of the dukes of Rutland—thus adding a sixth ducal ancestral abode to this prolific ducal neighbourhood. From here it probably was that the rogue Sir John passed a-wooing to the sweet Dorothy Vernon, in the nobler hall of Haddon, as we have elsewhere described. One, Sir Roger Manners, who had won his knightly spurs—loyal to the back-bone—fell, it is said, fighting in one of those occasional risings which preluded the coming storm of the wars of Charles; the malcontents in which, increasing in unity and force, were to ripen into the “crop-eared knaves” of Cromwell, as the royalists so disdainfully termed them,—albeit the poor crop-ears only obeyed the impulse given by that resistless tide which, with ebb and flow, sweeps away all old institutions, when they have answered the purpose of their being. He was slain in the court yard, or close to it, probably defending his ancestral hall, and was buried in the north transept of the fine old fourteenth-century church adjoining, where his recumbent effigy, in alabaster, with cushion, sword, spurs, and helmet, broken however, and bedaubed by village artist, still reposes in all proper dignity. The inscription, dated 1632, tells us, in rhyme which is evidently the production of unlaboured native genius,

“A living academie was this knight;
 Divinity, the Arts, the Tongues, what might
 In learned schools exactly be profest,
 Tooke vp their lodgings in his noble breast;
 Till death, like chvrch despoilers, did pvl downe
 Manners’ true fabricke, and the Arts’ renoune.”

It is probable that the old knight was not the only victim of these civil contentions, as eight skeletons were recently found, under where the public road now passes, on Whitwell Common, and within a few hundred yards of this spot. As the house of the Rodes’ at Barlbrough was garrisoned for the Roundheads, and Welbeck and Bolsover for the king, it is very probable many skirmishes would take place in the locality—and the Parliamentary victors, it is well known, were not very careful about consecrated ground.

The Hall passed from the Manners’ to the Bentincks about forty years ago. A village legend says that in the church below was a brass tablet, which told that Whitwell lands for ever and for aye should be let at the rent they then stood at—a few shillings per acre—that some unfortunate village blacksmith, tempted by bribe of the then possessor, removed the tablet one dark night, and, like the magpie in the Ingoldsby Legend, which stole and swallowed the abbot’s ring, ever afterwards pined and faded away, as a sacrilegious blacksmith like him should do, and never prospered afterwards. Passing by such village tales, we truly hope that spots like this old hall will be—if not restored—at least held sacred. It now answers the

charitable purposes of the benevolent daughters of the Duke of Portland; and is used by those who learn to think of the times of which we write, as of a distant Past.

CARLTON-IN-LINDRICK. A village remarkable from having had before the Conquest six resident thanes or earls—from which fact its name, *Earl* or *Carl's town*, is supposed to be derived:—*Lindrick* because it was the most important portion of a district of that name. The appellation of the neighbouring hamlet, *Kingston-in-Carlton*, leads to the supposition that it was in the times of far antiquity a royal residence. Carlton belonged successively to the families of Chevercourt, Latimer, Fitzhagh, Clifton (who erected a mansion here), Dacre, Molineux, and Taylor. The present principal proprietor, Mr. Ramsden, is a gentleman of literary tastes and of great practical benevolence. The church appears to be of the date of Henry the Seventh. A curious case of catalepsy occurred at this village, about two centuries ago, to a young girl (similar to one that happened to a young lady at Laughton, about the same time) where the entranced maiden was without food for some weeks, and in her waking intervals asserted that she had visited heaven, which she gave her description of. She also predicted the time of her death truly. The phenomena attending these trance-sleeps being then almost unknown, the case excited considerable interest, and attracted wondering numbers of “the learned.”

BLYTH. Roger de Busli and Muriel his wife built and endowed a priory here between 1068 and 1088, their grants being confirmed by Henry the First and Henry the Second. King John gave it, or rendered it subordinate, to the abbey of the Holy Trinity of Mount Saint Catherine, at Rouen in Normandy. At its dissolution by Henry the Eighth, the revenues were £126 per annum. The site and demesnes passed to the Ramsdens, Andrews, Stansfields, Cooks, Cliftons, and subsequently to the well-known companion of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, Colonel Mellish (descended in the third generation from a Portugese merchant). He sold the estate to the father of the present proprietor (resident at the hall), Mr. Walker, who had amassed a large fortune as an iron-founder, at Masbro'. Fuller says, "John Norden will have it" that the name of the town is derived from the word *jocunditate* as expressive of the mirthful dispositions of the inhabitants. A meeting-house of the Society of Friends has, certainly, existed here for more than a century and a half. William de Cressy founded at Blyth a hospital for lepers. The church is an imposing and very beautiful structure, and bears evidence of having formed part of the old priory; especially that portion now called the conventual nave, separated from the church nave by high pillars and arches.

GATEFORD. A village of little general interest, and mentioned only to furnish us with a fitting resting

place after our pleasant wanderings, where we can briefly allude to its history, and touch upon the often mooted question, whether a certain important local personage of the Past, celebrated in ballad and in song, was a myth merely, or a man of flesh and blood like ourselves.

A family of local distinction named De Gatford (some of whom attained to the dignity of knights of the shire) were seated at this hamlet so early as the middle of the fourteenth century. John de Gayteford, who died here in 1506, and was buried in Worksop Abbey, gave to the prior and convent of that place "one of his best horses, with saddle and other warlike habiliments,"—to be used for what purpose by these men of peace we cannot guess. The names of Knight and De Gaitford occur as owners in the time of Henry the Seventh. In the reign of Henry the Eighth the De Gaitfords were still in existence here, for the country being infested with "pilours, robbers, oppressors, man-stealers, fellows, outlaws, &c." two residents of that name were, with others, commissioned to suppress them. Gateford afterwards passed to the Lascelles' or Lassells', who were long resident at it. Shortly after Elizabeth's reign an heiress of the family carried the Gateford estate, by marriage, to Sir Francis Rodes of Barlbrough, knight. His descendant, Major Rodes, about 1794, sold a large portion to Mr. Vessey, who occupied a farm at Collingthwaite Grange. This property passed to his brother and sister, and eventually

to his nephew, the late Mr. Henry Machin. The other portion was purchased by the late Mr. Benjamin Eddison, but being recently sold to Mr. Machin, the latter became sole proprietor. His son, Mr. John Vessey Machin, resides at the modern hall.

We have surreptitiously introduced RAYMOTH GILEAD to write our closing words from, partly on account of early personal associations, and partly because we know of no place, within easy reach, where we could more appropriately or comfortably, with blazing fire and all necessary adjuncts, make final mention of the greenwood chief ROBIN HOOD, hight Earl of Huntingdon; for of the many spots connected in the annals of tradition with his name, this is one:—and whether it be true or not matters little to our purpose. These tales of other days say that in the olden time, when this portion of the country was covered with the wild forest, the old homestead here stood a solitary woodland hostelrie, often visited by that renowned chieftain and his band. The house certainly bears signs of antiquity—such as the remains of hearth-place open to the roof—a rare instance in this neighbourhood:—but we must take such stories, to use the common term, *cum grano salis*, before we receive traditions facts as accredited ones. In our notice of Robin we would fain introduce some of those ancient ballads whose quaint conceits and similies shine in the rugged verse like red berries against the clustering mistletoe in merry Christmas time; but we must per-

force refrain, and state what new light has penetrated through the mists that rise up between our day and his, to shew him as a life-like being and not a dream of poet's mind.

Let the thoughts, passing over the panoramic events and scenes intervening, be carried back to the first years of the fourteenth century, or about 1307, to the time when our second Edward was king—the scene the interior of this old house—the *dramatis personæ* comfortably seated in pleasant converse in the cozy chairs, yourself, reader ; Robin Hood (little dreaming of his coming ballad-celebrity), attired in the forester garb in which you have so often pictured him ; Little John ; the Merry Friar, of whom you have so often read ; and any other of those worthies you choose, in the exuberance of your imagination, to conjure into being for the time. This neighbourhood presented a far different appearance *then*. All around was the wide spreading forest, whose dim recesses harboured wild beast of prey, as well as leviers of black-mail—those dreaded outlaw hordes. Here and there, at distant intervals, over the face of the rudely cultivated country were scattered, together with serf and herdsman's hut and yeoman's more substantial dwelling, the frequent house of prayer and stately castle wall ;—that noble abbey, whose nave of traceried beauty, and chaste and exquisitely modelled aisles yet remain for our admiration and our use, was in its original imposing splendour and appearance then ;

within its precincts paced, with solemn tread and sounding hymn, those abbots and religious superiors whose last tenements of stone, intended to protect until the final trumpet's blast should sound, lie so tenantless and exposed in the ruined Chapel of our Ladie;—yonder hill had its towers of strength, as they still rise in imagination in the light of that distant day; from its sally-port and frowning walls passed in lusty pride those mailed warrior knights of old whose prowess, oft recorded by gentle troubadour, reached even to the land of sacred Palestine, (one of their effigies, of the date of the second crusade, you may still see, reader, in the present parish church;) from out those massy gates issued forms of youth and beauty, whose exceeding loveliness was theme of many a minstrel's song and gallant's courtly strain—stern warriors went to seek ladies' blushing praise in tournament, or renown in deadlier shock of war—thence sallied the glittering lance; the burnished helm; the emblazoned shield; the plumed casque; the prancing steed; the gay procession; the fluttering pennon; the motley throng; valued hawk and well-trained hound; armed retainers, fair dames, and gallant men. All these were in stirring and proud existence then. Then were the proud and haughty, as there are the proud and haughty now, and with as little reason in their folly—as heedless too of the shortness of their unphilosophic hours of pride; powerful noble oppressed the humble, as powerful noble dare not now; gentlefolk looked down

upon their betters of lowlier worldly station, as gentle-folk do now; and then were in ruder form the same active pursuits of wealth, of fame, of honour, pleasure, avarice, greed, ambition, lust, and folly, as they exist in many a phase around us still.

At such a time, around the light of cheerful hearth, imagine your company, of different stamp, assembled—the shades of night to have closed around—the swineherds to have left the forest for their rude and simple homes—the vesper-bell to have ceased its chime—and all about you to be in a state of security and repose, even though you be so near the dangerous vicinage of yonder castle; and with the help of the Keeper of the Public Records, who is once more our authority, we will relate that which, we are afraid, after such an extraordinary flourish of trumpets, will be considered a rather curt and incomplete extract from what has been recently learned of (saving your presence) the history of our principal guest—

Robin Hood.

THE writers of old, in immortal if unmetrical verse, have painted Robin Hood in imagination-taking and captivating colours, and he stands out in the far distance of time, as limned by them, not only a bold outlaw who hunted in our forests some centuries ago, slaying the king's venison, and making the pockets of wandering abbots lighter and easier of carriage, but

with the additional romance of high birth and lordly, nay, royal lineage. Rapin, in his *History of England*, with far penetrating vision, descries him in our early forests, so far back as 1199. Dr. Stukeley, in his *Palæographia Britannicæ*, gives him, as Robert Fitzooth, claim to the title of Earl of Huntingdon, tracing his descent by genealogical tree from David the First of Scotland, and also from Gilbert de Gaunt, Earl of Lincoln, the once owner of Rufford, where his "sad losel" of a descendant may have thought he had perhaps a sort of prescriptive or hereditary right to hunt the fallow deer. Some connect him, in the maternal line, with Guy Earl of Warwick. Stow and Sir Edward Coke honour him with mention. M. Thierry supposes him to have been the chief of a small body of Saxons, long resisting Norman authority. Another writer that he was the head of a company known as the *Encheredati*, adherents of Simon de Montfort. Mr. Wright, in his *Essays on the Literature of the Middle Ages*, places him as one "amongst the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic people;" others imagine him to have been neither more nor less than an abstraction, a myth, a "sylvan sprite," a "Robin Goodfellow," a sort of outlaw Will-o'-the-wisp, that all had seen, in Lincoln-green, with bow and arrow, plumed cap, and stalwart band, but for whose real existence none could vouch;—and altogether the subject was invested in the most delightful mystery, until Mr. Hunter, "painstaking as Niebuhr," threw

light upon it from rays gathered or extracted from old ballads, and musty papers on which centuries' dust had fallen, in our public offices.

Mr. Hunter's discoveries and deductions are these. There are, he says, three ballads in which our hero is celebrated, of a date not later than the fourteenth century—*The Tale of Robin Hood and the Monk*; *Robin Hood and the Potter*; *Robin and Gandelin*; all of which speak of him as a real and once existent being—and it is generally admitted that our old ballads are mostly but "rhyming chronicles of historical events." But in this case we have unquestionable contemporary evidence, verifying many of the leading features related in some of them, of this our "ballad-hero's" life and acts. In a work of undoubted authority, Longland's poem *The Vision of Pierce Ploughman*, the date of which is between 1355 and 1366, Robin Hood, in connection with the Earl of Chester, is spoken of as a known personage, and as then in recollection. In a poem, *The Lytel Geste of Robyn Hood*, printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1495, the relations given of him in the old poems are received as accredited facts. The *Lytel Geste* gives an account of Robin meeting in the forest, or on a street or road running through it, called Watling Street (the name given to the old Roman ways), with a poor friendless knight in threadbare apparel, who was on his way, with moneyless pockets, to the inexorable Abbot of Saint Mary's near York, who held his lands in pledge

for £400, that being the last day to redeem them ;— how Robin lent him the amount (afterwards, however, abstracting a much larger sum from this very abbot as he passed through the forest); bestowed upon him a charger and new habiliments, to the great joy of the knight ;—and how the latter, faithful to his tryst, meets Robin in Barnsdale woods to return him the money lent. The poem also makes mention of the name of a king—“a clue which Mr. Hunter instantly catches at,”—in relating the expedition of “Edward our comely king,” disguised as an abbot, with five knights attired as monks—a tempting bait; of Robin encountering them; seizing the apparent abbot’s horse; the abbot, or king’s, compulsory detention and heartily enjoyed dinner under the greenwood tree; a shooting match after the repast; sportive buffets given as trials of strength, where the supposed abbot bestows upon the unconscious chief such a cuff as leads the latter to say, the giver “is a stalwart friar with pith in his arm;” of seven score foresters who make up the picturesque complement of the scene; of Robin’s awakening suspicion that the abbot is no other than the king disguised;—and of his doing reverence, and taking service at the royal court. This, it has been observed, is as improbable a story as reader, in these modern times when all such romantic tales of old are discredited, could be called upon to believe; but Mr. Hunter searches public contemporary records, and evidence is yielded up from the musty store corroborating it, and

raising the probability that, in the main features, the *Lytel Geste* is quite true.

- The king was, he infers, Edward the Second, and amongst the corroborative proofs are confirmatory accounts of the actual "progress" of Edward, in the autumn of 1323, nearly as described in the ballad; his arrival at Nottingham on the 9th November, in that year, his stay there for a fortnight, and strange and most important discovery of all, numerous mention of Robin Hood's name in documents preserved in the Exchequer, containing accounts of the expenses of the king's household; where Robin is described as receiving pay as one of the "*valets, porteurs de la chambre*" of the king. The mention of *Robyn Hod* first occurs there in March, 1324. The ballad says Robin, after a short stay, pined for his former freedom and his forest-home; that for many days he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep; and that at last the king permitted him to depart, extracting from him, however, a promise to return:—and what says an entry in Norman French, dated the 22nd of November, 1324, in the Exchequer records, "Robin Hod, heretofore one of the porteurs, because he could no longer work, received a gift, by command, 5s." He would therefore be actually *residing* with the king a twelvemonth, although the ballad makes the time that he was in the king's *service* three months longer. This discrepancy is not of much importance, for he would still be considered in the service, if not resident.

Mr. Hunter also traces his connection with the prioress of Kirklees, where he is said to have died and been buried; and the mention of his name, in the ninth year of Edward the Second, and that of his wife *Matilda*, in the Court Rolls of the manor of Wakefield, in a suit relative to a small piece of land. Here, too, is a strange coincidence; as the old ballads relate that the wife's name was Matilda, which she changed for *Marian* when she joined him in the greenwood.

Mr. Hunter's deductions are: That Robin Hood was born in Yorkshire, of a good family, in the reign of Edward the First, or about 1290,—that he was one of the unfortunate adherents of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, mentioned in our account of Conisbrough, and that he was driven, with many others, after the fatal battle of Boroughbridge, to seek a precarious refuge in the forests. Mr. Hunter does not regard the inscription said to have been found at Kirklees, dating his death, as Earl of Huntingdon, 24 Kal. Dekembris 1247, as a genuine or authentic one.* This learned writer, in apologising for devoting his attention to what may be considered "a plaything of antiquity," justly remarks, "the remains of the ancient minstrelsy

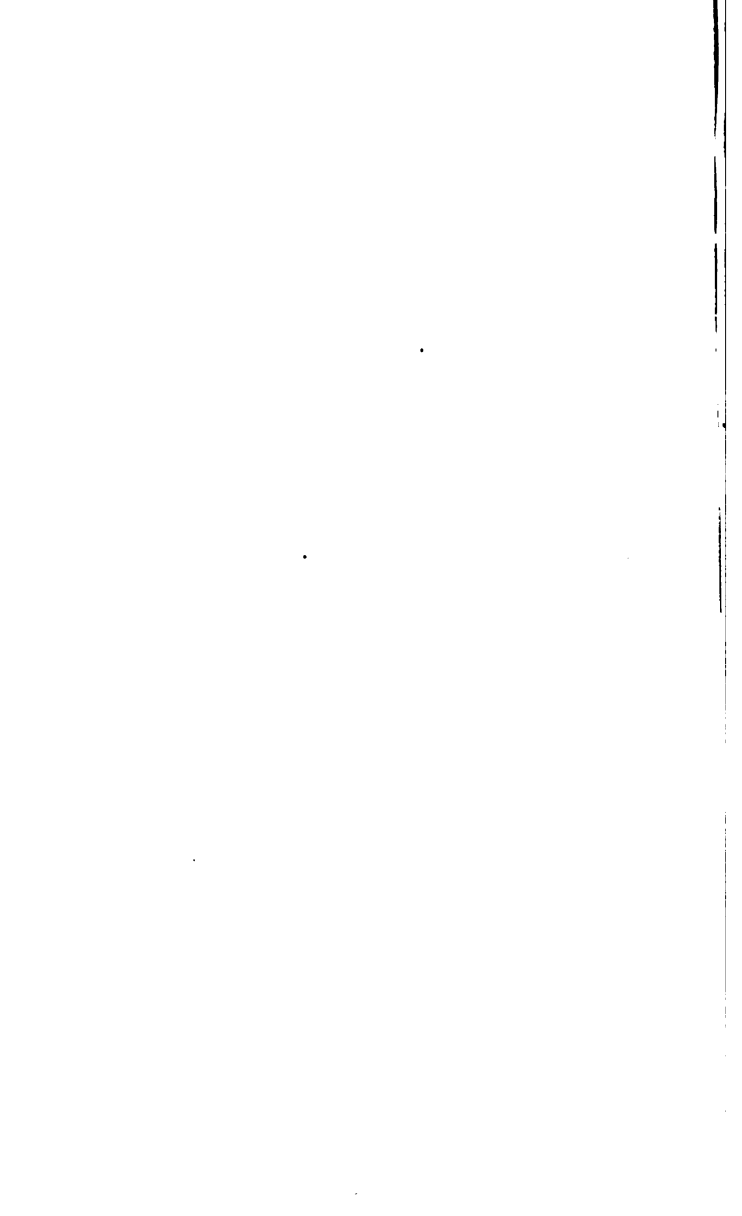
* "Hear undernead dis latil stean,
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntington;
Nea arcir ver az he sa geud,
An pipl kauld him Robin Heud;
Sic utlaz az hi an iz men,
Vil England nivr si agen."

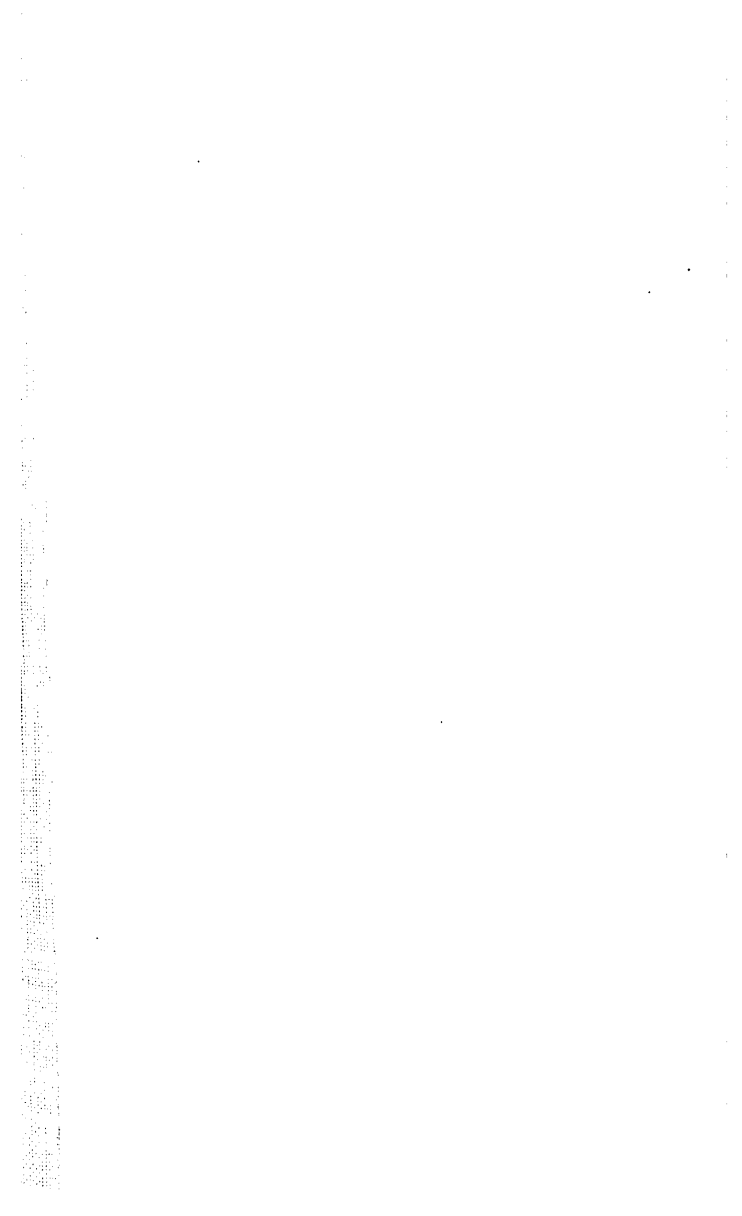
"Obit 24 Kal. Dekembris, 1247."

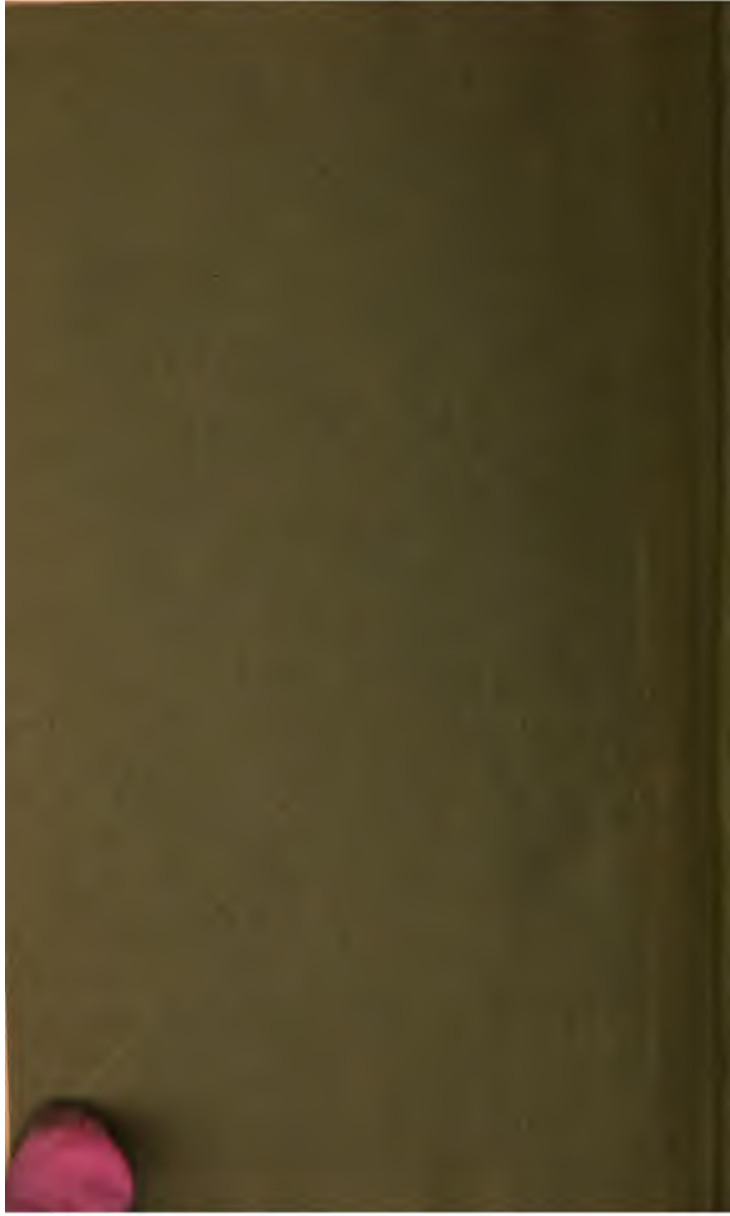
of England—songs which from age to age were chanted in the palaces of kings, the castles of the barons, and the cottages of the peasants—must have had no mean influence for good or for evil; so that they never can be rightly deemed a subject unworthy of any one's attention."

And now, having brought our reader into the company of this celebrated freebooter, we there leave him; and with the sound of the merry Christmas bells of yonder mutilated abbey church pealing in our ears, we write—FAREWELL!









MAY 6 1931

